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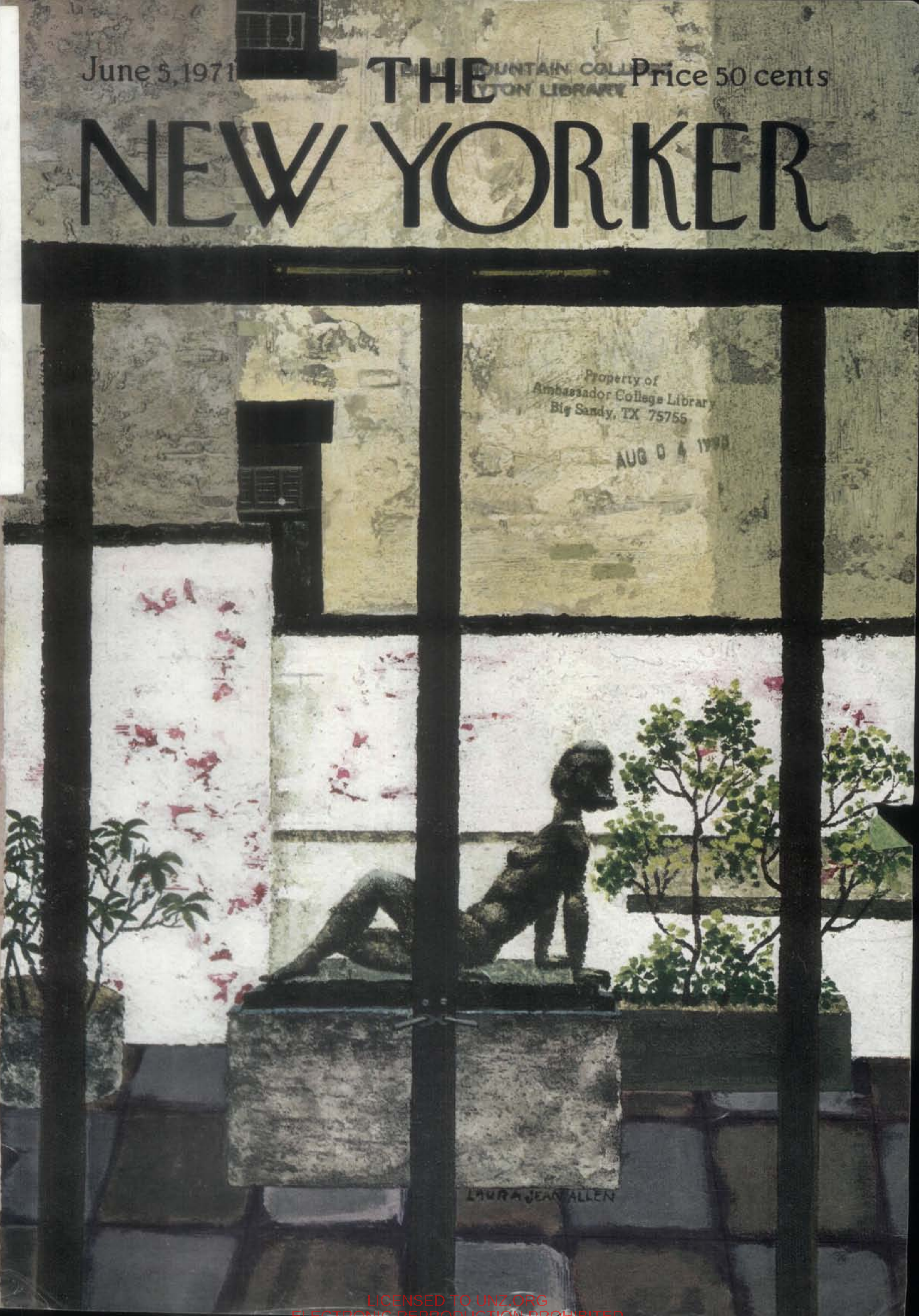
THE NEW YORKER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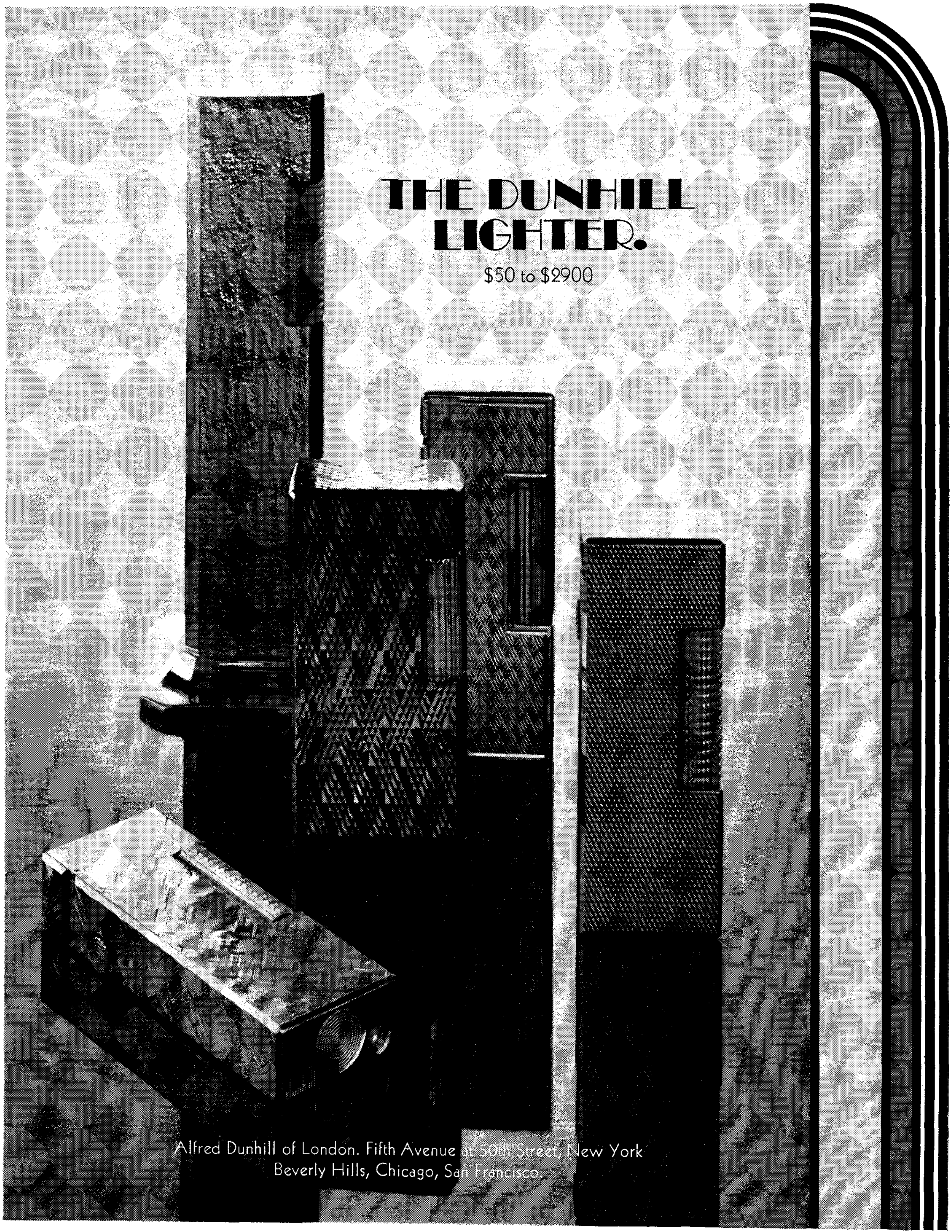

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BACK BOG BEAST BAIT—A play by Sam Shepard. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday and Thursday at 8; Friday at 9; and Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, June 5.)

THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAVLO HUMMEL—This first play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed. William Atherton is the soldier, Albert Hall is his invisible mentor, and Joe Fields is his first sergeant. All of them are fine. The rest of the large and capable cast performs very well under Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE HOMECOMING—A rather superficial production of Harold Pinter's acrid, enigmatic domestic comedy, but with a good performance by Danny Sewell. Also with Janice Rule, Tony Tanner, and Eric Berry. (Bijou, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE HOUSE OF BLUE LEAVES—John Guare's ferocious, sad, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HOW THE OTHER HALF LOVES—A dreadful English farce, much mutilated by having been turned into American. With Phil Silvers and Sandy Dennis. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE JUSTICE BOX—A play by Michael Robert David, with C. K. Alexander, Sally Kirkland, and Tally Brown. Opens Wednesday, June 2. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Opening-night curtain at 7:15; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LENNY—A brilliant production of a play about the late standup comic Lenny Bruce. The author is Julian Barry, the director Tom O'Horgan, the scenery designer Robin Wagner, and the designer of costumes Randy Barcelo; they are all nearly equal partners in the success of the play. Cliff Gorman gives a sensationally good performance as Lenny. Jane House and Joe Silver are also admirable. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT—A triumph. Robert Ryan, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Stacy Keach, and James Naughton are the anguished Tyrones, and Paddy Croft is their maid. Arvin Brown, of New Haven's Long Wharf, is the director. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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REPERTORY THEATRE OF LINCOLN CENTER—Sophocles' **ANTIGONE**: A conscientious attempt to do justice to a very great play. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, June 20.) . . . ¶ At the Forum, in the same building: Friedrich Dürrenmatt's new comedy, **PLAY STRINDBERG**, taken from Strindberg's "Dance of Death." Preview Wednesday, June 2. Opens officially on Thursday, June 3, at 7:30, and will run through Saturday, June 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

RIDE A BLACK HORSE—A rather feeble play about a black professor who is shattered when he is forced to become an intermediary between a civic committee on race relations and a group of black militants. With Graham Brown and David Downing. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

SLEUTH—A marvellous mystery by Anthony Shaffer, superlatively acted by Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

STORY THEATRE PRESENTATIONS—**THE METAMORPHOSES**: Ovid was a fastidious sensualist, a little too far-out for Caesar Augustus, who, after all, was minding the store. Paul Sills' scintillating company brings Ovid's stories to life with wit and grace. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 7:30. . . . **STORY THEATRE**: A delightful playing out, with music, mime, and recitation, of ten or twelve classic fairy tales. Also invented and directed by Mr. Sills. Fridays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855.)

THE TRIAL OF THE CATONSVILLE NINE—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 31

"BULL BAILEY, I LOVE YOU" . . . . *M. S. Tauke* 36

"ADDRESS TO THE ORGIASTS" . . . . *Gilbert Rogin* 39

"SONG: THE ORGANIC YEARS" (POEM) . . . . *Marvin Bell* 42

"AN UPSTATE DIARY" (PART I) . . . . *Edmund Wilson* 46

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 100
  OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 100

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 102

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 105

A REPORTER AT LARGE (KENT STATE) . . . . *Philip Hamburger* 106

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 120

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON . . . . *Richard H. Rovere* 122

"SUNFLOWERS" (POEM) . . . . *Charles Simic* 127

BOOKS . . . . *Jeremy Bernstein* 128
  BRIEFLY NOTED 131

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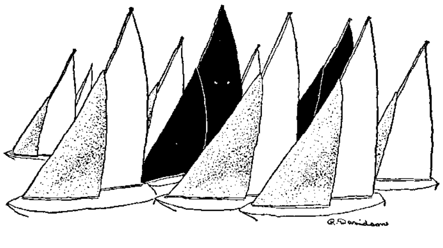
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same, and the performances couldn't be better. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except June 2, and Saturdays at 2.)

Two by Ibsen—**A DOLL'S HOUSE:** A shallow production of a great play, but Claire Bloom is a charming Nora. Wednesday, June 2, and Monday through Saturday, June 7-12.... **HEDDA GABLER:** Miss Bloom's Hedda is fairly good, though not all it might be, and she is given weak support by the rest of the cast. Thursday through Saturday, June 3-5. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Waiting for Godot—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom affecting. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Woyzeck—Georg Büchner's play. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 674-1430. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 9:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE DIRTIEST SHOW IN TOWN:** An inflated claim. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** A middle-aged man attempting his first extramarital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's comedy. With James Coco, Rita Moreno, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts. Starting Monday, June 7, Dom DeLuise and Cathryn Damon will replace Mr. Coco and Miss Moreno. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Follies—Stephen Sondheim's songs and Harold Prince's exuberant production make up for a dreary book about dreary people. Alexis Smith is triumphant as an old Follies girl who has come up in the world. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

No, No, Nanette—A very pretty, very romantic revival of an immortal work of the twenties, which can't have been that delightful, but who cares? With Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw Arena, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30, and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 1 and Sundays at 3.)

The Rothschilds—Hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Lifeless in book, music, and lyrics, this account of Jehovah, Noah, and the Flood is bound to give the Old Testament a bad name. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **COMPANY:** Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Jane Russell, and Susan Browning. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** Haines stopped to take out a smooth silver case in which twinkled a green stone. He sprang it open with his thumb and offered it. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** —Thank you, Stephen said, taking a cigarette. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Haines helped himself and snapped the case to. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** Mr. Shepherd, a civil, cautious lawyer, who, whatever might be his hold or his views on Sir Walter, would rather have the *disagreeable* prompted by anybody else, excused himself from offering the slightest hint. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except June 2, and Saturdays at 2.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** And only begged leave to recommend an implicit reference to the excellent judgment of Lady Russell. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** From whose known good sense he fully expected to have just such resolute measures advised as he meant to see finally adopted. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except June 2, and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PURLIE:** An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Patti Jo and Cleavon Little. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring John Cunningham and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 2, at 8: "Ballet Imperial," "Four Last Songs," and "Stars and Stripes." ...¶ Thursday, June 3, at 8: "Illuminations" and "The Goldberg Variations."...¶ Friday, June 4, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Agon."...¶ Saturday, June 5, at 2: "Prodigal Son," "Dim Lustre," and "Episodes."...¶ Saturday, June 5, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Valse Fantaisie," and "Harlequinade."...¶ Sunday, June 6, at 1: "Octandre" and "Harlequinade."...¶ Sunday, June 6, at 7: "Swan Lake," "Episodes," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Tuesday, June 8, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Suite No. 3."...¶ Wednesday, June 9, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Thursday, June 10, at 8: "Jewels."...¶ Friday, June 11, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Four Temperaments," "Pas de Deux," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Saturday, June 12, at 2: "Donizetti Variations" and "The Goldberg Variations."...¶ Saturday, June 12, at 8: "Liebeslieder Walzer," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Tchaikovsky Suite." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 27.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Herbie Hancock, who has been moving more and more toward electric keyboards, will be onstage through Monday, June 7. Jackie Lomax will sing opposite him. On Wednesday, June 9, comic George Carlin will arrive with rockers Gun Hill Road. On Tuesdays, ringers fill the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Red-and-white-checked cloths on the tables (on which soul food is served), and paintings on the walls. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, guitarist Hal Waters performs. Thursday through Sunday, June 3-6, pianist Walter Davis, Jr., will be working with a bassist. Thursday through Sunday, June 10-13, pianist Bobby Timmons will do the same. Music nightly except Mondays from nine-thirty to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—The jazz in this congenial spot can be in the foreground or background, depending on how you listen. Piano (electrified) and bass (sometimes electrified) are the usual instruments. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy is here with a bassist. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Pleasant indeed, but small for a Hall of Fame, so the famed arrive two by

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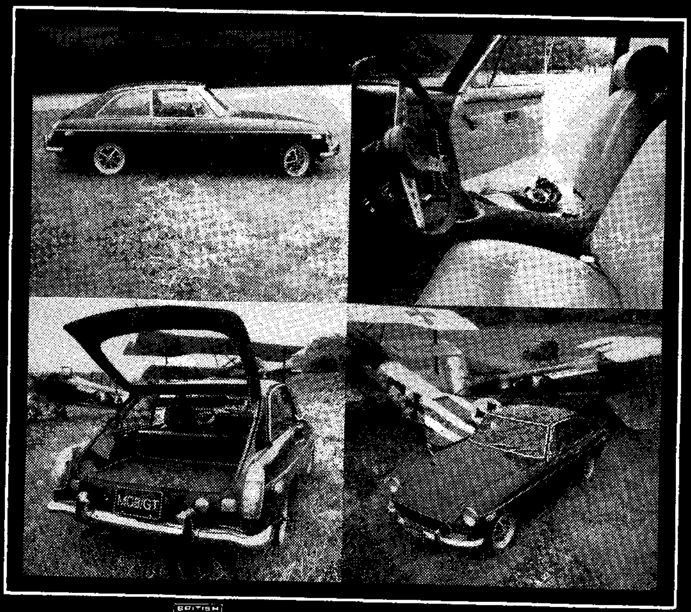

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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two. The current pair are Susan Reed, with her folk songs of sorrow or succor, and Sammy Price, from the now diminished boogie-woogie world. Dinnertime until late in the evening, except on Sundays, when seven until midnight is the rule. Sunday, June 6, Cyril Haines is the soloist, on piano; all other Sundays belong to Mr. Price. The next two-by-two (Marian McPartland on the keys and Jay Leonhardt on bass) takes over on Friday, June 11.

GASLIGHT, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—The recent opening, or reopening, of this coffeehouse that was once known as the Café au Go Go is a cause for celebration in folk-blues-jazz-rock circles. The walls are brick, the benches wooden, and the entertainment policy enlightened. Through Monday, June 7, singer Rita Coolidge, a former associate of Delaney and Bonnie, will share the bill with folk singers Pacheko and Alexander. Wednesday through Friday, June 9-11: Yvonne Elliman, whose voice is heard on "Jesus Christ Superstar," will be here along with singer and composer Mark Almond. On Saturday, June 12, Miss Elliman will share the stage with singer-guitarist John Hammond. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers.

GUITAR, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A small, friendly sort of place where the jazz guitar has been getting its best exposure in New York. Joe Puma is one of those musicians who is better known to other musicians than he is to the public, and that's a pity. He will be here Wednesdays through Sundays, with a bassist. Activity from nine-thirty to three or four. The Deep South kitchen has affinities with Mother Hubbard's.

HALF NOTE, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Come on down, if the spirit moves you, to hear some solid, mainstream jazz produced by tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims, pianist Ross Tompkins, bassist Victor Sproles, and drummer Mousey Alexander. Fridays through Sundays, old-time blues singer Jimmy Rushing joins in. On Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band performs. Some light Italian dishes are available.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Energetic and smooth—sometimes simultaneously—jazz pianist Eddie Thompson plays solo on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. His accomplished aide, Fridays through Sundays, is bassist Dr. Lyn Christie. Tuesdays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Some like it straight, which is the way the band in this Dixieland headquarters hands it out. The bandsmen: Jimmy McPartland, Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Chuck Folds. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

PEEWEE'S, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Cool cats fill the house, and small wonder, when some of the sounds are considered. Music Fridays through Mondays. Soul-food dinners. (For experienced jazz buffs only.)

RED GARTER, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where Now people can play at being Then people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

RED ONION, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—More of the same—two banjos and a piano six nights a week from nine to three or four. Whoops and hollers are permitted, and fake straw hats and frilly garters are for sale, as are beer and peanuts. Closed Sundays.

SLUGS', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable, lonesome part of town. Larry Coryell, a guitarist of impressive versatility, leads a quartet until Tuesday, June 8, when reed man Pharoah Sanders comes in with a foursome. Music from nine until three or four. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: The Ahmad Jamal trio entertains nightly except Monday, when new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: All quiet except on Saturdays and Mondays, when the big room vibrates to Latin bands. Dancing.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S. at 11th St. (989-9011)—Drummer Elvin Jones, who might mesmerize you if you don't watch out, will lead his quartet through Sunday, June 6. On Tuesday, June 8, Rahsaan Roland Kirk, a creative reed specialist, will bring in his sextet, now known as the Vibration Society. Mondays are reserved for the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. The evening entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly.

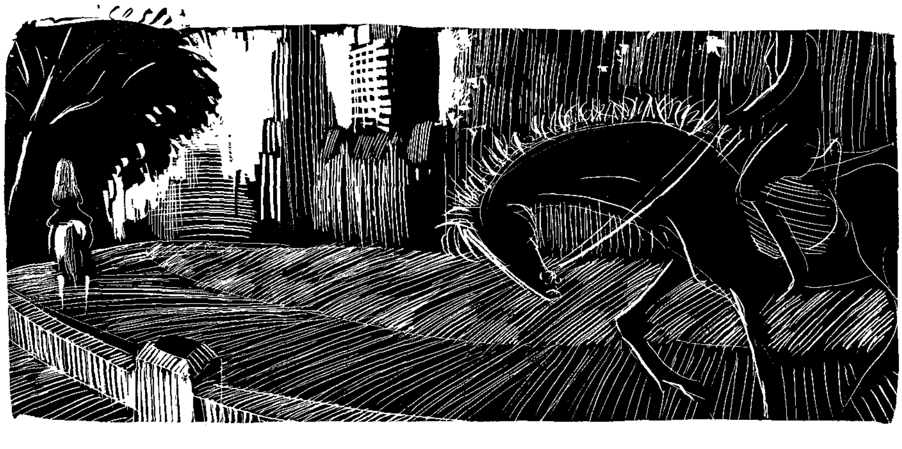
WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere west of the moon—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from five-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with skill and vigor. On Sunday, June 6, cornettist Bobby Hackett will sit in. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a banjo band. The place is known for its fabricated nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'EST MOI, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or glide—now you see them, now you don't. The disc jockey switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.



DIRECTOIRE, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—The atmosphere here gets progressively farther from the nominal one—the late eighteenth century—but does it really matter? A French menu and dancing to records (from ten to three or four). Closed Sundays.

L'ETOILE, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A little glitter, a little glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

HIPPOPOTAMUS, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only roast beef is available. Reservations are required for dining.

SHEPHEARD'S, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Long ago and far away, some pharaoh's palace might have borne a resemblance to this ornate restaurant. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by the Zaras, who put a Spanish veneer on some pop songs. Dining. Closed Sundays.

THURSDAY'S 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between Floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

WHEELS, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily appointed dancing-and-listening arena. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with Emmis. Closed Mondays.

YELLOWFINGER'S, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—*Savoir faire, savoir danser*—this pulsating downstairs den is marked by civility and contemporaneity, but on fewer nights than in the past, for the doors are open only Thursdays through Saturdays. Large drinks and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

ALPINE CELLAR, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—Prince Charming the Second of Würtemberg is getting married, and all the merry villagers are singing, dancing, oompahing in his honor. Act II, later in the evening, is practically the same thing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—La Zambra is the name of the just-arrived set of flamenco stampers and chanters who deploy, twice every single night, across the stage. Another part of the Latin world is spoken (and sung) for by Armando Manzanero, a tenor just in from Mexico. This castle keep is in session every night of the week. . . . ¶ In the adjoining FLAMENCO ROOM, a minute theatre in the round, there occurs (well along in the evening) other outbursts of Iberian foot-and-mouth exercises, barely inches from one's face.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—One of the old standup comics still looks in now and then (or else a careful carbon copy does), but the Copa is now essentially a *real* music hall: to wit, Gladys Knight and the Pips, chanting and careening in unison, as far as Wednesday, June 9, and then Edwin Starr, one of the 1971 Motown sports models, singing heart and Soul. No silent nights, under any circumstances. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion, night after night.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The Keep America Beautiful movement attains a climax in LA FORÊT, a Forest of Arden, among whose bosky dells maidens and their swains glide to the sound of music. Phil Wayne's quartet, which has the appropriate Pipes of Pan flavor, and a brace of other small bands make sure that there is dancing from eight until two, after which the tunes come by pipeline. Only Tuesday through Saturday, or not quite enough of a good thing. . . . ¶ The

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

adjacent **CAFÉ** goes its calm way *every* night, always with dancing plus (except on Sundays and Mondays) those old Vienna cronies Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty (food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina).

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Doc Severinsen and his jazz band are making their annual descent from air time to solid earth in the **PERSIAN ROOM,** which thereupon has become very warm for June. This is all for show; for those who must dance, the orchestra run by Burt Farber, which is full of light and air, takes breezy turns with the posse run by Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A bowing acquaintance, busy plucking and bowing a modest fiddle, is on duty, seven to ten-thirty every night but Sunday, in the placid but noble **EDWARDIAN ROOM.** . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon, the same sort of musicale takes place, and it is repeated, every evening but Sunday, from nine to one. Wednesdays through Saturdays, the nightingale is the violin of Gunnar Hansen, and a better man for the job would be hard to find.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The old manse becomes a little combustion chamber when, in the course of dinner and supper, Frankie Avalon starts singing. Dance tunes, some of them from memory cells and some of them live, happen the rest of the time. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **ST. REGIS ROOM,** on the entresol, has become a true *boîte de nuit,* bothering only with unusual sounds of music, such as (right now) the twin guitars of George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, who come onstage at half past nine. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The **MAISONETTE,** the capital of this empire, goes on almost as usual. The dance music is no longer nonstop, but it's there, all right, and as live as ever. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In **LA BOITE,** which is designed for non-levitating diners, there is sedate piano from around nine right through to suppertime. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ The **OAK ROOM** likewise has a piano background for its buffet, from five-thirty to nine, every night.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In this seat of the mighty, the songs of Bobby Short lead rewardingly down one well-appointed primrose path after another. Following in his merry footsteps are his two great sidemen—Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays and Mondays, sad to say. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, and Athenian glee. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens, the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): A house of cards (Avram Grobard is the joker in the pack, and the house never falls flat) that is sturdy, Mediterranean, cheerful, and continual. Yoel Sharr and Itamar, imports from Israel, are vocal; George Mgrdichian is one of our leading oud fellows. The instrumentation is wild but not woolly, the dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (suppertime, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody gets into the act (usually Act I of "Tosca," or some such), and everybody means *every*body, right down to the busboys. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): A lot of music hereabouts, but the important point is Joan Rivers, garrulous and gamine as the night is long, and with an unkind word for all the aspects of life, municipal as well as domestic, that so richly deserve it. Never before ten, in her case. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): Undoubtedly for their own amazement, two entrepreneurs, Hassan Berrada (Marrakesh) and Arthur Kettler (Manhattan), have made the old Whaler Bar over into a restaurant and bar-lounge that would look great in absolutely any medina. Couscous, yes, and such, and piano in the bar after five-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, looking its very best, and kept vibrant during the evening by a threesome that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays. . . . **PETER RUMSEY'S PLACE,** 140 W. 51st St. (246-8731): No Peter, either Saint or Sinner, but there is plenty of to-do (to be expected in a theatre-district bar-and-grill), as well as Dan Ruskin on piano from five-thirty to midnight. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive,* but the restaurant is always *piano.* . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm. On piano, and decorously, is Tony Gorody, whose course runs from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): The piano of this exemplary restaurant is plied in Hapsburg fashion by George Feyer, who now and again anoints his études with words of his own devising. He can be heard until long after the theatre. No music Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the

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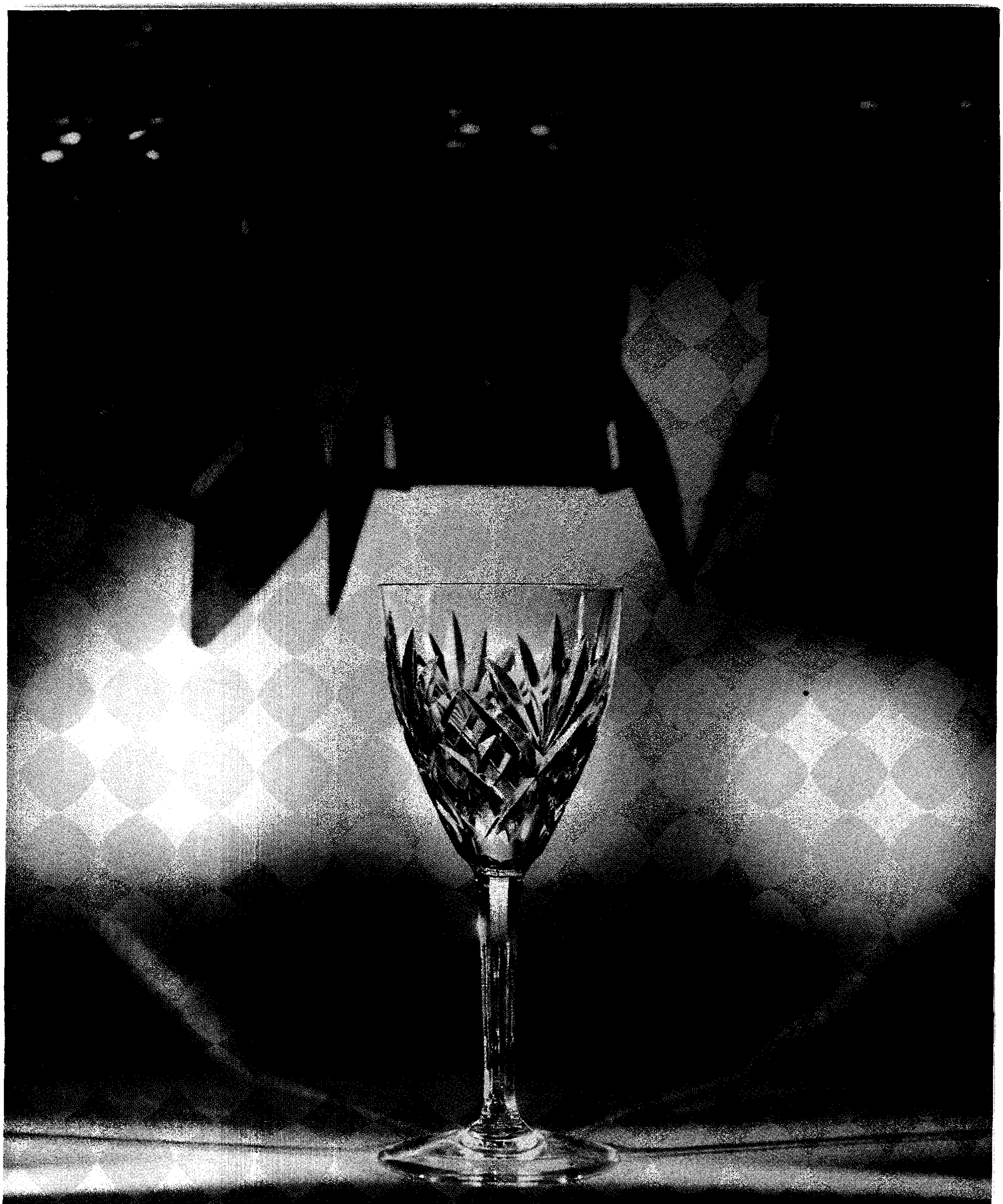

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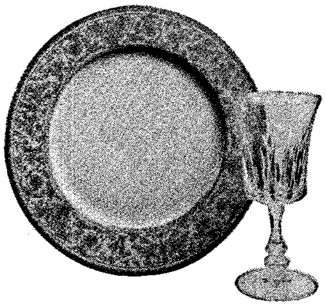

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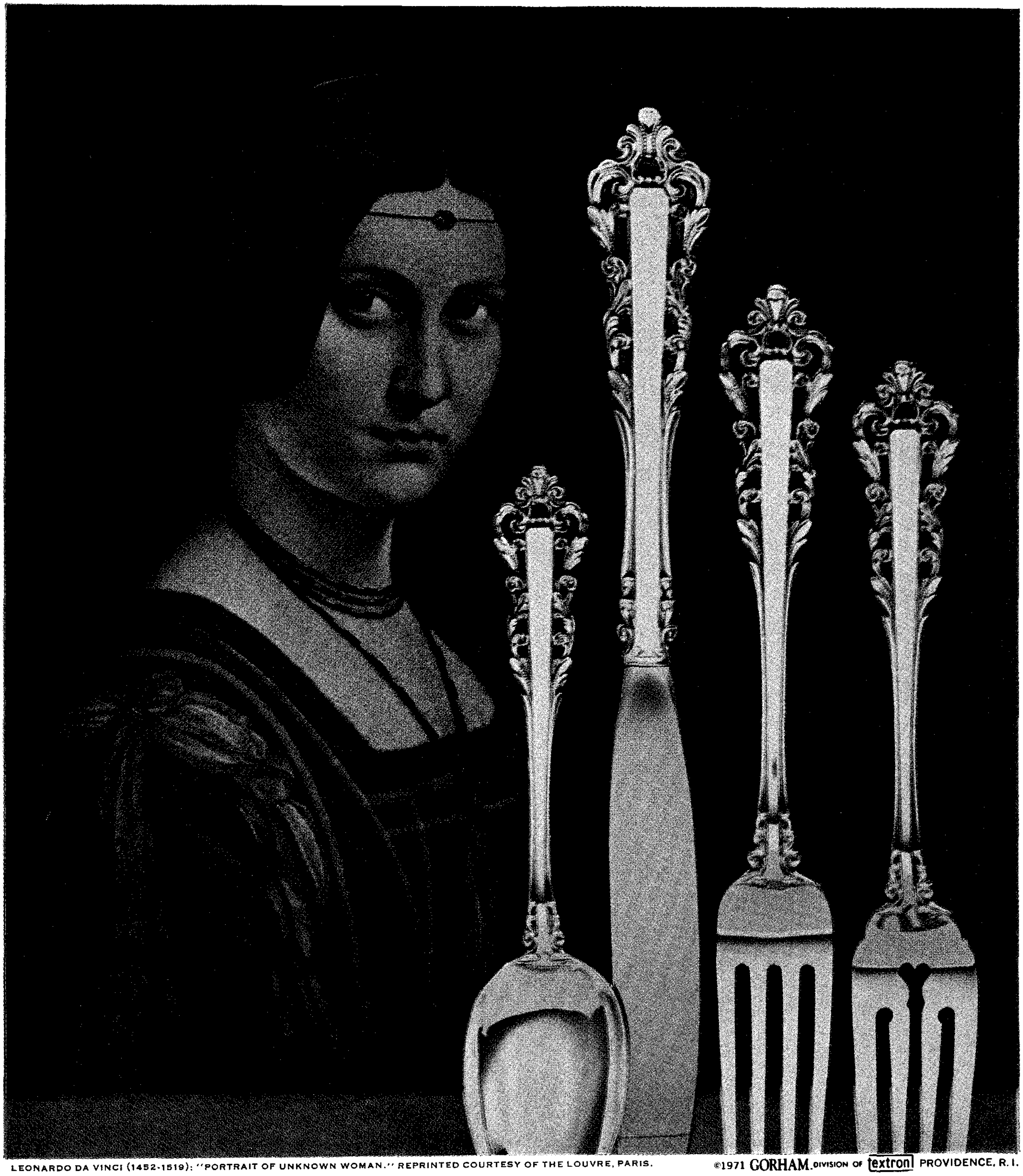

LEONARDO DA VINCI (1452-1519): "PORTRAIT OF UNKNOWN WOMAN." REPRINTED COURTESY OF THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

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Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. Dining until ten. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): An Appian Way of life, and a sort of celestial accompaniment (voice, harp, guitar, piano) for the guests' prandial activities is provided from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Monday. . . . **GERALDINE'S,** 36 W. 48th St. (265-2291): A trimmed but not at all tattered account of "The Boys from Syracuse," that stalwart Rodgers and Hart musical, is in the hands of a good little parcel of actor-singers, set right in the middle of dining-room tables. Tuesdays through Saturdays at seven-thirty and nine-thirty, and again at eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, a casual pianist (Dan Edwards) from eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **MARYMARY,** 1234 Second Ave., at 65th St. (628-3110): Mary McCarty, fun-loving Rover Girl from the time when nobody went home until dawn, shows up (but not until after her stint in "Follies") on the top level of her duplex to bring her good nature to bear on good songs, many of them from that memorable time. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

YAACOV AGAM—Sculptures and paintings by a well-known Israeli Op artist who works in Paris; through Saturday, June 5. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

PETER AGOSTINI—Heads, horses, and figures in bronze and terra cotta by a veteran New York sculptor known for his work in plaster; through June 19. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

JOANNIS AVRAMIDIS—The first one-man show in New York of figurative sculptures, many of them large, and working drawings by a Russian who studied in Vienna; through Saturday, June 12. (Krugier, 850 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

PETER BARDAZZI—The artist's first one-man show in New York of abstract canvases incorporating acrylics and charcoal; through Saturday, June 5. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

LEE BONTECOU—Sculptures, drawings, and lithographs by this prominent constructionist; through Saturday, June 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CLARENCE CARTER—Paintings by an American identified during the past thirty years with Magic Realism and Surrealism; through Saturday, June 12. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MOSHE ELZAAR CASTEL—Relief paintings by an Israeli artist who uses calligraphy to represent impressions of the Middle East; through June 19. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS COUTURE—Drawings by a mid-nineteenth-century French artist who taught many Americans; through June 30. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

JANET CULBERTSON AND MAL LUBER—Silverpoint drawings of a nostalgic Midwest by the former and paintings of machines, real and imaginary, by the latter; through July 2. (Misrachi, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

VIEIRA DA SILVA—Paintings by this prize-winning post-Cubist who works in Paris; through Saturday, June 5. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

FRANCISCO FARRERAS—Abstract paintings using

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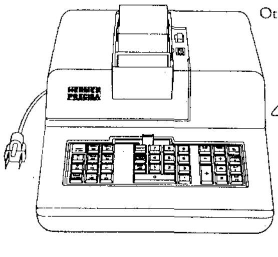

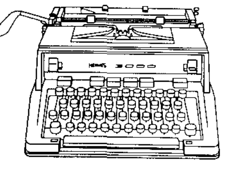

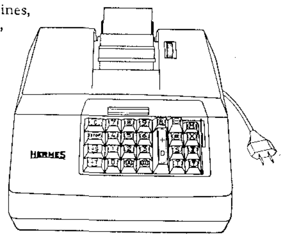

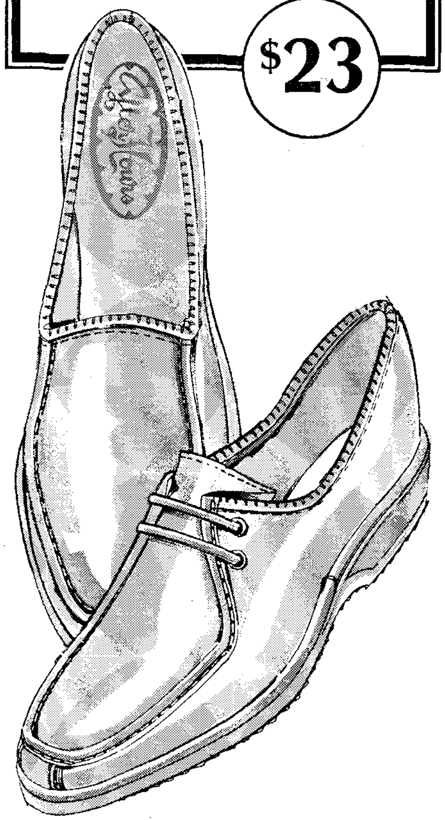

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

collage by this Spanish artist; through Saturday, June 5. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

DAVID GIBBS—Soft horizontal and vertical stripes; through Wednesday, June 9. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.)

CHILDE HASSAM (1859-1935) **AND ERNEST LAWSON** (1873-1939)—Paintings by these American Impressionists; through Friday, June 11. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Saturdays.)

MILTON HEBALD—Figurative bronze sculptures and low reliefs; through Tuesday, June 8. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN HELD, JR. (1889-1958)—Golf in the twenties as seen in watercolors by the hip-flask generation cartoonist; through Saturday, June 12. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

DOUGLAS HUEBLER—Photographs relating to projects of this conceptualist; through Saturday, June 5. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

RICHARD HUNT—Welded-steel and cast-bronze and cast-aluminum abstract sculptures, plus related drawings and graphics, in a show that is running concurrently with his exhibit (ending Wednesday, June 9) at the Museum of Modern Art; through Monday, June 7. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

ALFRED LESLIE—Eleven drawings of the female figure; through Saturday, June 12. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT AND ELLA BERGMANN MICHEL—Collage paintings by a German husband-and-wife team of post-First World War experimentalists; through Friday, June 4. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT NATKIN—Abstract paintings in rich color; through June 24. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Welded and painted aluminum sculptures, also graphics; through June 19. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

PICASSO, BRAQUE, AND GRIS—Works presented in connection with "The Cubist Epoch" exhibit (ending Tuesday) at the Metropolitan Museum and the coinciding Cubist exhibit (ending Sunday) at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum; through Friday, June 4. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

GIÒ POMODORO—Sculptures by a Milanese contemporary; through Saturday, June 12. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE RICKEY—Constructions by a leading kinetic sculptor; through Friday, June 4. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ANDY WARHOL—A survey of twelve years of the artist's work before his first Pop art productions—it consists of advertisements, dust jackets, greeting cards, and items for friends; through June 26. It is running concurrently with his show at the Whitney Museum. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

DAVID WEINRIB—Abstract wall reliefs in glass painted on the reverse side; through June 19. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Saturday, June 12.)

ISAAC WITKIN—Sculptures, including three large works in raw steel for outdoors; through June 15. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A rotating exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by sixteen artists, among them Ben Bishop, Briggs, Don David, Lynne Drexler, Hurtig, Marty Kalb, Golda Lewis, and Ron Lusker; through July 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, watercolors, drawings, posters, and prints by Schiele, Klimt, Kokoschka, and others; through June 26. (Closed Mondays.)... **BYKERT**, 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by seven artists, including Benglis, LeWitt, Marden, and Ryman; through June 22. (Closed Mondays.)... **COOPER**, 100 Prince St.: A changing selection of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Forakis, Ginnever, Grosvenor, Quaytman, and Van Buren; through June 25. (Closed Saturdays.)... **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Eight oils by leading twentieth-century Americans, also drawings by gallery artists; through June 25. (Closed Mondays and Saturdays.)... **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists, who include Andre, De Maria, Flavin, and Smithson; through June 25. (Closed Mondays.)... **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Paintings by six younger artists; through June 30.... **FRENCH & CO.**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Drawings by about thirty-five contemporary Americans—de Kooning, di Suvero, Goodnough, Gottlieb, Guston, Johns, Lieberman, Newman, and Oldenburg, for example; through June 23. (Closed Saturdays.)... **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works by gallery artists and by some out-of-towners not shown previously; starting Tuesday, June 8.... **HUTCHINSON**, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists—Katzen, Meadmore, Rich, Tobias, and others; through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **KENNEDY**. 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Remington, Russell, and other artists of the West; through June 30. (Closed Saturdays.)... **LEWISON**, 30 E. 60th St.: Paintings by nineteenth-century and early twentieth-century Americans; through July 2. (Closed Saturdays.)... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures exhibited by gallery artists during the past season; starting Tuesday, June 8.... **MUSEUM**, 729 Broadway, at Waverly Pl.: Paintings and sculptures by the Rhino Horn group of Expressionist artists; through June 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Paintings by about forty young artists; starting Saturday, June 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **PALEY & LOWE**, 59 Wooster St.: Five artists; starting Saturday, June 5. (Closed Mondays.)... **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through June 25. (Closed Saturdays.)... **SABARSKY**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: German Expressionists—Beckmann, Jawlensky, Kokoschka, Nolde, Pechstein, Schlemmer, and the like; through Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.)... **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: A gallery group of painters and sculptors, among whom are Brandt, Cavallon, Ferren, Little, Mehring, Crovello, and Kipp; through June 19. (Closed Mondays.)

NOTE—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit is on view daily, from noon until sundown; through Sunday, June 6.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—The newly acquired Velázquez, "Juan de Pareja," is now being shown.... ¶ More than three hundred works covering the Cubist period (1906-21) by fifty-four artists of Europe and the United States; through Tuesday, June 8. Complements to this show are the Cubist exhibit (ending Sunday) at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum and the Picasso/Braque/Gris exhibit (ending Friday) at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.... ¶ A hundred sculptures from Nigeria and Cameroon; starting Tuesday, June 8.... ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir done between the seventh century and the nineteenth. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Work from the past thirty years by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist, whose emphasis in the past decade has been on collage and photomontage; through Wednesday, June 9.... ¶ A retrospective of metal sculptures by Richard Hunt, black Chicago artist; through Wednesday, June 9. A complement to this showing is his exhibition (ending Monday) at the Dorsky Gallery, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE**: The Museum's sculpture garden, 4 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Thirty-six Cubist paintings from the Museum's permanent collection; through Sunday, June 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.) Complements to this show are "The Cubist Epoch" show (ending Tuesday) at the Metropolitan Museum and the Picasso/Braque/Gris exhibit (ending

Friday) at the Perls Galleries, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A large exhibit of Brillo boxes, flower images, and paintings of soup-can labels and film stars by Andy Warhol, displayed against a wallpaper-like pattern of gentle cow heads; through June 20. A complement to this show is his show at the Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. . . . ¶ Recent acquisitions of works by sixty-six artists, plus thirty-eight paintings by young Americans done between 1969 and 1971, grouped under the classification of "Lyrical Abstraction;" through July 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Prints, drawings, photographs and photo-collages, and illustrations on the theme of woman from the fifteenth century to the present by artists of both sexes: Cassatt, Peggy Bacon, Isabel Bishop, Nevelson, O'Keeffe, Goya, Matisse, Picasso, and Toulouse-Lautrec, for instance; starting Monday, June 7. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The million-dollar new Hall of Peoples of the Pacific offers hundreds of artifacts and specimens (from the simple boomerang of the Aborigines to the refined theatrical paraphernalia of the Indonesians) dating from the fourteenth century until after the Second World War. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Elliott C. Carter, Ben Weber, and Loren Eiseley. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Calder, Gwathmey, de Rivera, and others. Through June 20. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Chinese gold, silver, and white porcelain figures, animals, inlaid boxes, jewelry, bowls, and vases done between the fourth century B.C. and 1600 A.D.; through June 13. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Ecclesiastical vestments dating from the twelfth century to the early sixteenth, along with sculptures, enamels, ivories, and paintings related to them; through July 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—"Ancient Mayan Calligraphy," a display of about eighty-five examples of Mayan art, most of them funerary vases; through Saturday, June 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Drawings, costume and scenery designs, and caricatures (by Braque, Gris, Picasso, Tchelitchew, and the like), plus photographs and other memorabilia, from the private collection of Boris Kochno, Diaghilev's collaborator and friend; through July 31. . . . ¶ Symbolic sculptural interpretations, in different mediums, of dramas and dramatis personae by Angela Conner; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A radiant collection of a hundred and fifty sixteenth-century gold-tooled bookbindings; through July 30. . . . ¶ An intimate selection of sixty-four portrait drawings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through July 30. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An assembly of nineteenth-century toys designed by George W. Brown, accompanied by reproductions of the watercolors from his sketchbook. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—More than a hundred works by seventeen British artists who, according to the director of the Center, represent "The British Avant-Garde;" through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ More than fifty posters executed in connection with protest marches in Washington and San Francisco by, among others, Andre, Calder, di Suvero, Huebler, Judd, LeWitt, Rauschenberg, Rosenquist, Smithson, and Youngerman; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Fifty objects, works on paper, and photographic documentation of performances done by Alex Hay

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

during the past ten years; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York, 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of woodcuts, engravings, drawings, and books by Albrecht Dürer (1471-1528) in commemoration of the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth; through July 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—One large collage presenting symbols of the situation of blacks and of America, also sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Benny Andrews; through Sunday, June 6. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of a two-week non-subscription season—Wednesday evening, June 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Frederica von Stade, Enrico DiGiuseppe, William Walker, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 3: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Irene Dalis, James McCracken, Mario Sereni, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 4: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Colette Boky, Richard Tucker, Matteo Manuguerra, John Macurdy, and Raymond Gibbs. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 5: "Tosca," with Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Peter Glossop, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 5: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, George Shirley, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Monday evening, June 7: "Madame Butterfly," with Raina Kabaivanska, Frederica von Stade, Enrico DiGiuseppe, William Walker, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 8: "Aida," with Elinor Ross, Grace Bumbry, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Ruggero Raimondi, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 9: "La Bohème," with Teresa Stratas, Colette Boky, Franco Corelli, Matteo Manuguerra, John Macurdy, and Raymond Gibbs. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 10: "Il Trovatore," with Lucine Amara, Lili Chookasian, Ludovic Spiess, Mario Sereni, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 11: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Ruggero Raimondi, George Shirley, Fernando Corena, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 12: "Rigoletto," with Gabriella Tucci, Batyah Godfrey, Richard Tucker, Robert Merrill, Justino Díaz, and Edmond Karlsrud. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 12: "Tosca," with Grace Bumbry, Franco Corelli, Peter Glossop, and Fernando Corena. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic Promenades—At Philharmonic Hall, Andre Kostelanetz conducting the final concerts of the season—"Carnival Promenade" on Wednesday and Thursday, June 2-3, at 8:30 (with Tony Randall, narrator, and Theodore Lettvin, piano); "Promenade Romantique" on Friday, June 4, at 8:30 (with Maralin Niska, soprano); a repeat performance of the "Carnival Promenade" on Saturday, June 5, at 8:30; repeat performances of the "Promenade Romantique" on Tuesday, June 8—a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415—and Wednesday, June 9, both at 8:30; and "June Promenade" Thursday through Saturday, June 10-12, at 8:30 (all with Patricia Brooks, soprano).

Utah Symphony—Maurice Abravanel conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, June 2, at 8:30.)

Smith-Princeton Chamber Chorus—Iva Dee Hiatt and Walter Nollner directing. (St. James' Church, Madison Ave. at 71st St. Wednesday, June 9, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Alice Tully Hall Sampler—Opening performances of a two-week series of chamber-music, vocal, and other programs, which will run through Sunday, June 20—Saturday, June 5: Gene Forrell conducting the Master Virtuosi of New York in a program called "Music Italian Style." . . . ¶ Monday, June 7: A program of chamber music performed by the New York Philharmonic Chamber Quintet and the New York String Trio. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 8: Judith Alstadter, John Ryan, and Marshall Williamson playing a program of piano music for from one to six hands. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 10: A Metropolitan Opera Studio program of vocal chamber music, sung by Karen Altman, soprano; Gary Glaze, tenor; and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 12: Bert Lucarelli, oboe, plus a film about him. (Evenings at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention, Hampton Grease Band, and Head Over Heels—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Saturday and Sunday, June 5-6, at 8 and 11:30.

Jaki Byard Quartet—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Sunday, June 6, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.

The Byrds—Fillmore East. Wednesday, June 9, at 8 and 11:30.

Elton John—With Dee Murray & Nigel Olsson. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, June 10-11, at 8 and at midnight.)

Joe Newman's Quintet—Jazz Center. Friday, June 11, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

Bloodrock, Glass Harp, and Alice Cooper—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, June 11-12, at 8 and 11:30.

Tom Jones—With Pat Henry, the Blossoms, and the Jeff Sturges Universe. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, June 12, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Boston, Wednesday, June 2, at 2, and Thursday, June 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs Kansas City, Friday, June 4, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 5-6, at 2. . . . **shea stadium:** Mets vs. San Diego, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 8-9, at 8:05, and Thursday, June 10, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday, June 11, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 12, at 2:15.

Dog Show—Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. Saturday, June 12.)

Golf—Hochster Memorial Tournament. (Quaker Ridge Golf Club, Scarsdale. Wednesday, June 2.) . . ¶ United States Seniors' Golf Association Annual Tournament. (Apawamis Club, Rye, and Round Hill Club, Greenwich. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 8-9.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. Through Saturday, June 5.) . . ¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. Sunday, June 6.) . . ¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. Thursday through Sunday, June 10-13.)

Motorboat Racing—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D.C. Sunday, June 6.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **belmont:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 26. The Juvenile, Friday, June 4; the Belmont, Saturday, June 5; the Vagrancy Handicap, Wednesday, June 9; and the Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 12. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1:45, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:45.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, Aug. 9. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, July 22. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 13.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, June 5-6.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to sessions of the Trusteeship Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—In BRYANT PARK, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.: Michael Brownstein, Merrill Gilfillan, Maureen Owen, Harris Schiff, and Anne Waldman. (Wednesday, June 2, at 12:30.)... ¶ Isabella Gardner, Jean Garrigue, Michael Goldman, and Arthur Gregor. (Wednesday, June 9, at 12:30.)... CITY HALL PARK: Erica Jong, Gerard Malanga, Kathleen Norris, Gregory Orr, and Bill Zavatsky. (Thursday, June 3, at 12:30.)... ¶ John Hollander, Richard Howard, Howard Moss, and James Wright. (Thursday, June 10, at 12:30.)... POETRY CENTER, Y.M.H.A.: Claire Bloom reading a personal selection of poetry. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, June 6, at 8:30.)

FLOWER SHOW—The June Garden Show will be presented by the Horticultural Society of New York (128 W. 58th St.) on Wednesday, June 9, from 12 to 4.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS—"The Fashionable Brooklyn of a Century Ago," a conducted walking tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will get into stride on Sunday, June 6. Meets on the steps of Borough Hall, Brooklyn, at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.... ¶ The United States Army Field Band and the Soldiers' Chorus will give a concert on the Central Park Mall on Thursday, June 10, at 8.... ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 1 to 7.... ¶ On Tuesday evenings, from seven to ten, Madison Avenue is open as a pedestrian mall between 61st and 72nd Streets; many shops and art galleries remain open during this period.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, June 3, at 2, and Friday, June 4, at 10:15: Nineteenth-century paintings, from many owners.... ¶ Friday, June 4, at 2: European and Chinese Export ceramics, from the collection of the late Ailsa Mellon Bruce and from other sources.... ¶ Saturday, June 5, at 2: English, French, and other furniture, tapestries, and rugs; from an unidentified estate.

COMMENCEMENT DATES—N.Y.U., Monday, June 7; Princeton, Tuesday, June 8; Annapolis and West Point, Wednesday, June 9; and Dartmouth, Saturday, June 12.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 2 at 2 and 5:30: "The Lickerish Quartet" (1970; X-rated), directed by Radley Metzger.... ¶ June 3 at 2: "Square Crooks" (1928), directed by Lew Seiler, with Johnny Mack Brown.... ¶ June 3 at 5:30 and 8: "Soft Living" (1928), directed by James Timling, with Johnny Mack Brown.... ¶ June 4 at 2 and 5:30: "I Vinti" (1952), in Italian, French, and English, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni; no English titles.... ¶ June 5 at 11:30: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), directed by Rex Ingram, with Alice Terry, Rudolph Valentino, and Alan Hale.... ¶ June 5 at 3 and 5:30: "The Poor Little Rich Girl" (1917), directed by Maurice Tourneur, with Mary Pickford.... ¶ June 6 at 2 and 5:30: "The Wild Bunch" (1969), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan.... ¶ June 7 at 1: "Show Girl" (1927), directed by Charles J. Hunt, with Mildred Harris and Garton Glass.... ¶ June 7 at 6 and June 8 at 2: "Polikushka" (1919), a Russian film, directed by Alexander Sanin. ... ¶ June 8 at 5:30: A program of films by D. A. Pennebaker.... ¶ June 9 at 2 and 5:30: "Zander the Great" (1925), directed by George William Hill, with Marion Davies. ... ¶ June 10 at 2: "The Haunted Strangler" (1958), directed by Robert Day, with Boris Karloff.... ¶ June 10 at 5:30: "Corridors of Blood" (1963), directed by Robert Day, with Boris Karloff.... ¶ June 10 at 8: "Fiend Without a Face" (1958), directed by Arthur Crabtree, with Marshall Thompson. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)... NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Through June 3: "The Browning Version" (1951), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Michael Redgrave and Jean Kent.... ¶ June 4-5: "Major Barbara" (1941), directed by Gabriel Pascal, with Wendy Hiller and Rex Harrison.... ¶ June 6 and 9: "Victim" (1961), directed by Basil Dearden, with Dirk Bogarde and Sylvia Syms.... ¶ Starting June 10: "The Little Kidnappers" (1953), directed by Philip Leacock, with Duncan Macrae. (Showings Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2 and 4 and Fridays through Sundays at 4 and 6. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... ¶ "The film as art" is the announced raison d'être of the ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly.

COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

BASEBALL—At SHEA STADIUM: June 13 (day), June 14-15 (night), June 16 (d), June 18 (n), June 19-20 (d), June 30 (n), July 1 (d), July 2 (n), July 3-5 (d), July 6 (n), and July 7 (d). ... YANKEE STADIUM: June 22 (day), June 23 (night), June 25 (n), June 26-27 (d), June 28 (n), June 29 (d), July 9 (n), July 10-11 (d), and July 15 (d).

CREW—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. June 17-19.)... ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. June 19.)... ¶ Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. June 30-July 3.)

GOLF—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Merion Golf Club, Ardmore, Pa. June 17-20.)... ¶ John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. July 8-11.)

HORSE SHOW—Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien. June 16-20.)

RACING—At ASCOT, England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting; June 15-18.... WOODBINE, Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 19.... AQUEDUCT: June 28-July 31.

TENNIS—*International Lawn Tennis Championships.* (Wimbledon, England. June 21-July 3.)

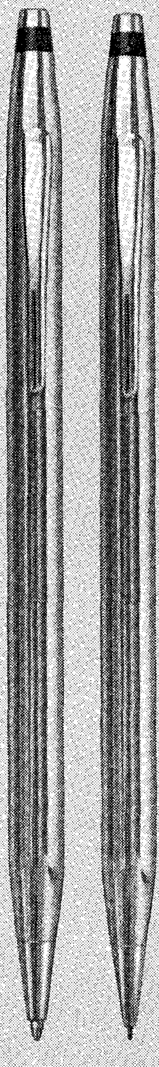
TROTTING—At Historic Track, Goshen: July 5-9.

YACHTING—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, June 19.... ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 10-17.)

MUSIC—Alice Tully Hall Sampler, June 13-14, June 17, and June 19-20.... ¶ The Metropolitan Opera will present concert performances in Central Park on June 15, 26, and 29. ... ¶ Caramoor Festival, Katonah, N.Y., June 19-July 18.... ¶ Guggenheim Memorial Concerts by the Goldman Band in Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center, June 23-Aug. 15, and on the Central Park Mall, June 25-Aug. 12. ... ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 2-Aug. 22.... ¶ Newport Jazz Festival, Newport, R.I., July 2-5.... ¶ Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, July 6-Aug. 28.

BALLET—American Ballet Theatre, at the New York State Theatre, June 29-Aug. 8.

OTHER DATES—Commencements: Yale, June 14, and Harvard, June 17.... ¶ Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Tuesday, June 15.... ¶ The first day of summer is June 21.... ¶ Rodeo, at Madison Square Garden, June 24-July 4.... ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Sunday; Monday, July 5, will be a holiday.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song."

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through June 8: "Tristana" and "Closely Watched Trains."
From June 9: "Fools" and "Lovers and Other Strangers."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"A New Leaf."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Run the Wild River."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Daughters of Darkness."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Escape from the Planet of the Apes."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Villain."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Summer of '42."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Taking Off."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"10 Rillington Place."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Bananas."

R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through June 10 (tentative): "Dirtymouth."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Andromeda Strain."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Gimme Shelter."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through June 8: "Red Sky at Morning."
From June 9: "Walkabout."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th (RE 4-0302) "One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"La Collectionneuse" and "My Night at Maud's."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Grissom Gang."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Escape from the Planet of the Apes."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 8: "The Confession."
From June 9: "The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart" and "Blow-Up."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 8: "Cat o' Nine Tails."
From June 9: "Little Big Man."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Big Jake."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through June 8: "Guess What We Learned in School Today?"
From June 9: "Lawrence of Arabia."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 8: "Support Your Local Gunfighter."
From June 9: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through June 9: "The Holy Outlaw" and "Good Times, Wonderful Times."
From June 10: "The People and Their Guns" and "The Wild Bunch."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Claire's Knee."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A New Leaf."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Une Femme Douce."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 8: "The Confession."
From June 9: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
June 2: "Carnival in Flanders" and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange."
June 3-5: "Zero for Conduct" and "L'Atalante."
June 6-7: "To Die in Madrid" and "Time in the Sun."
June 8-9: "Accattone!" and "The Hawks and the Sparrows."
From June 10: "La Strada" and "The Threepenny Opera."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through June 8: "One More Train to Rob" and "The Lost Flight."
From June 9: "The Deserter."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Waterloo."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
June 2: "Woman in the Dunes."
June 3-5: "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan" and "Double Suicide."
June 6: A program of Greek films.
June 7-9: "Red Lion."
From June 10: "Band of Assassins."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 3: "The Barefoot Executive."
From June 4: "The Aristocats."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Plaza Suite."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Blue Water, White Death."

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Cop."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Conformist."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through June 8: "Citizen Kane."
From June 9: To be announced.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Claire's Knee."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Friends."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 10 (tentative): "Red Sky at Morning."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 8: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
From June 9: "A Man Called Sledge" and "The Lady in the Car with Glasses and a Gun."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
June 2: "Relations" and "The Minx."
June 3-9: "Beyond Control."
From June 10: To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 8: "Perfect Friday" and "The Virgin and the Gypsy."
From June 9: "Husbands" and "Doctors' Wives."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
June 2: "Charade" and "Topaz."
June 3: "Topaz" and "The Quiller Memorandum."
June 4: "The Quiller Memorandum" and "The Fortune Cookie."
June 5: "The Fortune Cookie" and "The Gold Rush."
June 6: "The Gold Rush" and "A Countess from Hong Kong."
June 7: "A Countess from Hong Kong" and "Tom Jones."
June 8: "Tom Jones" and "Hard to Handle."
June 9: "Hard to Handle" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade."
June 10: "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and "The Beast with Five Fingers."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 8: "Diary of a Mad Housewife" and "I Love My Wife."
From June 9: "A Drama of Jealousy" and "Alfie."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through June 3: "The Knack" and "Billy Liar."
June 4-7: "The Night They Raided Minsky's" and "Some Like It Hot."
June 8: "Eclipse" and "Variety Lights."
June 9: "Masculine Feminine" and "Band of Outsiders."
June 10: "Key Largo" and "All Through the Night."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through June 8: "The Confession."
From June 9: "The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart" and "Blow-Up."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Accattone! (1961)—Pier Paolo Pasolini's film about a Catholic boy at the bottom of the heap. The characters and the story are simple and anti-bourgeois by nature; Pasolini's coldly humorless theories and haut-bourgeois intellect sabotage practically everything that he hopes to do emotionally in the picture. In Italian. (Elgin; June 8-9.)

Alfie (1966)—Michael Caine gives a beautifully self-mocking performance as a solemnly promiscuous working-class swinger who divides his attentions among Vivien Merchant, Jane Asher, Shelley Winters, and others. Directed by Lewis Gilbert, from Bill Naughton's play. Score by Sonny Rollins. (Symphony; starting June 9.)

All Through the Night (1942)—With Humphrey Bogart and Peter Lorre, directed by Vincent Sherman. (Thalia; June 10.)

The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is like the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but not pleasurable. (Cinema I.)

The Aristocats—A new full-length animated film from the Disney Studios about cats and a fortune and an evil butler. Mildly entertaining. (Guild; starting June 4.)

L'Atalante (1934)—Jean Vigo's sensuous, poetic love story about a young barge captain on the Seine who takes a bride and loses her and nearly goes mad before he gets her back. Jean Dasté and Dita Parlo are the lovers, Michel Simon is the tattooed barge hand. A wonderfully spontaneous, unarranged-looking film, photographed by Boris Kaufman and with a lovely score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Elgin; June 3-5.)

Bananas—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny, with Woody Allen shyly keeping his end up in a world of girl activists who love him for talking about Kierkegaard even if he doesn't make the faintest sense. There is a nice scene when he is Christ, for some reason, and runs into a traffic problem with another Jesus—also nailed to a Cross, but not too painfully to have an irritable argument about rights to a parking space. Woody Allen maybe needs to watch that he doesn't milk his distraught and henpecked personality at the expense of his superior and reckless lunacy. (Coronet.)

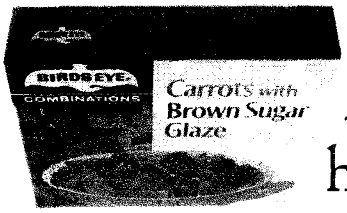
Band of Assassins (1970)—The familiar Mifune in a film by Tadashi Sawashima, pretty distinguished but pretty complicated in its swivels of plot about themes of factionalism and hero worship in 1863. Mifune is the leader of a band of "protectors;" the respect handed out to them lies in terror, but when a kindlier reign comes to power the king of the terrorists is still highly regarded, in a very Japanese fashion, for his loyalty to his beliefs. And then beheaded. The film is violent but also quirkily funny and subtle. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting June 10.)

Band of Outsiders (1964)—Two boys and a girl daydream about committing a robbery—just as in the movies—and then try to carry it out, in Jean-Luc Godard's lyrical, romantic tragicomedy. Perhaps his most delicately charming film. With Anna Karina. In French. (Thalia; June 9.)

The Barefoot Executive—With Kurt Russell, directed by Robert Butler. (Guild; through June 3.)

The Beast with Five Fingers (1946)—Deadpan melodrama, pretty good, with Peter Lorre being chased by a severed but very living hand that plays the piano, gets out of a draw-

How to cook for a man



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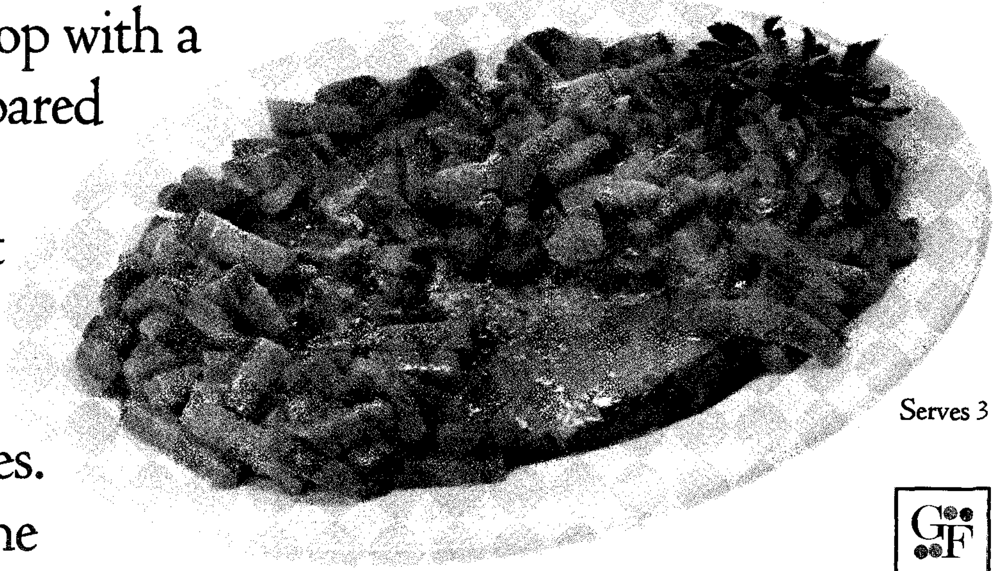

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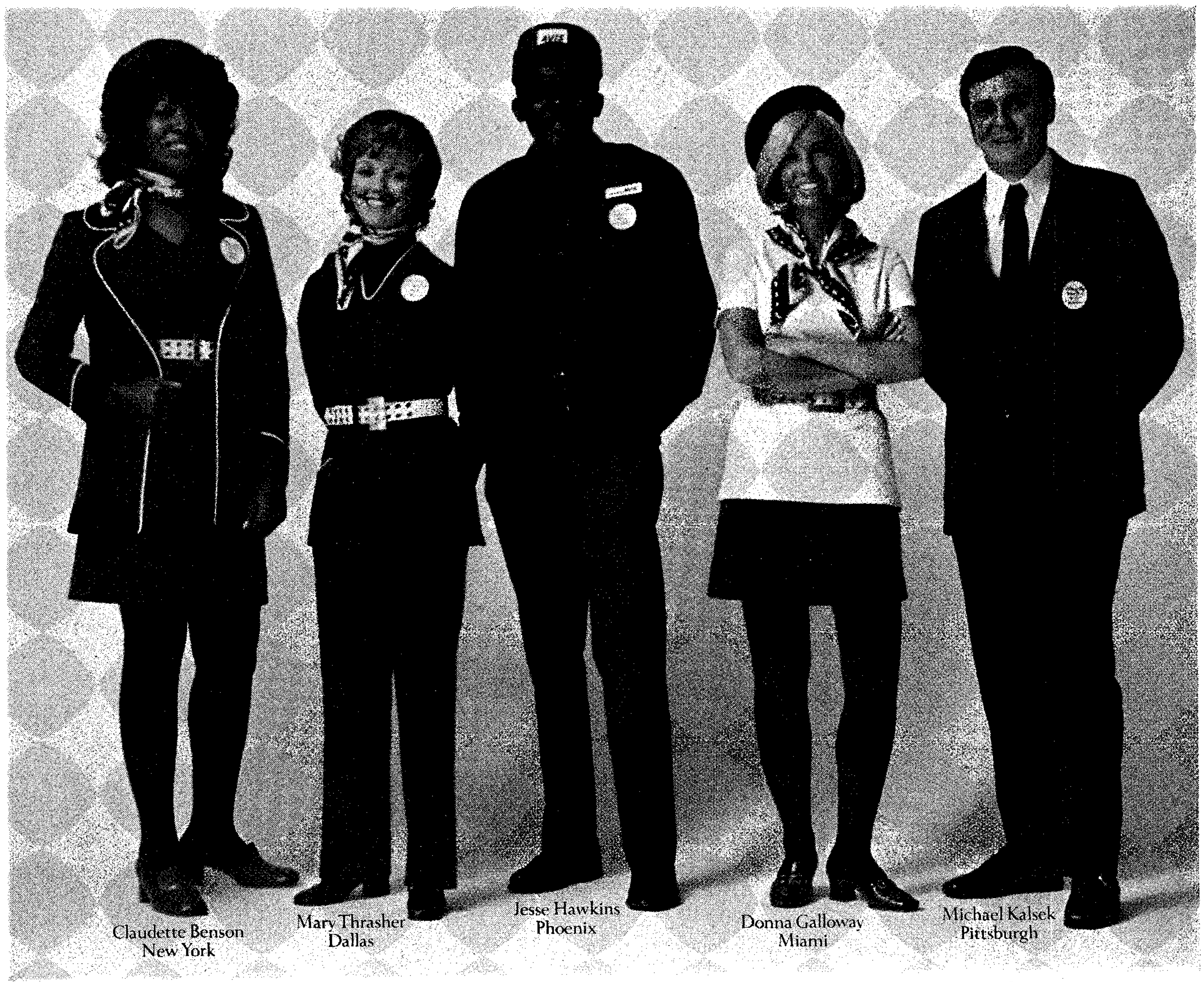

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New York

Mary Thrasher
Dallas

Jesse Hawkins
Phoenix

Donna Galloway
Miami

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er, and refuses to be nailed down or locked in a safe. The hand (a left one) is a pianist's, and it performs Bach's Chaconne (for the left hand). Directed by Robert Florey. (New Yorker; June 10.)

Beyond Control—A German film, arthritically dubbed into English, with William Berger and Anthony Baker, directed by Mr. Baker. Dire. (Regency; June 3-9.)

Big Jake—With John Wayne and Richard Boone, directed by George Sherman. (Orpheum.)

Billy Liar (1963)—An English comedy in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. With Julie Christie. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Thalia; through June 3.)

Blow-Up (1966)—An account of the Mod, mad world of London, 1966, as seen by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Midtown; starting June 9.)

Blue Water, White Death—Chatty documentary about sharks. It was made by fish maniacs and has that charm. (Festival.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—A Spanish regiment comes to a town in Flanders; the cowardly burghers hide, but their charming ladies meet the challenge, and in the morning the Spaniards depart, poorer in worldly goods, richer in experience. Jacques Feyder directed this classic comedy in the styles of Bruegel and Boccaccio, and it's almost too close to perfect: it's so archly classic that it isn't really very funny. With Françoise Rosay and Louis Jouvet. In French. (Elgin; June 2.)

Cat o' Nine Tails—With James Franciscus, Karl Malden, and Catherine Spaak, directed by Dario Argento. (U. A. East; through June 8.)

Charade (1963)—Widow Audrey Hepburn, looking chic and quite ungrieved and ravishingly pretty, is trying to get back a load of loot secreted by her late husband. Cary Grant helps. Love and money triumph. Stanley Donen directed—it's suave, but not up to much. (New Yorker; June 2.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade (1968)—Tony Richardson's quasi-absurdist, theatre-of-cruelty epic—a view of the Crimean War with modern revue humor. At times, the satire of political platitudes is excruciatingly entertaining, but Richardson and his scenarist, Charles Wood, seem to shrink everything they touch. This epic has so little feeling for the courage that went with the idiocies of the past that it diminishes itself along with its targets. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (New Yorker; June 9-10.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant satire of the American as imperialist. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through June 8.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman-novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Lincoln Art and Waverly.)

Closely Watched Trains (1966)—Jiri Menzel's ironic, tragicomic account of how a young man wins an amorous prize and becomes a dead hero. Perhaps because this was Menzel's first film, the sequence in which an assistant stationmaster rubber-stamps a girl telegrapher's buttocks is more clearly etched on viewers' minds than the point of the story—which appears to be that the hero is absurdly done in, like his foolish forbears. In Czech. Based on the wittily compressed short novel by Bohumil Hrabal ("A Close Watch on the Trains"). (Charles; through June 8.)

La Collectionneuse—Eric Rohmer directs the third of his "Six Moral Tales," readying for "My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee." This one, too, is full of summer—dazed with sun, bored, a study in the heresy of not enjoying a good time. Never were so many brown limbs unengaged with each other. The film is about a drolly seen prig, but Rohmer's sense of the ridiculous isn't that sure. In French, with voice-over in English from the hero when he's thinking aloud, which has an oddly ventriloquial effect and makes you jump. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Midtown; through June 8.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger-woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

The Cop—With Michel Bouquet, directed by Yves Boisset. In French. (Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

A Countess from Hong Kong (1967)—A disaster, carried out with ill-concealed despair by Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren. Charlie Chaplin wrote the screenplay and directed the movie. (New Yorker; June 6-7.)

The Crime of Monsieur Lange (1935)—Directed by Jean Renoir—not at the great peak of his "Rules of the Game" but very much by the same man. René Lefèvre plays M. Lange, technically guilty of murder but not morally. This is 1935, and he is at the bottom of the heap. We see him, looking hungry, spending as much time as possible in bed, writing Wild West stories that nobody reads. Jules Berry is his foppishly dressed employer, a gifted embezzler. Some scenes have the temperament of Restoration comedy. The film amounts to a fable about capitalism, to a caustic revenge farce, to an idyll sweetened by the grace of reprieve as the lovers on the run push their luck in a plundered interlude before the hero is caught. In French. (Elgin; June 2.)

Daughters of Darkness—Delphine Seyrig as an aged vampire who has discovered that blood-sucking is a beauty secret to keep you young. Her fellow-vampire is the first vampire we have seen in a miniskirt. Directed by Harry Kumel. Agreeably punk. (Murray Hill.)

The Deserter—A Western with Bekim Fehmiu and Richard Crenna, directed by Burt Kennedy. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting June 9.)

Diary of a Mad Housewife—A rising young lawyer (Richard Benjamin), who is an alarming pedant about food, wine, and ambitious entertaining, is married to a hard-driven girl (Carrie Snodgress). Mrs. Put-Upon dearly needs her Mr. Go-Getter, however. Directed and written by Frank and Eleanor Perry, respectively. (Symphony; through June 8.)

Dirtymouth—Cashing in on Lenny Bruce. Maladroit, witless, cowardly. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas; through June 10, tentative.)

Doctors' Wives—Heavy traffic from operating room to bedroom. Probably the most transparently mercenary movie since "The Adventurers." From the Frank G. Slaughter novel, with Dyan Cannon, Rachel Roberts, John Colicos, and Gene Hackman, directed by George Schaefer. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 9.)

Double Suicide (1969)—A magnificently photographed film based on the eighteenth-century play by Chikamatzu, with an introduction that cues the viewer in on the style of Bunraku puppet drama. The film finds the ethics of modern Japan as absurd as in the earlier period; however, despite the cues to the stylization, the meaning is less apparent than the artistry of the director, Masahiro Shinoda. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; June 3-5.)

A Drama of Jealousy ("The Pizza Triangle")—An extroverted romantic satire, inventive and full of sight gags. You need a bit of tolerance for some of it, but Marcello Mastroianni's performance as a crank Communist holds it all together, and Monica Vitti, with her supple, humor-filled face, does a charming parody of generations of comic waifs. Ettore Scola directed. In Italian. (Symphony; starting June 9.)

Eclipse (1962)—Some like it cold. Michelangelo Antonioni on alienation, this time with Alain Delon and, of course, Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Thalia; June 8.)

Escape from the Planet of the Apes—Through a bend in time, the intellectual chimpanzee couple we have come to know and love arrive on earth right now, the previous film in the series having flung us into the fourth millennium. Roddy McDowall and Kim Hunter play the chimpanzees, who are immensely intelligent, English-speaking, fond, and seduced by lousy spangled clothes, as the greatest left-wing minds often are. They land by spaceship near Los Angeles and, after a stint in the zoo, eventually stay at the Beverly Wilshire. The thoughtful wife chimp, a psychiatrist, gets pregnant, and rather upsetting things happen in the end. Good script—funny, and seriously applied—by Paul Dehn. (34th St. East and Juliet 2.)

Une Femme Douce—Bresson's modern-Paris transcription of Dostoevski's "A Gentle Creature"—his first film in color, though it turns into black-and-white in your head afterward. The teen-age heroine, a mysteriously ominous mixture of the docile and the stubborn, marries a stuffy pawnbroker. The film begins with the last act—with her suicide. What follows is a narrative of their life together that Bresson's technique throws deliberately into the past tense in our minds. This is one of his big films. Like "Un Condamné à Mort S'Est Echappé," "Pickpocket," "Le Journal d'un Curé de Campagne," and all his others, it is really about confinement and flight—an account of a character pledged to escape. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Fools—It's one thing to lose your heart in San Francisco; it's another to lose your mind there. Jason Robards and Katharine Ross, directed by Tom Gries. Beware. (Charles; starting June 9.)

The Fortune Cookie (1966)—Billy Wilder's bitter comedy about a shyster lawyer. With Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon. (New Yorker; June 4-5.)

Friends—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-age couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Paris.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Cinema II.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Chaplin is the helpless perfect gentleman in the world of Klondike bears and Klondike brutes. One of the great comedies of all time. With Mack Swain as Big Jim and Georgia Hale as the girl whom Charlie wins. (New Yorker; June 5-6.)

Good Times, Wonderful Times (1966)—When newsreels of children killed and mutilated in the two world wars are interspersed with scenes of glib cocktail-party talk about war and sex, can there be a dry eye—or indeed, another dry Martini? Lionel Rogosin made this semi-documentary and laid it on very thick. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through June 9.)

The Grissom Gang—With Kim Darby and Scott Wilson, directed by Robert Aldrich. (Juliet 1.)

Guess What We Learned in School Today?—About sex education in school. Directed by John Avildsen, who directed "Joe." (Loew's Ciné; through June 8.)

Hard to Handle (1933)—With James Cagney

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Mary Brian, directed by Mervyn LeRoy. (New Yorker; June 8-9.)

The Hawks and the Sparrows (1967)—Ninetto Davoli and the great Totò as a self-abasing father and his son on a St. Franciscan walk, accompanied by a talking crow. A humorless film by Pier Paolo Pasolini about large topics of poverty, simplicity, fathers and sons, and mankind. At a press conference some time ago, a baffled reporter said mildly to the director, "You don't think the critics got confused between what you were saying and what the crow was saying?" In Italian. (Elgin; June 8-9.)

The Holy Outlaw—A filmed report by Don Lenzer and Lee Lockwood on the rustication last year of Father Daniel Berrigan. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through June 9.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 9.)

I Love My Wife—A grossly conceived seriocomic study of modern marriage. Visually dead. With Elliott Gould and Brenda Vaccaro, directed by Mel Stuart. (Symphony; through June 8.)

Key Largo (1948)—John Huston, who directed, and Richard Brooks, then a screenwriter, rewrote the soporific Maxwell Anderson play and added so many good hammy bits that they turned it into an entertaining movie, though what the play was supposed to be about—which was dim enough in the original—was thoroughly obscured. But it's a confidently directed, handsomely shot movie, and the cast all go at it as if the nonsense about gangsters and human dignity were high drama. Humphrey Bogart gets Lauren Bacall, who looks wonderful but can't seem to find a character to play; Edward G. Robinson chomps on a cigar while soaking in a bathtub; Claire Trevor makes her bid for the Academy Award in the role of a pathetic drunk; and Thomas Gomez and Lionel Barrymore do their usual overrated overacting. (Thalia; June 10.)

The Knack (1965)—In Richard Lester's version of the Ann Jellicoe play (as adapted by Charles Wood), the jokes whiz by so fast that the ingenuity becomes exhausting. It's all just too bleached out and clever, though Donal Donnelly is marvellous. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, and Ray Brooks. (Thalia; through June 3.)

The Lady in the Car with Glasses and a Gun—With Samantha Eggar and Oliver Reed, directed by Anatole Litvak. (Cinema Studio; starting June 9.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Loew's Ciné; starting June 9.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton. . . . ¶ U. A. East; starting June 9.)

The Lost Flight—With Lloyd Bridges and Anne Francis, directed by Leonard J. Horn. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through June 8.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—A comedy directed by Cy Howard, with a rackingly good cast for such tripe (Anne Jackson, Gig Young, Robert Dishy, and Richard Castellano). It seems that a good five or seven sketches have been hustled into one. Congreve's wit has declined now into ethnic cracks and complaints about brand names, and the sound of sheets rustling over huffy bodies fills the air. Written by Joseph Bologna and his wife, Renée Taylor. (Charles; starting June 9.)

Love Story—Maudlin. (Tower East.)

The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart (1970)—With Don Johnson and Dianne Hull, directed by Leonard Horn. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Midtown; starting June 9.)

A Man Called Sledge—A Western with James Garner and Dennis Weaver, directed by Vic Morrow. (Cinema Studio; starting June 9.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." With Jean-Pierre Léaud as a young radical in love with Chantal Goya, a *yé-yé* singer. In French. (Thalia; June 9.)

The Minx (1969)—With Jan Sterling, directed by Raymond Jacobs. (Regency; June 2.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous film about four people in Clermont-Ferrand—a drolly solemn engineer (Jean-Louis Trintignant), a Marxist professor, a quizzical beauty qualified as a doctor who wraps herself naked in a white fur rug and listens to the engineer discussing Pascal half the night, and a blonde whom he knows he's going to marry. The film has some of the qualities of a great short story by de Maupassant. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse.)

A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau?*) who must marry a fortune in six weeks, and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Gramercy and 8th St. Playhouse.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. There's a wonderful seedy chorus line—a row of pudgy girls with faces like slipped discs. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Elliott Gould, and Britt Ekland, who has a big warm smile. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Thalia; June 4-7.)

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich—Casper Wrede, a Finn living in England, made this careful depiction of a great text by Solzhenitsyn. Siberian labor-camp: the squeak of feet on snow, boiled grass to eat, snatches of talk between intelligent men put to futile jobs. Tom Courtenay plays Ivan, obdurate, skeptical. Like much work from great Russian literature, the film is less about a character than about a state of soul—about a state of surviving by saying no. (68th St. Playhouse.)

One More Train to Rob—A Western with George Peppard and Diane Muldaur, directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through June 8.)

The People and Their Guns—A documentary by Joris Ivens on the war in Laos. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting June 10.)

Perfect Friday—An amoral trio (Ursula Andress, David Warner, and Stanley Baker) robs a bank. The film is a trifle, but the dazzling Ursula Andress has turned into a very funny deadpan comedienne. Peter Hall directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 8.)

Plaza Suite—Neil Simon's continuing parish-pump Manhattan comedy—the one thing about the island that no one seems to want to pull down—is here further propped up as a horribly malevolent and unfunny three-part thing about loveless marriage in overprivileged circumstances. Walter Matthau is a souring presence; Barbara Harris and Maureen Stapleton contribute their own gentle skills. (Music Hall.)

The Quiller Memorandum (1966)—George Segal, Alec Guinness, and Max von Sydow, directed by Michael Anderson, who is superseded by the Harold Pinter script. Pinter has a true feeling for film; the picture blasts to death the blanket theory of the director-as-*auteur*, for so many of the visual ideas are unmistakably Pinter's. Junk stuff, but Pinter's presence distinguishes it. (New Yorker; June 3-4.)

Red Lion (1969)—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; June 7-9.)

Red Sky at Morning—With Richard Thomas and Catherine Burns, directed by James Goldstone. (Beekman; through June 8. . . . ¶ Paramount; through June 10, tentative.)

Relations—A Danish film, based on a novel by Johannes Allen and directed by Hans Abramson. (Regency; June 2.)

Run the Wild River—Jack Currey's documentary about riding the rapids of the Colorado and Grijalva Rivers. (Kips Bay.)

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WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

JUNE

In keeping with the bucolic atmosphere of June, there's a real down-home country flavor to some of the big events coming into the air-conditioned Garden this month. For instance, this Friday (4) there's the "Nashville at the Garden" show with the greatest array of country music stars ever gathered together on a New York stage. You name 'em—we got 'em.

This should set the mood nicely for the 1971 edition of the Madison Square Garden Championship Rodeo which brings the nation's most exciting cowboys in for 13 performances beginning (24) and continuing through the Fourth of July. Get set, pardners, for some wild and wooly bronc and bull-riding, calf-roping and all the other breath-taking competitions and exhibitions that make the Rodeo a never-to-be-forgotten thrill for the whole family.

For nostalgia fans, two big events this month—Volume VI of the 1950's Rock and Roll Revival (11) with a host of your well-remembered favorites from the blue suede shoes era. And on (16) a Big Band Festival featuring four great aggregations bearing the proud names of Duke Ellington, Jimmy Dorsey, Glenn Miller and Guy Lombardo plus singing soloists Vaughn Monroe, Helen Forrest and Bob Eberly. Dad, it'll be okay for you and Mom to dance in the aisles—us kids will understand.

In the first-time-ever department, on (13) there's the first live closed-circuit color telecast direct from Spain of an authentic bull-fight featuring El Cordobes, the most famed matador since the fabled Juan Belmonte. No true aficionado will want to miss this thrilling corrida with the world's bravest bulls and toreros. Olé!

Friendly tip: there are only a few tickets left for the eagerly-awaited return (12) of Tom Jones to the scene of his most sensational melodic triumph. Tom wants to see you there—as does

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

millions of dollars tastefully wasted. Sarah Miles marries Robert Mitchum but experiences rapture with Christopher Jones. David Lean directed, on a cosmic scale, from Robert Bolt's script. (Ziegfeld.)

The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan—Mid-nineteenth-century Japan, and not a bit scandalous, though the picture—Shinoda's—has a bright sense of mischief. About feudalism and rebellion. Any Japanese picture must be about this, even if it were to be about contemporary business executives struggling onto the world's most advanced trains and playing weekend clock-golf. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; June 3-5.)

Some Like It Hot (1959)—A fifties comedy set in the Prohibition era, with transvestism, impotence, role confusion, and borderline inversion—and all hilariously innocent. Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon are the female impersonators who join a girls' band, and Marilyn Monroe and Joe E. Brown are their somewhat confused love partners. With George Raft, Pat O'Brien, and Nehemiah Persoff. Billy Wilder directed. (Thalia; June 4-7.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Elgin; starting June 10.)

Summer of '42—Robert Mulligan directs a cautiously respectable story with pulp hopes about young people in 1942 discovering lust. The laughs invited are mostly facetious, and what passes for sensitivity in the film is shoved at you like an elbow in your ribs. (Fine Arts.)

Support Your Local Gunfighter—A Western with James Garner and Suzanne Pleshette, directed by Burt Kennedy. (86th St. East; through June 8.)

Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song—Melvin Van Peebles is the black creator, director, and star actor of a film that, in earnest white radical eyes, does a certain amount of cheerful harm to black causes. Of course, it is the same sheer bad-taste cheer that actually redeems it. (Art.)

Taking Off—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Plaza.)

10 Rillington Place—Richard Fleischer directs a piece of tabloid-press verisimilitude about the grisly John Christie murders in Notting Hill, which sent the innocent and mentally deficient Timothy Evans to the gallows while the absurdly hypochondriac Christie was still burying bits of new raped victims under his vegetable garden. Richard Attenborough is technically very proficient as Christie, and John Hurt plays Timothy Evans beautifully. The film is taken all too slavishly from a book of 1961, by Ludovic Kennedy, that helped to change the law in England; Fleischer adds nothing and subtracts thought. (Baronet.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G.W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Elgin; starting June 10.)

Time in the Sun (1940)—"Que Viva Mexico," the only film that Eisenstein directed outside the Soviet Union, was never completed. But out of the fabulous footage that he and his cinematographer, Edouard Tissé, shot in Mexico in 1930 and 1931 the film "Time in the Sun" was edited by his disciples, who attempted to approximate his original plan—from Aztec cults through Conquistadores and peonage to Christian feasts. (Elgin; June 6-7.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. Fancy, highly emotional, and not as informative as it might be, but some of the footage is very fine. With an English narration. (Elgin; June 6-7.)

Tom Jones (1963)—Tony Richardson whizzes through the Fielding novel, but he pauses long enough for a great lewd eating scene. With Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Edith Evans, and many others. (New Yorker; June 7-8.)

Topaz (1969)—Hitchcock's fifty-first feature is the same spy thriller he's been making since the thirties, and it has become larger, slower, and duller. Full of waxwork Cuban rightists who are spying for the U.S., creaking "Late Late Show" romances, an Arrow-collar-shaving-cream-ad hero (Frederick Stafford), and drab versions of spies in earlier Hitchcock films. From a Leon Uris novel. With Roscoe Lee Browne, who perks things up briefly. (New Yorker; June 2-3.)

Tristana—Luis Buñuel's study of a grandee Spaniard who is the guardian of a ward played by Catherine Deneuve. Her chill beauty is used by Buñuel to add to the mood of the story, which is like the damp air of the crypt. The film is rich in physical detail and in Buñuel's special sort of Surrealism, bold and witty; it also uses that power to blaspheme which only he seems to possess in world cinema, anticlericalist though he is. In Spanish. (Charles; through June 8.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Cinema Studio; through June 8.)

Variety Lights (1949)—The first film directed by Federico Fellini (working with Alberto Lattuada as co-director), this tawdry little backstage story about a shabby touring company has, in many sequences, a poetic originality that flowered and decayed in Fellini's later work. With Giulietta Masina, Peppino de Filippo, Carla del Poggio. In Italian. (Thalia; June 8.)

Villain—With Richard Burton and Ian McShane, directed by Michael Tuchner. Worn-out. (Trans-Lux East.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy—Christopher Miles' film of a short D. H. Lawrence novel transmits the true feeling of a Midland rectory family, a tribe practicing proscription and sarcasm. The virgin daughter is Joanna Shimkus, the gypsy Franco Nero. The picture is a bit busy but very intelligent, with Lawrence's strength and a passing silent humor of its own. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 8.)

Walkabout—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story of the rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the human élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicatingly changeable English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicholas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (Beekman; starting June 9.)

Waterloo—Sergei Bondarchuk, who directed the Russian "War and Peace," makes an Italian-Russian version of the following battle in Napoleon's history. Napoleon (Rod Steiger) comes back from Elba to resume the fight almost with the motives of the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier"—as though he were urged and saddened by intimations of middle age. Christopher Plummer is Wellington, in an Anglophobe and rather unconvincing version that serves mostly to make the point that the Prussian von Blücher really won the war. O.K. as spectacle, except that the topography of the battle isn't much fun to follow. (Criterion.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Bleecker St. Cinema; starting June 10.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—A very fine Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, as long as your sympathies hold firm enough not to be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand, sand, sand, sand-covered bodies, and an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; June 2.)

Zero for Conduct (1933)—School as seen through the eyes of children. Jean Vigo's forty-four-minute-long comedy-fantasy about a schoolchildren's revolt is one of the most famous and most influential films ever made, both in theme (as in "The 400 Blows" and "If . . .") and in its leaping continuity (as in "Breathless"). In French. (Elgin; June 3-5.)

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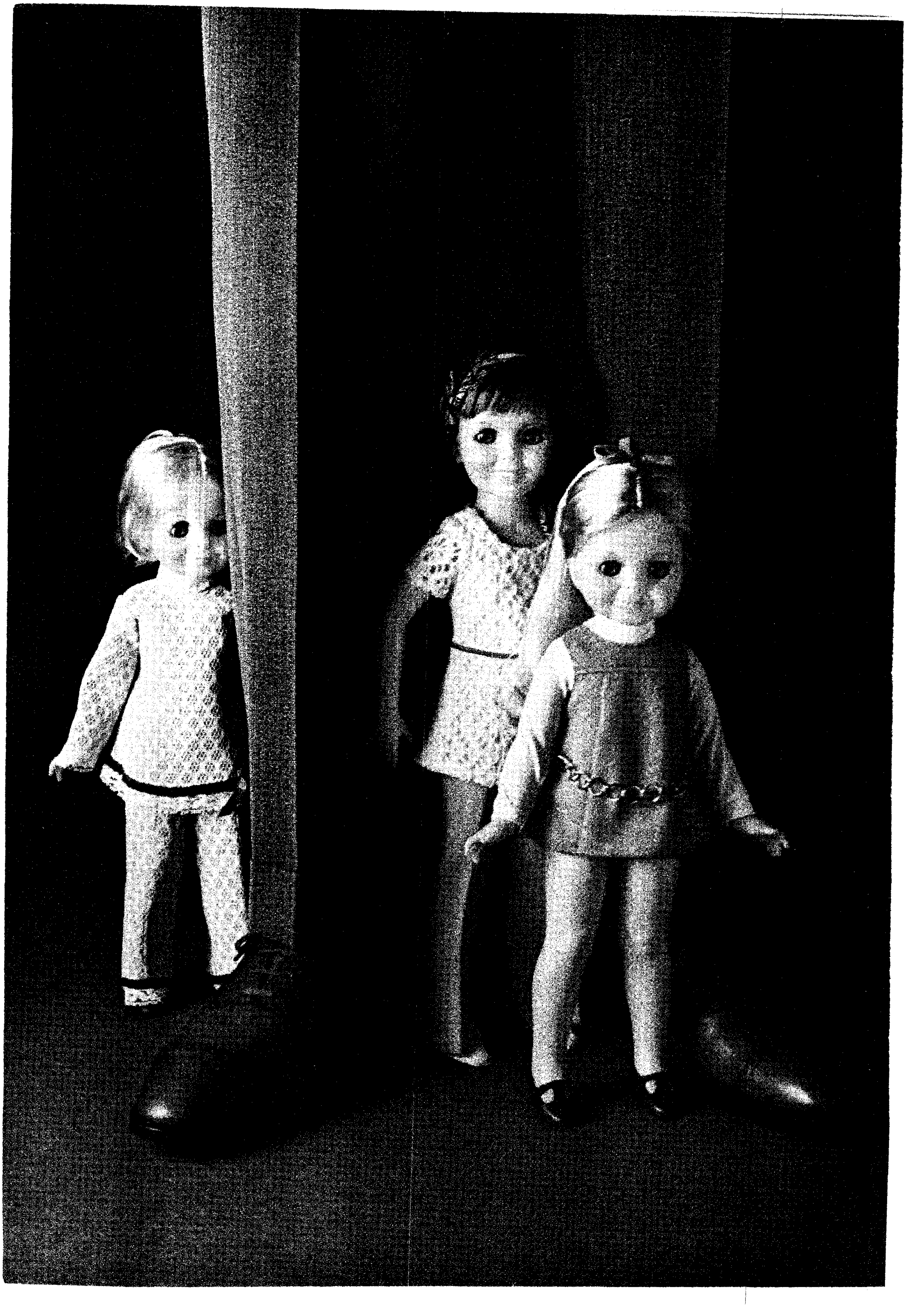

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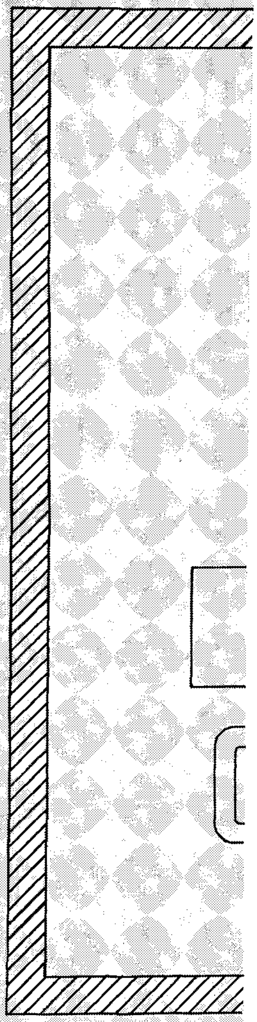

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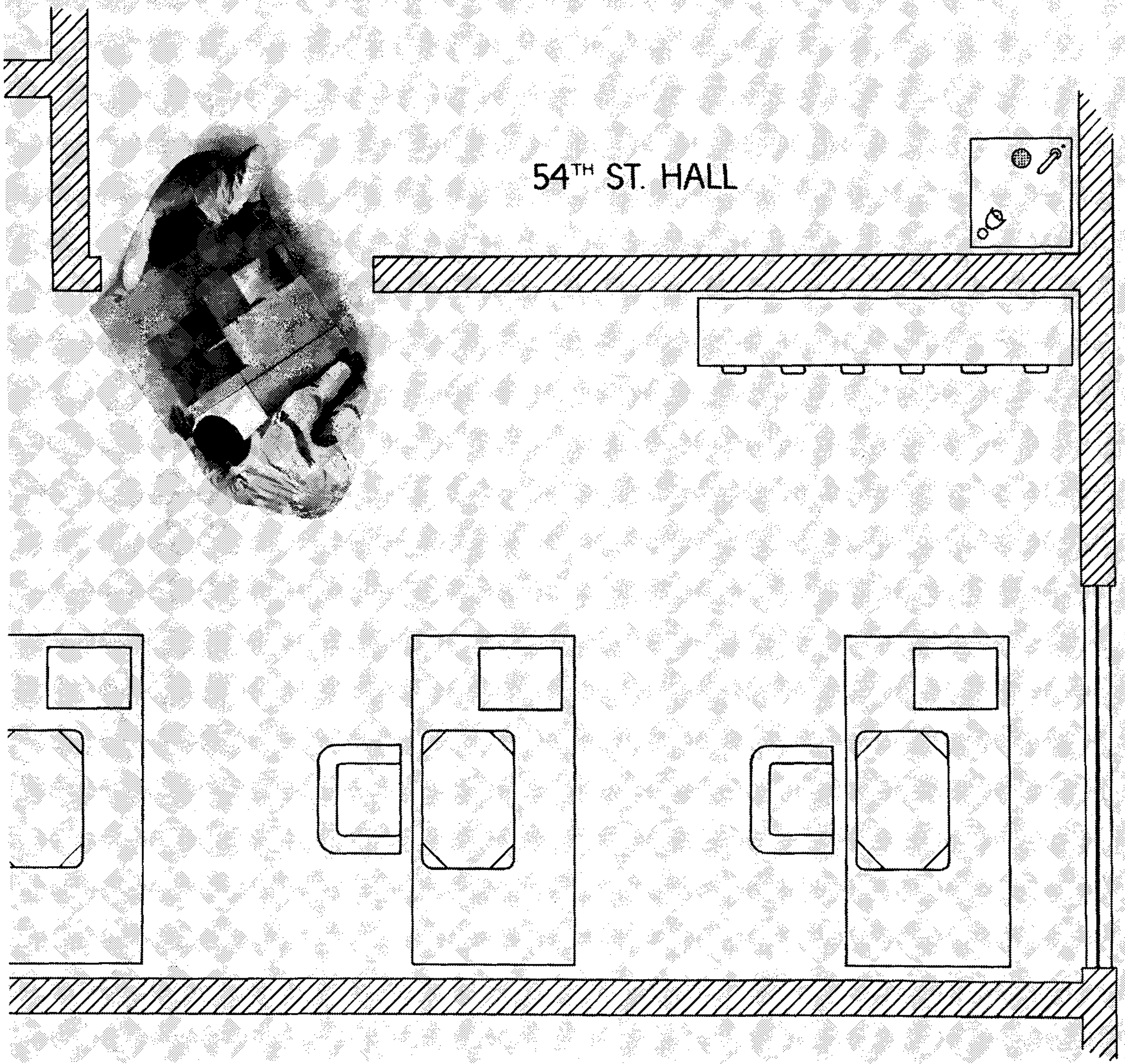

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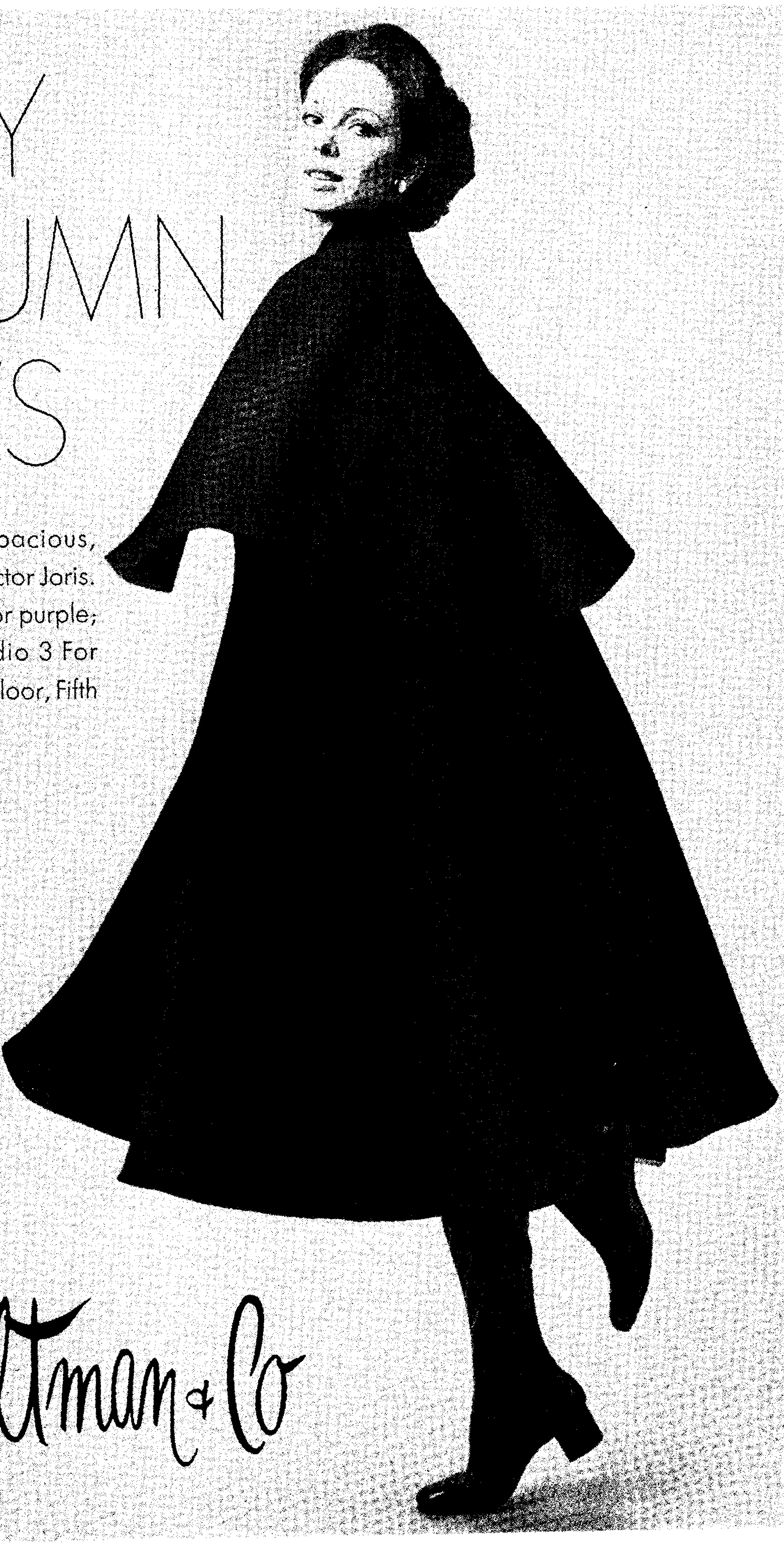

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE news that the Metropolitan Museum has acquired Velázquez's great portrait of Juan de Pareja, for which the firm of Wildenstein & Co. paid a world-record auction price of $5,544,000 last November, strikes us as oddly reassuring. No matter what catastrophes beset our city or our nation, it is good to know that the Metropolitan will go right on having the world's costliest works of art. Only ten years ago, the Museum scooped up Rembrandt's "Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer" for $2,300,000 (an auction record at the time), and we have no doubt that the trustees, bless their lavish souls, will authorize the expenditure of even greater sums within the next decade, provided a properly aged and accredited masterpiece surfaces in that time. Compared with the costs of the war, the SST, the welfare program, and most contemporary artifacts, of course, art is still a bargain item. Five and a half million dollars would barely defray the costs of a day's protective reaction in Vietnam, and if someone were to drop that sum on the table in Albany, where state legislators are still arguing over New York City's current budget gap (Is it $1,100,000,000, as Mayor Lindsay says, or a mere $720,000,000, as Governor Rockefeller maintains?), no one would notice. Every day, however, large crowds venture reverently into a darkened room at the Metropolitan to see what a five-and-a-half-million-dollar picture looks like. Thomas Hoving, the director, has taken pains to point out that the Velázquez was bought with purchase funds that cannot legally be used for any other purpose, plus contributions from trustees. Nobody seems much inclined to complain about the price, though, or even to suggest that the Museum was doing either more or less than its thing in buying the painting.

And what does the five-and-a-half-million-dollar picture look like? Isolated on the wall, suavely lit, the painting's mulatto subject wears an intelligent, faintly contemptuous expression. Juan de Pareja was a student and companion of the artist's when Velázquez painted him in 1649, and Pareja clearly knew a thing or two about the world. He probably knew, for example, how much Velázquez was going to be paid for the portrait of Pope Innocent X that he was preparing to paint (the Pareja portrait being a sort of warmup exercise for that important commission). Pareja himself was said to have been an ingenious painter. From the expression on his face, we may surmise that he understood the vanity of popes, princes, artists, and museum trustees—the vanity that played and still plays a certain role, neither crucial nor negligible, and sometimes wholly unwitting, in the creation and preservation of great works of art. Even though there never seems to be enough money around today to keep things from going all to hell, we rather like knowing that we can still afford the vanity of an occasional masterpiece.

•

QUITE a while ago, at a time when most people were showing little interest in the war, we made the observation that the war seemed to have outlasted the issue of the war. Now things have taken a new twist, and there are people who, not being content with merely ignoring the war, are talking and behaving as though the war were actually over. They are patting each other on the back for a job well done, and are already talking confidently about the state of the world "beyond Vietnam," as though the war itself were only an unpleasant memory. In a recent interview, for instance, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird said, "I have tried to shift the public debate and dialogue in America from 'Why Vietnam?' to 'Why Vietnamization?' . . . Now I believe the time has come once again to shift the dialogue from 'Why Vietnamization?' to 'Beyond Vietnam'—to focus instead on the question: 'What's in store for us from the national-security standpoint beyond Vietnam?'" And President Nixon has announced that "Vietnamization has succeeded." In the atmosphere created by official statements like these, it becomes harder than ever to talk about the war, because before one can get to such questions as "What is happening in the war?" or "Should these things be happening?" one has to ask the elementary question "*Is there a war going on?*" No doubt people have a natural tendency to try to forget about wars the minute they are over, but we may be the first country to try to forget about a war while it is still going on.

The notion that removing our forces from Indo-China is only a lingering detail in a job that has been substantially completed depends in part on the maintaining of a secret that many politicians know but few are willing to tell; namely, that if and when all American forces are withdrawn—whether this happens in six months or in ten years—there is the likelihood that some combination of the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese will take over South Vietnam. The President has spoken of his fear that we might "turn over" South Vietnam to the Communists, but this was probably a bad choice of words, because in fact South Vietnam was never ours to turn over. We cannot "lose" it because we have never had it in our grasp, and because we have already done something much worse and much more decisive than losing it—we have destroyed it. We destroyed the countryside in order to "deprive the enemy" of the milieu in which he thrived, but in the process we destroyed the milieu in which any independent government might thrive, including the one we support. And after reducing the society with our money and our bombs to one of the most thoroughly pulverized and chaotic societies there have ever been, we now expect the tragic imitation of a government in Saigon to assume responsibility for one of the largest, most technologically advanced war machines ever put together. This government has been called a "puppet government," but it might be more appropriate to call it a "balloon government." A puppet government administers the state apparatus in obedience to the orders of a foreign master. A balloon government, on the other hand, owes the very existence of its state apparatus to the foreign master. It may disobey the foreign master in small matters, but even its power to disobey is lent to it by the foreign master. When a balloon government is puffed up by its master, it may look fairly impressive. But when the air is let out it doesn't so much collapse as reveal that it hardly existed in the first place. There is strong evidence that the government in Saigon is a balloon government. In fact, not only the state apparatus but the entire society has been decisively altered by the American rampage in Vietnam. Thus the withdrawal of troops by no means spells an automatic end to the war. It leaves the fundamental question of the war—the question of whether we would tolerate a North Vietnamese takeover of South Vietnam—unresolved. Eventually, in the course of the withdrawal, this question *will* have to be faced, and then, unless there are negotiations, it seems probable that either the withdrawal will have to be stopped or we will have to accept the collapse of the Saigon government. If this moment of decision were to come suddenly—if the Saigon government were to begin to fall apart while our troops were still there, or if the other side were to launch a heavy attack against a greatly reduced, vulnerable American force—then this Administration, which has promised only victories in Indo-China, might undertake a reckless escalation that would endanger this country as well as Vietnam, North and South.

But in the meantime we go on dreaming. We push questions like these aside and stretch our limbs to enjoy the new, relaxed, postwar atmosphere that happens to have arrived before the war has ended. Some people in the Administration go on looking beyond Vietnam. They turn away from the sordid, ludicrous war that is taking lives now and turn to "larger" global questions of the future that seem more likely to confer some dignity on the men who tackle them. They overleap the present altogether and begin to live in a dream future. Meanwhile, there are Americans and Vietnamese in Vietnam who can't even see beyond the next tree line, much less beyond Vietnam, and who in fact may not live to see the world beyond Vietnam at all, no matter how marvellous it may be. Of course, nobody believes that all of our country's problems would solve themselves if we managed to end the war, but still, after a decade in Indo-China, a postwar America seems to shine in the uncertain future like a New Jerusalem. Just getting back to the old problems seems almost unimaginably wonderful. But some people don't want to see the real war in the real world in this the tenth year of the war. We all yearn for the promised land of an America finished with the war. But members of the Now generation in the Administration don't want to wait until it actually happens. The real world be damned. They want to enjoy the fruits of the promised land *right now*. And never mind that we have yet to cross the River Jordan.

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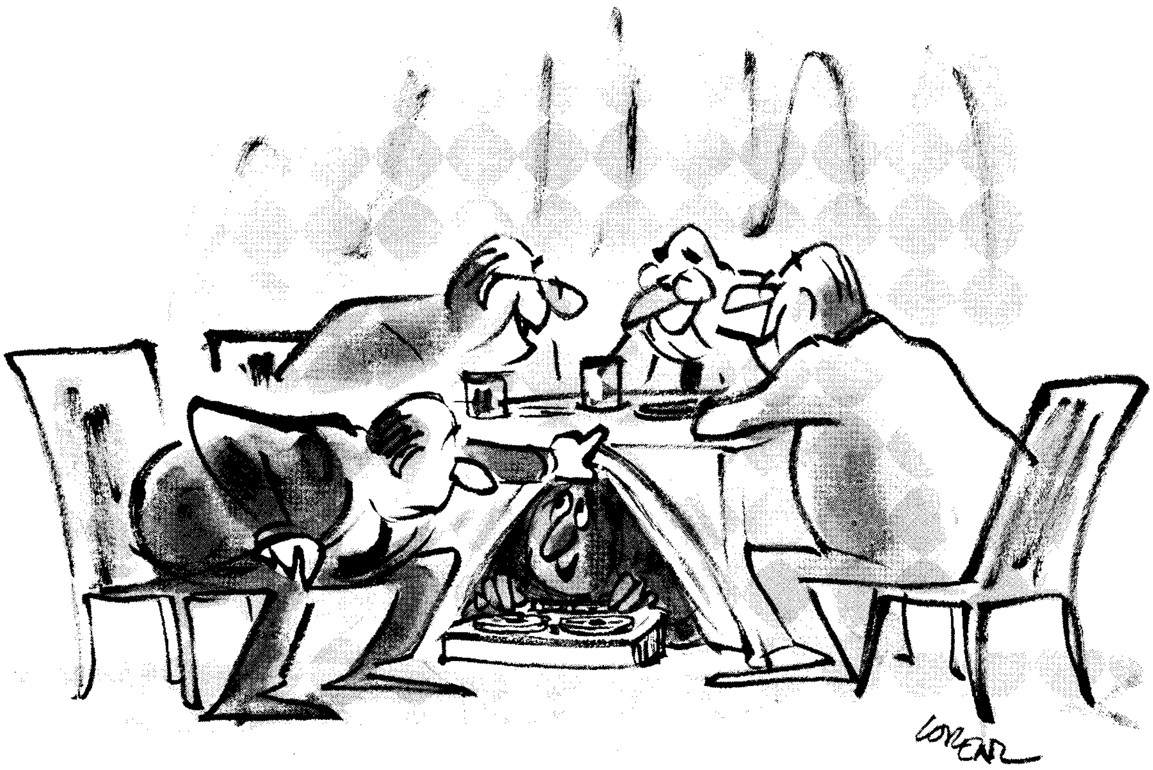
SIXTY IS SEXY
WHO MAKES THE BREAD?
SAXON

Zoo Friends

A GROUP of young women known as the Friends of Central Park Zoo gave a very pleasant benefit party the other night in one of the pleasantest spots in the city—the plaza surrounding the Sea Lion Pool at the Zoo itself. The purpose of the party was not only to raise funds but also to alert New Yorkers to the fact that the Central Park Zoo—as pleasant as it is—needs a lot of help from its friends if it is to become the "primary teaching tool in environmental science" that



"Look at it this way, sir. At least now you know you're not paranoid."

an inner-city zoo ought to be. We arrived at seven-thirty on a clear, cool, gusty spring evening. A long blue-and-white striped tent had been erected on the terrace in front of the darkened cafeteria building, a wooden dance floor had been laid at the foot of the steps leading from the cafeteria to the Sea Lion Pool, sixty-nine tables with white tablecloths and glass-enclosed candles had been arranged around the plaza, green balloons filled with helium bobbed above each table, a scarlet macaw (*Ara macao*) screeched incessantly in one of the enormous wrought-iron birdcages overlooking the plaza, and every once in a while the mustachioed snout of a sea lion (*Zalophus californianus*) broke the dark-green surface of the pool, as if to check on the guests, who were beginning to bustle about.

Looking for the cause of the bustle, we came upon Mrs. Judee Symonds, the chairman of the Friends of Central Park Zoo, who told us that one of her main concerns as the mother of two small children in New York was that there are never enough things for young people to do. "Some friends and I got together to see if we could help the city make better use of the Zoo facilities," she said. "We went to see Mr. August Heckscher, the Parks Commissioner, and the people up at the New York Zoological Society, in the Bronx. With their help, we organized a program of guided tours for school groups. We now have fifty trained volunteers who give talks on subjects like 'Wildlife Conservation' and 'Predators and Their Prey.' Until we started doing this, last February, there was no educational program here at all." The Friends (who are now an official committee of the Zoological Society) are also opening a nature-science gift shop, bookstore, and information center in one of the refreshment stands on the cafeteria terrace. Their long-range goal is the transformation of the Zoo into an "environmental educational center." Toward this end, they persuaded James P. Maguire, vice-president of Ford & Earl Design Associates, to serve as design consultant (unpaid). One of his first suggestions was to get some young people involved in the project. The Parsons School of Design, Mr. Maguire's alma mater, was more than obliging, and before you could say "California sea lion" in Latin eighteen students had signed up for a special elective course entitled Zoo. Another group, of twelve students, signed up for a course called Zoo Graphics. The Graphics group worked on a relatively modest proposal to spruce up the three and a half acres of Zoo grounds with bright, informative signs. Some of the Zoo-course group tackled the problem of renovating the very structure of the Zoo; others laid out an ambitious "dream zoo" that might someday be built on the present site. The fruits of their labors—colorful graphics, meticulous architectural renderings, detailed scale models—were on display under the big blue-and-white tent, and the students themselves were on hand to explain the ideas behind their work. They talked excitedly about "doing away with the isolated-cage concept," and exhibiting all animals in natural-looking settings according to their natural habitats and in natural "breeding groups" (one male to five females, if that is what the animals themselves prefer in the wild).

"Everyone agrees that the Zoo is a wonderful place for people," one of the students told us. "Look at that plaza—it's one of the finest outdoor spaces in the city. But the Zoo is not so hot for the animals. In many ways, it's an animal slum—cramped, overcrowded, depressing. You can't learn anything about wildlife by staring at a bored, unhappy animal pacing the floor of a bare cage." Ideally, the students agreed, instead of simply being a menagerie of exotic animals, Central Park Zoo should become a true, ecologically balanced zoo, concentrating on four main natural habitats—African Tropical Rain Forest (gorillas, chimpanzees, mandrills, etc.), African Savanna-Tropical Grassland (zebras, cheetahs, baboons, lions, etc.), South and Southeast Asian Tropical Rain Forest (Indian elephants, Bengal tigers, etc.), and South American Tropical Rain Forest (spider monkeys, parrots, etc.).

"What about the bears?" we asked.

"We've eliminated them," one of the students said. "They don't fit into any of these main habitats, and they're very difficult to keep in good health."

"What about the sea lions?" we asked.

"Well, they don't fit into any of the habitats, either," another student said, "but we've made room for them. They do very well here, they're as happy and healthy as they look, and, of course, everyone loves them."

By this time, most of the six hundred and seventy guests (who paid forty-five—partly tax-deductible—dollars per couple) had arrived, and a large crowd was jammed onto the tiny dance floor, trying to move rhythmically to electronically amplified music that might be best described as "social rock." The scarlet macaw may still have been screeching, but we couldn't hear him. Two of the sea lions had climbed out of the water onto the roof of their concrete house. They were sitting up straight, as if balancing invisible balls on their noses, and swaying slightly from side to side.

Back Here

WE were having such a good time watching some of Dick Cavett's late-night television talk shows from London last month that we looked and listened a little more attentively than usual and thought we noticed some new kind of attentiveness on *his* part. A different way of standing, a different gleam in his eye, the look of a man having a different experience, or something. We asked him about it shortly after he got back to his office, on Broadway at Fifty-seventh Street, where he hangs out with the executive producer of his show, the producer, the director, four writers, two associate producers, the musical director, five talent coördinators, the art director, the associate director, three researchers, two production assistants, four secretaries, and five other assistants to assistants of various kinds. We found Mr. Cavett in his private office, seated in a swivel chair behind a big, old-fashioned, glazed-walnut desk; on the wall were a lot of color photographs of himself—with snorkel equipment at Caneel Bay and with famous guests on his show. He looked nicely tanned and rested, and he had on a handsome khaki shirt open at the collar and handsome sky-blue chinos. He had his "Dick Cavett Show" ready-and-expecting-to-laugh expression. He looked somewhat uneasy in the swivel chair.

"Was there something about that London experience?" we asked. "Anything you can account for that made you look different over there?"

"Jet lag," Mr. Cavett said. "I'm one of the sufferers from that. I sometimes wish I were one of these people who can do without sleep. Just jump on a plane, and arrive all fresh and ready to go. I need nine hours of sleep. When I first got home, I'd wake up at 6 A.M., crisp and bright. I wish I could have gone on doing that, having an early-morning life. It's a better way to live."

"Then you weren't tense or anything like that in London?" we asked.

"I felt dangerously *un*tense, especially in the beginning," Mr. Cavett said. "I had to keep reminding myself that hardly anyone in the audience was American or had ever seen the show."

"Have you spent much time abroad?" we asked.

"About two months, if you add it up in terms of number of days," Mr. Cavett said. "I had never been to Europe at all until a couple of years ago—before I had this night show—when I went over there several times to do four guest appearances on the 'This Is Tom Jones' show. Until I was in high school, I had never even been out of the country. I had hardly ever even been out of *Nebraska*. My parents took me to Canada one summer for our vacation. They were both teachers, and had the summer off. We went to all the remote places in Canada. The Columbia Icefield. Lake Nipigon. And to French-speaking Quebec, which I liked most of all. I like a country to be as foreign as possible. I like to try to pass myself off as a native. In Vienna, which I got to go to after one of the 'Tom Jones' shows, I could pass as a German."

"What does your father teach?" we asked, losing direction and giving in to the rambling pattern of a talk show.

"English," said Mr. Cavett. "That is, he taught English, at a Lincoln high school, until a couple of years ago, when he was made what is called a 'media expert.' I think it satisfied a long-standing desire of his, although he was a favorite English teacher. My mother, who died when I was ten, was also an English teacher, and my stepmother teaches *teachers* at the University of Nebraska. Her class was on television, opposite what used to be my morning show in Lincoln. I think she got more viewers than I did. It was always an embarrassment to me as a kid that my parents were teachers. I used to be mortified to run into my father in the school hallways. My father always said I would avoid his eyes." He laughed.

COINS
CENTS

"How come you've done so little travelling?" we asked.

"It's always been a big thing to me," Mr. Cavett said. "As a kid, I couldn't imagine going out of the country. French Canada was really a kick. God! I felt, this is what Europe must really be like! I always had this sense of Europe's being unattainable. When I heard people say, 'I ran into So-and-So in Paris,' I'd think, God! Now they're *here*. Yesterday, they were in *Paris!* Now they're back *here!* My dream was to go to Europe by boat. I thought about it a lot, especially after I'd seen two friends off on oceangoing liners. When I was twenty-four, I was a writer for 'The Jack Paar Show' and could afford to go, but I could never get away. I was thirty-two when I went over the first time. It was on one of those trips over to do a 'Tom Jones' appearance that I heard that Bishop was out of the picture."

"Who?" we asked.

"Joey Bishop," said Mr. Cavett. "I didn't know I was replacing him, though."

"Was it a job you wanted a lot?" we asked.

"There's never been anything in my career I've wanted a lot," said Mr. Cavett. "I'd never fantasized specifically sitting at a desk on a talk show. I did fantasize when I was a writer for Jack Paar. I used to think, I could be up there on the stage making them laugh. I've always thought in terms of laughs."

"Did you have any jobs before the one with Jack Paar?" we asked.

"Caddying at a Nebraska golf course was my first job," said Mr. Cavett. "Then summer stock. I never had a real desire to be a writer. I always wanted to be a performer. I took a monologue to Paar in order to meet him. I felt I could write jokes as well as the next fellow. I was a great fan of his. There was one solid year, between 1958 and 1959, here in New York, when I didn't miss one single night of Paar. I slept fourteen hours a day and got up in time to watch Paar. All I lived for—and I've said it often—was watching Paar."

"Did any of the other talk shows ever go to London?" we asked.

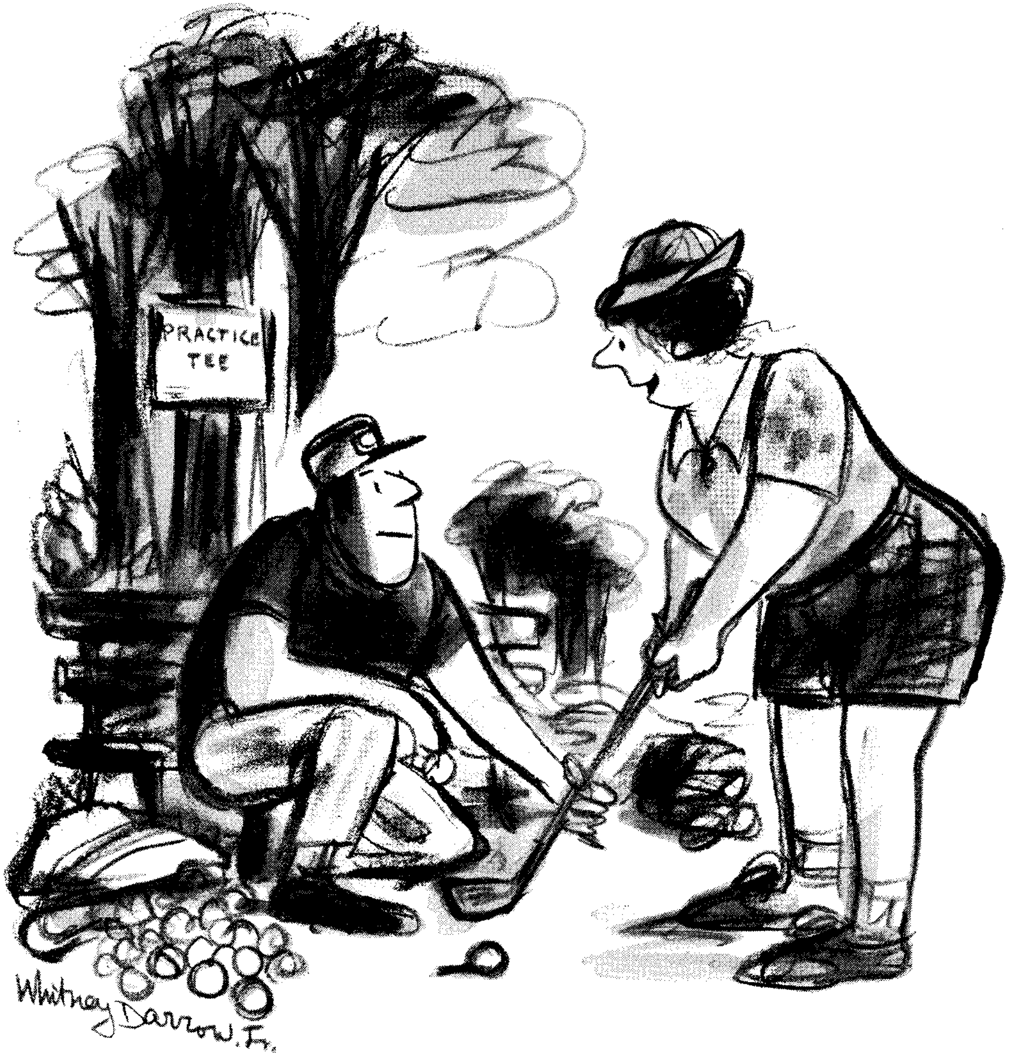
"Paar did it first," Mr. Cavett said. "He discovered going to London. He had them all on his show there. Bea Lillie. Malcolm Muggeridge. Peter Sellers. Everybody. I called Paar before I went, and tried to get some advice. He warned me not to assume that anybody in the audience had ever seen the show."

"Whose idea was it to take your show to London?" we asked.

"Mine," said Mr. Cavett. "I could argue both sides of the question. But I persuaded myself there was publicity value in moving the show out of New York. Also, it's a way of getting out of your grind. There are so many things in doing this kind of show that are so ludicrous. One of the problems with the guests on a show of this kind is it's hard not to drown in show biz."

We asked Mr. Cavett to tell us about doing the show in London.

"It was a very pleasant experience," he said. "For some reason, it's easier to do the show there. For one thing, not being in your own country makes it a little bit unreal. Then, the English—even in English television—are surrounded by a sense of a lack of panic. It's the English character. They don't flap over there. The show was taped at the old Elstree Studios, in Boreham Wood, about an hour's drive outside of London. It was so far out, literally, and at a studio, not in a theatre. We had to get ourselves out there, and we had to get the audience out there by busing them. The audience is vital at these shows. I remember the 'Tom Jones' show audience had looked as if they had bus fatigue. Considering everything, the audiences we had were remarkably good. We had about two hundred seats at the studio, compared to three hundred and fifty here in New York. We started the taping time at five-thirty, but then we discovered we had to move it to six-thirty to give them time to have tea first."



"I want to warn you—I'm no Jack Nicklaus."

• •

"Is an audience important to you?" we asked.

"I often feel pulled by the audience," Mr. Cavett said. "I don't get terribly thrown. But I can hear them *breathing*."

"And if they don't respond?" we asked.

"It's just enough to bring you down below your optimum level," said Mr. Cavett. "We were lucky to get good audiences and wonderful guests. Talkers like Robert Morley, Dame Gladys Cooper, Sir Ralph Richardson, Lynn Redgrave, Trevor Howard, Jack Hawkins, Kenneth Tynan, Lord George-Brown, Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, Nicol Williamson, Eddie Chapman, Dame Sybil Thorndike, Richard Harris, Jonathan Miller, Bernard Levin, Spike Milligan, Enoch Powell, and—the last show we did there, the one we got the biggest mail response on—a group of English schoolchildren. I would have liked to have had one of the Beatles and Sir Laurence Olivier. But I thought we did pretty well."

"Were they better talkers than the ones you get here?" we asked.

"I think it's safe to say there is a higher percentage of people there in public life who talk entertainingly," Mr. Cavett said. "More people are articulate in an entertaining way. I doubt if they're more intellectual. Most Americans still are unduly impressed by the British accent. They have the primitive idea that the accent is associated with intellect. I didn't look for intellectuals. I looked for entertaining talkers. The ideal talker is Robert Morley. Eddie Chapman was dynamite. Dame Sybil—tremendous, a great personality at almost ninety. They're people who know how to be effective on television. Also, they seemed to like to talk to *me*. The assumption was that they were interested in being there, not just to plug something. During the breaks for commercials, they'd go on talking and saying things. I'd say, 'Wait, that's good for the show,' but they still went on talking. Over here, agents descend on guests after the show and sweep them out into the night. Robert Morley was having such a good time talking on the show he rode back to London with me. In the car, he wasn't trying to make me laugh as much as he had on the show, but he did make me laugh a lot anyway."

"Of all your shows, what show has had the biggest response from viewers?" we asked Mr. Cavett.

"The one I did devoted entirely to talking with John Neihardt, the ninety-year-old author of 'Black Elk Speaks,' a book he wrote about his experiences with the Oglala Sioux. My parents sent me a clipping from Nebraska saying that after the show sixteen thousand copies of his book were sold. I know Neihardt will like that. And I also like the idea of sixteen thousand people still reading books no matter what Marshall McLuhan says. That's about the only kind of power this show has that I can really enjoy."

BULL BAILEY, I LOVE YOU

George looks under the big faded chair for his bluejeans and shoes. I'm on the bed. George gets dressed and puts on a clean shirt. I ask him, "Where're you going?" Summer, 1969. Midwest prairie. Nobody ever goes anywhere. "Chicago," says George, pinching my thigh. He leaves the room carrying a toothbrush.

•

Bull Bailey stretches in his bed at the Chicago Sheraton, on Michigan Avenue. He reaches out for the roll of Certs on his bedside table and pops one into his mouth. He never wakes up with bad breath.

•

George comes back with the toothbrush and the *Des Moines Register*. He throws it to me. I decide I'd better get dressed, and look under the bed for my blouse and shorts. I find the blouse and put it on and start reading the paper. I turn to the peach-colored sports section and see—holy Lord!—the Yankees are playing in Chicago and, wouldn't you know, old Bull Bailey is pitching. So I say to George, "I'm going with you." I remember that Bull Bailey advertises Certs, and I borrow George's toothbrush.

•

Bull Bailey gets out of bed, takes a hot shower, cleans his ears with Q-Tips, and turns on the TV.

•

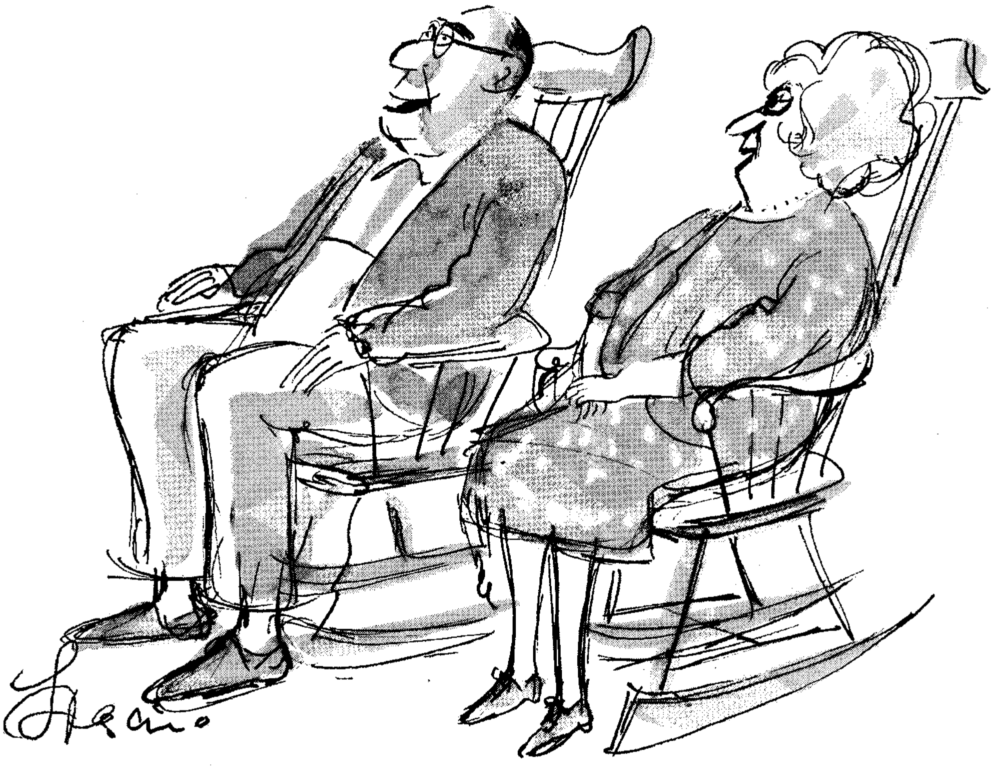
"You don't mind?" I ask. George pinches my cheek and, humming "Classical Gas," pushes me into the car.

•

Bull Bailey sits in a seventeenth-floor suite of the Michigan Avenue Sheraton Hotel biting his fingernails. He surveys his broad, flat, big fingers, chooses one, and gnaws the nail until the blood runs. When his ten nails are bleeding, he starts on the first knuckle of the little finger of his left hand. The knuckle is callused; Bull Bailey bites it before every game, just after the fingernails. Bull is nervous. The game is six hours away. His satin boxer shorts stick to his skin.

•

The sun is setting on Rush Street. George and I dance to the jukebox at Mother's. He's stoned on two joints he bought from the bartender. I say, "This is a drag." George snaps his fingers and swings to the beat. "Dualists are wrong," he says. "Body and soul are one, one, one." "Let's go," I say. He stares beyond me. "I want some peanuts!" I shout above the music. "Peanuts for the lady," says George. The bartender has long sideburns. He's out of peanuts. "There's peanuts at the ballpark," I tell George.



"Because of you, my darling, I've never had an ulcer. I've never needed a psychiatrist. When I poured out my troubles, you listened. When I ranted and raved, you listened. Thank you, my angel, for listening."

"Who listened?"

•

The organist at Comiskey Park plays "The Star-Spangled Banner," and Joe Pepitone stands in the far corner of the visitors' dugout with his cap off, his head down, his hair curling behind his ears. In the bullpen, Bailey chomps on three sticks of spearmint gum and Steve Hamilton chomps on a couple bites of tobacco. When the organist stops, the batboy yells, "Charge!"

•

By the time George and I find our seats behind the first-base line in Section F, Yankee Horace Clarke has singled. I buy myself a bag of peanuts and suck on the shells. George sees what he calls significant formations in the jet fumes crisscrossing the sky above Comiskey Park.

I watch Bull Bailey.

"You have beautiful eyes," he says.

"Thank you," I say.

"And your skin is so soft."

"Oh," I say.

"And your crooked tooth. I love your crooked tooth."

"Ummmmmmmmm," I say.

"You're wholesome," says Bull Bailey.

"But not *too* wholesome," I say.

•

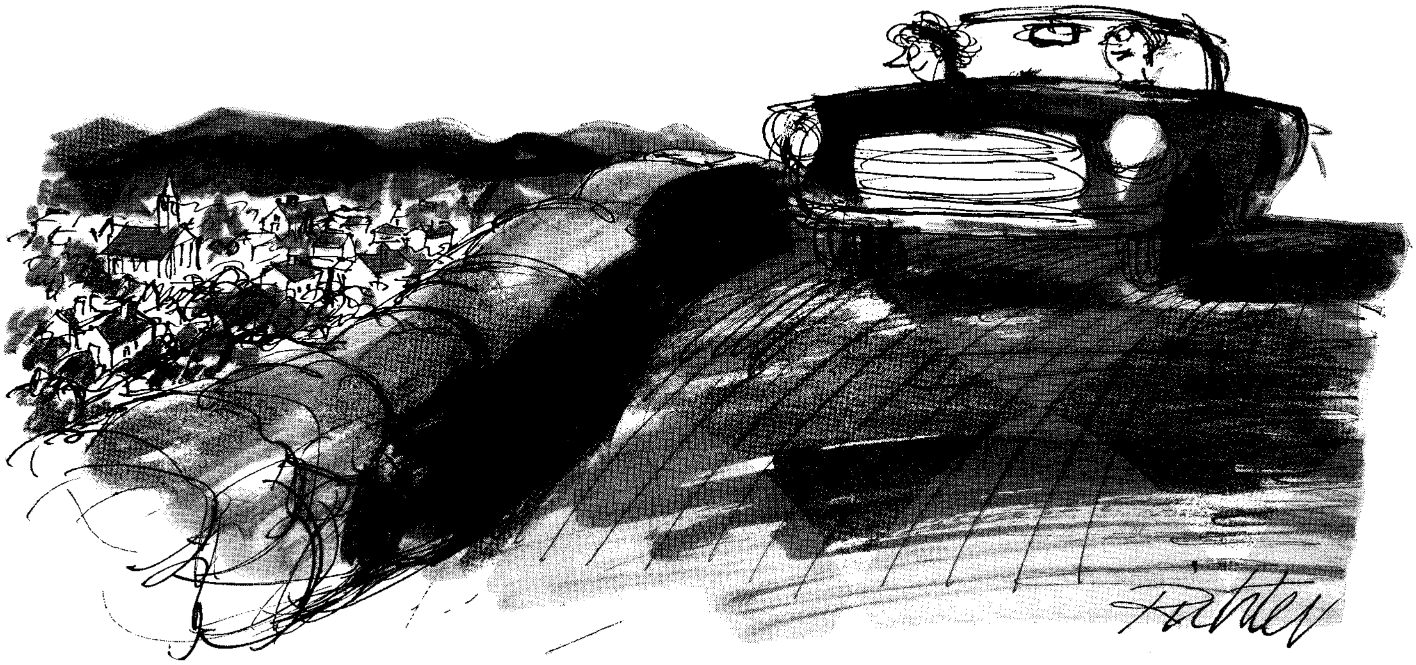
Bull Bailey fires the little white ball down the hole—a fast ball with a downspin that shoots across home, floats there for a second, then drops into Frank Fernandez' mitt. "Thatta baby, Bull," says Fernandez. "Right in there, baby, right there. 'Nother strike, baby, 'nother strike. Yeah yeah yeah." Bull grins, hitches his pants on his hips, pulls at the brim of his cap, and throws again. He is warming up.

•

" 'Light my fire,' " sings Bull Bailey. I hum in polyphonics, " 'It's one, two, three strikes, you're out at the old ballgame.' "

•

Bull Bailey pitching is lyrical poetry. He stares down to the catcher, who



"I understand there are nine or ten famous writers living down there."

• •

shoots him the bird (that means fast ball) or the peace sign (curve ball). Then Bull nods, adjusts his cap, looks around the bases, swings his arms back, then up over his head, raises up his left foot, puts it down, pivots, wiggles his rear, throws, and as the ball shazams from his fist his right leg and his body float into an airplane, a swan dive, poetry.

"Stroick!" sings the umpire.

•

"Like some popcorn?" asks George.

"Yeah," I say. "Yeah, popcorn."

"There's no place to hide," says George.

I put on my dark glasses and study the batter.

"On the ball field there's no place to hide," says George. "It's God and the ball and the player."

•

Bull Bailey strikes out the first player. He walks the second, throws a wild pitch, walks the third, hits the fourth, which loads the bases. Ralph Houk, smiling his Army-officer-sir grin, comes out of the dugout to the mound. Already Joe Pepitone and Frank Fernandez are there, patting Bull on the rear. "Baby, baby, do it," says Joe. "Relax, baby," says Fernandez. "Hang in there," says Houk. Bull throws a slow curve to Bill Melton. It floats above the plate. Melton takes a big cut, gets a corner of the ball, and drives a hard chopper straight into Horace Clarke's glove. Clarke didn't learn baseball on a Bronx sandlot, but he steps on second and tosses to Pepitone, who steps on first. Double play.

•

The crowd groans. Boo, hoot, whistle. I'm jumping up and down, cheering, "Huzza, huzza, Bull Bailey! Huzza, huzza!" George quietly reads the billboards in the outfield: " 'Camels aren't for everyone.' 'When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer.' 'Torino, the car of the Sox.' "

•

Bull Bailey takes the mound again. The first man up strokes an easy fly to right field. The fielder gets a slow start, skids, and drops the ball; he was watching a blonde in the box seats. Ken Berry singles to center. The next batter sacrifices. Men on second and third, and only one out. Bull Bailey takes off his cap, wipes his face with his forearm, breathes deep three times, puts on his cap, throws. A dribbler between first and second. Bailey, Pepitone, and Clarke charge the ball. Bailey, Pepitone, and Clarke sprawl on the infield. Pepi comes up with the ball, snaps from a kneeling position to Fernandez, at home. The umpire's arms crisscross, crisscross. Safe all around.

•

George shakes his head. "They're naked," he says. "Every player stands naked before the ball." I'm kneeling in the aisle, praying for Bull Bailey's right arm. The crowd chants, "Go, go, go, go, go!" The Sox' pitcher hits a line drive down the first-base line into the stands. The umpire signals. Foul. I swallow a peanut whole.

•

"You little peanut," says Bull Bailey and twiddles my ear.

"You big hot dog," I say and finger his right bicep.

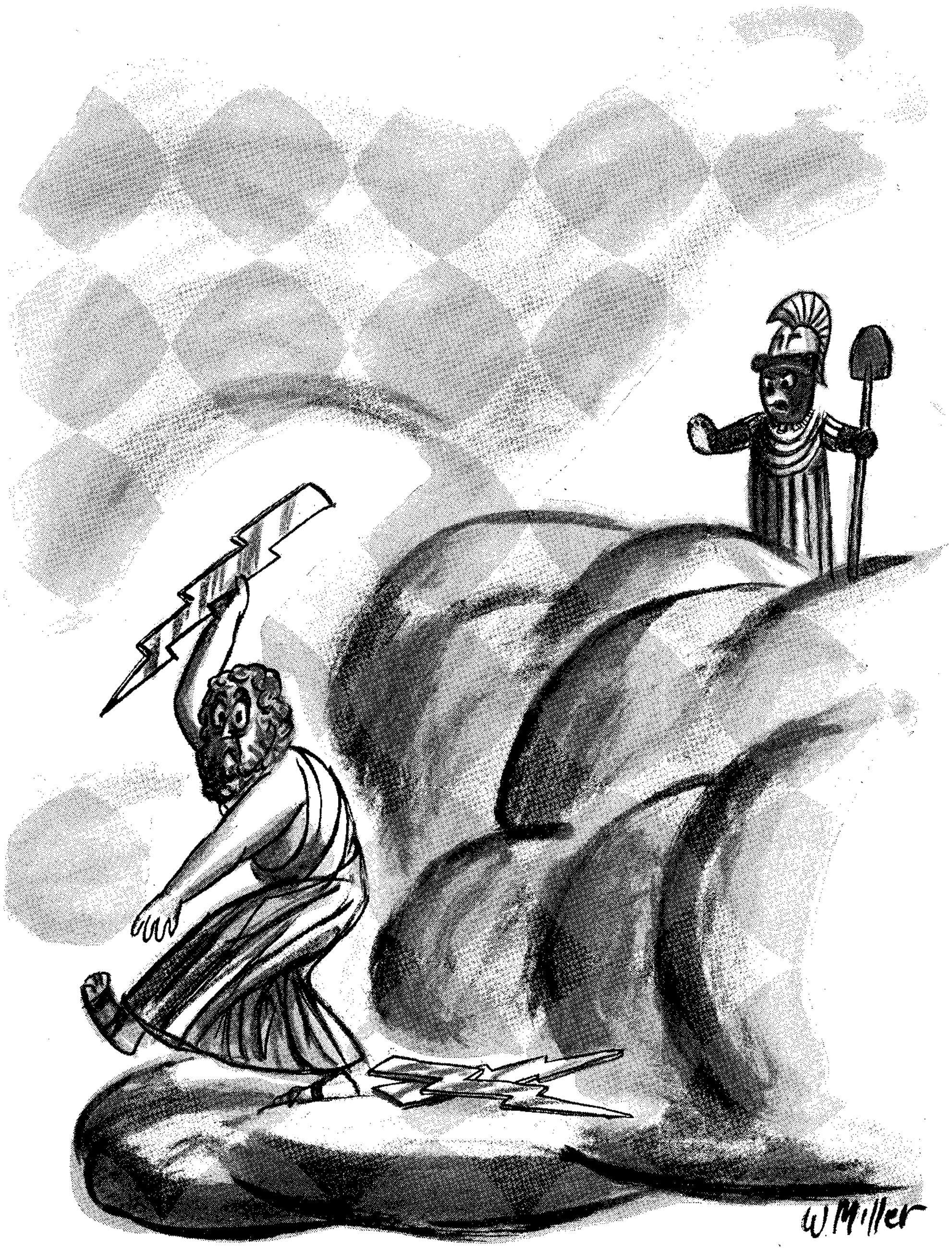
"How about a little sport?" he says.

•

"Play ball!" shouts the umpire to the Yankees clustered around the mound. Two out, bases loaded. Little Luis is crouching over the plate, swinging the bat, getting his stride. Strike one. Strike two. Big Bull Bailey stares, winds up, pitches. Aparicio takes a full cut, connects. The ball zooms back over Bull, who leaps, eagle-spread, in the air. Misses. The ball flies out beyond the infield, rising, rising past the outfielders, rising past the outfield fence, into the stands. Grand slam. The third-base coach winds his arm round and round like a pinwheel. One run crosses the plate. Two runs. Three runs. Bull Bailey walks to the dugout. Aparicio's cleats leave little clouds of dust above the base path. Four runs.

•

And there goes the scoreboard at Comiskey Park. Roman candles, rockets, a bomb explode. A calliope plays "Yankee Doodle Dandy." Lights blink. The board does a jig. "WOW!" it flashes, "CHARGE! GO GO SOX!" I see George lying face down in the aisle, his arms over his head, kicking his



"Belay that! There must be no bolt hurled into those arboreous vales of Arcady!"

feet. He is cheering, "The revolution! The revolution!"

•

Bull Bailey takes a cold shower, says "Shoot" seventy-eight times, drinks a beer, and puts on his gray slacks and his blue blazer with the interlocked N.Y. initials on the left breast pocket. He stuffs his pinstripes into a laundry bag and kicks that into the corner.

•

I'm eating a hot dog and watching a fat middle-aged man without teeth yell, "Pay-nuts, pay-nuts!"

"In baseball," says George, looking political, "there is no freedom. Wherever the ball goes, man must follow."

I nod.

"Let's split," says George.

We do.

•

Bull Bailey, in satin boxer shorts, sits on his bed at the Chicago Sheraton, finishing his eighth Cutty-on-the-rocks. He watches the static on his television screen.

•

Night. I'm lying in a bed in a big house in Forest Park. George's parents' house. He's lying in a bed in the same house. Different beds. Both on the second floor. Different rooms. Below George's room is his parents' bedroom. Across the hall is the bathroom. I need a drink of water. The floor creaks. Creak. Creak. Too much fluorine in the water, so I dump it after one swallow and go visit George. "Hi, Champ," he says to me. "Hi, Cupcake," I say to him. Two parallel lines on George's bed. Two lines intersecting. Pant, pant. Clomp, clomp. Pant, pant, pant. Clomp. "George?" calls his mother from the second-floor landing. I slide under the bed. Boxes. "Yes, pant, Mother," pants George. I run to the closet. "George, are you all right?" says his mother outside his door. In the closet, boxes. George pushes me out the window, and the light goes on and George's mother gasps, "Your pajamas, George?" George says he never wears them. Yap, yap, says his mother. I'm hanging by my fingertips on the ledge outside George's window. Yap, yap, says his mother. She heard the floor creak on the way to the bathroom; it didn't creak going back. She and George discuss the bathroom. I drop to the ground and hide behind the lilac bushes. One half hour. George sticks his head out the window. "Champ?" he whispers. He throws me my clothes; I blow him a kiss.

•

Bull Bailey snores.

•

I'm running down the streets of Forest Park, running, running, bare feet slapping the pavement. I stop under a street lamp. Genesis. Eve. Gasp. I pull on silk panties. Headlights. Run, run. I hook my bra. The third hook jams. Run, run. I see lights ahead, the El stop looming like the Promised Land. Run, run. Hop over the turnstile, run up to the platform. Third hook still jammed. "Need some help, lady?" says the conductor. I throw him thirty-five cents and dive into a seat. There's a note pinned inside my shorts: "Picasso statue at noon tomorrow." Poor old George.

•

I'm standing in the lobby of the Michigan Avenue Sheraton, buttoning my blouse. I tip the desk clerk a quarter and ride the elevator to the seventeenth floor. Room 1710. Knock, knock. Bull Bailey grunts and opens the door. He's wearing his satin shorts, sucking a Certs, and smelling like Scotch.

"Bull Bailey," I say, "I love you."

First he kisses me in Paisley patterns all the way down to my toes.

—M. S. Tauke

ADDRESS TO THE ORGIASTS

I WAS awakened in the middle of the night in a motel room in southern California by—what? I like to think it was the sound of moving water—water that, during the two previous nights I had slept there, had at that hour been still. I got out of bed and, in the dark, went in what I knew to be the direction of the picture window. It was far off. Everything about the room was grandiose—the bed, for example, could easily have slept four—as though it had been built and furnished with an eye to the future, for the race of giants we would become.

The window had two sets of draperies drawn across it, the inner thick and brocaded, of the same stuff as the bedspread, the outer diaphanous. These were in shades of green, as was nearly everything else—the upholstery, the linen, the toilet paper. Because of its great length, its dimness, and the different greens, I likened the room to a sea cave, into which I had been washed.

I peered through the draperies. My room was on the second and top floor, and I looked out on the heated pool, which gently steamed and was illuminated by underwater lights. Four couples were in the pool. Everyone was naked. Actually, they weren't, but I want you to share my first impression. I soon realized that the men were wearing Jockey shorts, the women bras and panties. Later on, I wasn't so sure: one or two of the women might not have been wearing bras.

Because of their haircuts, I assumed the men were Air Force officers; some sort of Air Force conference was going on at the motel. The women all had flip hairdos, which they were trying to keep dry. They held their heads rigidly and appeared to be taking part in a water ballet rather than an orgy.

That's what I thought, trembling in my shortie pajama bottoms, in the dark, on a green carpet, in my forty-first year—an orgy. Some orgy! As I said, there were four couples. In each, the man had his hands on the woman's waist, holding her nearly at arm's length, and they glided about the shallow end that way, as though they were dancing, except that they were crouching like Groucho Marx, either so as not to expose themselves or because the air was cold. Occasionally, two couples came together to make a figure of four. Whenever a couple ventured over its head, it did so in single file, each partner holding on to the gutter, first with one hand, then the other. Nobody swam a stroke. I've noticed that people don't swim as much as they used to.

Nothing was happening. Nothing was going to happen. Nobody was going to embrace, kiss, fondle, make out. But I was greatly affected. Here, in a sense, was a period piece, a scene from my past (not specifically, not even from old dreams or longings, but of the genre). I envied the young officers gliding solemnly through the mist in the illuminated water, inhaling fumes of chlorine and Evening in Paris, as though the last twenty or twenty-five years hadn't taken place. I didn't want to join them; I am too ponderous, too gray, too morose, and all I own is boxer shorts. Nor do I yearn for a more pristine state, of which the scene below me, like a painting on a vase recovered from a tomb or the sea floor, bore witness, and from which we have tumultuously declined. What aroused me was the rush of time: what was gone, what had never happened, what, while the officers steered their dates or pickups (sweethearts or wives, even—who knows?) this way and that about the vaporous pool, was going, would never happen. That, and that I might be seeing bare teat but couldn't be positive.

These feelings gave rise to an impulse to step forth and address the orgiasts from the rail of the walkway connecting the second-floor units, to acquaint them with—again, what? The order of natural things? The evanescence of human grandeurs? That I was there?

"Ladies and gentlemen," I might say, "allow me to introduce myself. My name is Asher and I have run away from home. . . ." Check that. "Ladies and gentlemen, don't be alarmed. Please bear with me for a moment. My name is Asher, I'm harmless, a *Gummimensch*, and I have run away from home. . . ." No. "Ladies and gentlemen, I am all alone up here and I want to tell someone the story of my life. Along with the opposable thumb, eloquent discourse, and a sense of history, this perhaps piteous urge to confess may be one of the few things we have in common.

"Before I go any further, I must admit that I have been spying on you from my room, and for that and for so much that came before I set eyes on you, I ask forgiveness. Night, moving water, mist—these provide a traditional backdrop to regrettable acts as well as to scenes of remission. Historical examples should not be difficult to find. But to continue. It has occurred to me that I probably was not alone in my vigil. A dozen or more guests may have stood—may still be standing—in their bare feet, in the dark, their heads slightly inclined as though before a mirror, peering through green draperies, trying to make sense out of their lives. Though my life, I like to think, is in many respects different from those of my fellow-guests, I am, in a way, their spokesman and you our common mystery: shrouded in mist, distorted by refraction, flesh indistinguishable from underwear, random, inexpressive, young.

"It has also occurred to me that the last time I looked down at such length, although, I admit, more abstractedly [*Laughter*], was one afternoon last week, when my secretary came in and told me they were marching in the streets again. I got up from my desk and stood by the sealed window. Twenty stories below, students streamed raggedly up the avenue. Through the glass I heard faint, almost plaintive cries, like those of birds in the air. How high their voices were! I read their makeshift banners. I saw my wife marching in their midst; I recognized her bathrobe.

" 'I've decided it's a maxicoat,' she explained that night. 'The way it flowed around me as I walked was a nice feeling.'

"I said did she remember to call Gimbels about the man coming to repair the couch, which, gentlemen, I recommend you don't bring up when your wife's been demonstrating in her bathrobe to end the war in Vietnam, to promote the use of biodegradable shampoo bottles, or to free some *schwarzer*.

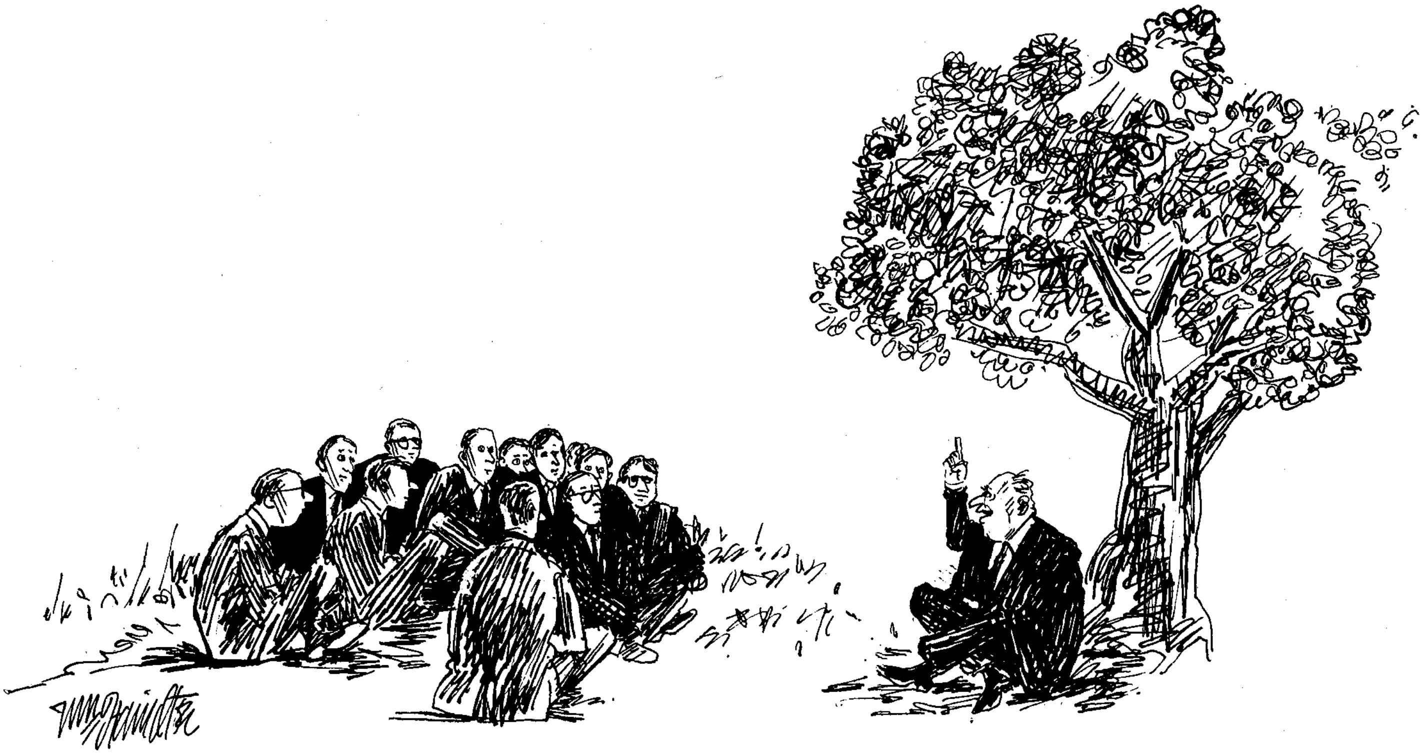
"Speaking of shampoo, may I inquire whether any of you has ever taken a shower with a beach ball? [*Laughter*] I did, for a week. [*Laughter*] It was orange, with a few green leaves and the inscription 'Your ORANGE from FLORIDA.' My wife bought it in Miami Beach for Stephen, my stepson. He played basketball in his room with it, using a hoop made out of a wire coat hanger.

" 'I'm afraid I'm going to have to confiscate that,' I said one night, taking a rebound away from him.

" 'But I'm not making any noise,' he said.

" 'People live below us,' I said.

"Even as I uttered them, I realized



"Buy low, sell high!"

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that both of my lines were my father's; so is the language handed down, civilization preserved.

"Years ago, my father gave me an old three-drawer filing cabinet—metal finished to look like wood; it came from his office, and once contained what he calls 'various matters.' The cabinet, he said, was for my 'vast accumulation of junk.' My father is an orderly person. He ceaselessly rearranges his table setting, as though seeking a more nearly perfect symmetry. Before he goes to bed, he checks the pocket flaps of the jackets hanging in his closet to make sure they're entirely out. 'There's an ample supply of folders,' he added. These were labelled 'Eagle v. TotCraft,' 'Fein v. Fein,' 'Freibush v. Ace Braid,' etc., and evoked mournful scenes I had never witnessed, such as the prospect from my father's office forty years ago or, more precisely, my father gazing out of his office window, considering the years that stretched before him. I am reminded of this cabinet because there must be a folder in my mind labelled 'Asher v. Asher,' in which is filed all that my father felt obliged to say to me more than once. [*Laughter*]

"At any rate, ladies and gentlemen, the beach ball turned up in the stall shower. My stepson must have put it there, possibly as a symbol of his regret.

"After it had lain in the shower three or four days, my wife said, 'Aren't you going to do anything about that ball?'

"I said, 'As Wittgenstein said, "My *life* consists in my being content to accept many things." '

" 'Why did he italicize "life"?' my wife asked.

"One night not long afterward, I went to the kitchen to get a bowl of cold cereal and discovered Andrea, my stepdaughter, and a six-foot-five-inch black bass-guitarist. He was sitting at the counter, gazing at the reflection of his Afro in the toaster. One of the burners was on and his curling iron lay in the flames. My stepdaughter took up the iron and made a curl for him in back where he couldn't see. I assume I am safe in saying here is a scene beyond Wittgenstein's ken.

"The following night, I thought I heard someone in the kitchen and got up to look. No one was there, but I imagined it was my father, eating a bowl of cold cereal in the dark.

" 'I couldn't sleep,' he explained when I had turned on the light. 'I took a cab. I couldn't find the raisins.'

" 'There aren't any,' I said.

" 'No raisins! I remember a little fellow who wouldn't eat his cold cereal without his raisins. What's happened? Sometimes I stand back and look at you as though you're a piece of sculpture I'm carving—'

" 'But it's done.'

" 'There's a point when it's too late to change the concept,' my father continued. 'There's not enough material left.'

"All the foregoing is true. I no longer find it beguiling to invent; there has to be a reason for everything, even if the reason is the absence of reason. This could happen to anyone.

"AS long as I have you here, ladies and gentlemen, what, I ask, are my mother, my father, and I doing at Roosevelt Raceway having a few drinks in the Cloud Casino? None of us is a horseplayer. We don't bet sports. We're in the market, but as an investment. As a matter of fact, up to tonight my mother and father have been to the track only once in their lives, and that Hobby Horse Hall in Nassau, when I was six or seven and Nana came back to look after me; the stamp on the letter they sent me showed flamingos flying from left to right.

" 'We're not winners, you see,' my mother explains.

" 'I won a few quid,' my father says.

" 'The only thing I ever won in my life was a course on how not to forget,' my mother says.

" 'I bought a paper in the morning and played their recommendations,' my father says.

" 'It was one of those lonely nights when he was at one of his meetings,' my mother says. 'Cerebral palsy.'

" 'They were a small, scrawny-looking breed,' my father says.

" 'There was a demonstration advertised,' my mother says.

" 'Not a sturdy-looking tribe of horses,' my father says.

" 'I wanted to remember things better so I went down on the bus,' my mother says.

" 'It's the fodder,' my father says.

" 'The Engineering Building,' my mother says. 'I took a seat on the fringes.'

" 'The fodder's no good,' my father says.

" 'The man who gave the course had his students arrayed on the stage,' my mother says. 'He asked those of us who were sitting on the fringes to move down front and introduce ourselves. His students had never seen us before, but later in the evening, when he called upon them to identify us, they all knew our names. They remembered who we were. Next, we were told to write our names on little cards, and mine was pulled out of a hat, and I won a free course. How Not to Forget. It was held on Thursday evenings at Steinway Hall. There were ten lessons. He gave us his formula. But I've forgotten all that. I suppose I was too used to remembering things my way.'

"BUT what I would like to talk to you about tonight, ladies and gentlemen, is the difficulties strewn in the way of finding out who we *are*, not formulas for remembering who we *were*. For example, when you go to the doctor for a checkup, he begins by asking you a lot of questions. When you reach my age [*Laughter*], one usually is 'Do you go to the bathroom in the middle of the night?' [*Laughter*] 'Yes,' you say. 'Matter of fact, I do.' 'Frequently?' he says. 'What do you mean by "frequently"?' you say. 'Well, do you go more than once?' he says. Notice, he's not answering the question. Then, in one of those sudden shifts of mood that, in my experience, arise between doctor and patient—husband and wife, too, I suppose—at the moment when, as it were, the secret watermark of one's existence is about to be held up to the light, he becomes remote, even sibylline. You say, 'Sometimes, I suppose.' He says, 'Twice?' You say, 'I guess so. Once in a while.' He says, 'Three times?' You say, 'It's conceivable.' He says, 'Frequently?' You say, 'I believe you've already asked that.' He says, 'You're mistaken. What I'm trying to determine is whether you go three or more times—frequently.'

"You get the picture, ladies and gentlemen. The picture *I* have in mind, rendered perhaps in the manner of Bruegel, is one of millions of middle-aged men, some sleeping, some getting out of bed, some feeling their way to the bathroom in the dark, some returning to bed, but, on account of all this activity, you can't figure out how many times any given individual is going to the bathroom, as in an anthill. 'Why are you shaking your head?' the doctor says. 'Let me get back to you on this next year after I research it,' you say. 'As you will,' he says, turning to my drinking.

"Over the years, as a result of similar give-and-takes, several doctors have told me that I'm an 'erratic social drinker.' They evidently have some basis for this judgment, but that, and its moral and physiological implications, have never been imparted to me, and I am as much in the dark about how I stand in relationship to my contemporaries in this regard as in regard to the act of going to the bathroom in the middle of the night—a journey which, whenever I undertake it of late, is fraught with an almost metaphysical weight. There are, in this vein, analyses which I have arrived at independently, but these, too, have an equivocal, even oxymoronic flavor; for instance, long ago I decided I was 'the most cheerful depressed person I know' as well as 'a social hermit.'

"An episode illustrating or, to make a lesser claim, incorporating these findings took place in Billy Brillo's Sports Bar. This, ladies and gentlemen, is a beer bar in Fort Lauderdale, where I drank on three occasions a number of years ago—erratically, full of wary cheer, in society but withdrawn, may I say anchoritic, on my stool. [*Laughter*] Different root, of course. [*Laughter*] If, implausible as it may seem, any of its patrons or employees—even Billy Brillo himself—happen to be within hearing, they won't remember me, though possibly they will recall the silence which suddenly gripped them, and in which I joined, when the Tiger was about to throw his second dart at the little man, whose name I didn't catch, who rested his head against the board as though all at once he had grown tired of life, although perhaps it was that I had only come in, as is so often the case, in time for the last scene, or that his action was some sort of parlor trick, like 'dissolving' a quarter in a glass of beer, which, having performed it a hundred times, he

LOVE
W. Steig

undertook with the melancholy foreknowledge that he would bring it off, that nothing would change, that he would have to do it again; thus, too, we arrange flowers, make love.

"I came across Billy Brillo's Sports Bar one evening while driving around in my rented car, listening to the radio. I was in Lauderdale on business and usually spent my evenings going for drives; earlier in life, I sallied forth on foot. To say I had no destination is, I suppose, not the same thing as saying these outings were aimless. Then as now, there must have been at least an *expectation*—but of what? The manifestation of a naked woman, no matter how improbable, which lurks at the end of most of life's journeys, forever springing back, like an apparition in a tunnel of love.

"Billy Brillo's Sports Bar was in a row of stores opposite a shopping center and, from the outside, had no distinction other than its name. It was this which intrigued me. What on earth was a 'sports bar'? Did Billy Brillo really exist? (He came in during my first visit, wearing a plastic name tag with 'Billy Brillo' on it.)

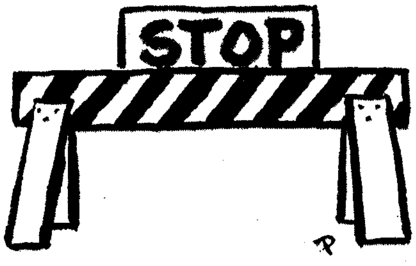
"I went in and sat at the rectangular bar. At my back was a mural depicting a South Sea beach scene. I recall, perhaps erroneously, a native maiden; an outrigger canoe; a fire on the beach; a volcano or two, ominously smoking. This rather lurid work, whose motif wasn't carried out in the rest of the décor, bespeaking a mysterious change of heart, was lit by a black light suspended over my head. The bar was in the front of the room; in the back was a coin-operated pool table. This, a bowling machine, and the dart board were evidently the 'sports.'

"I suspected I was the only stranger there. Because of the bar's out-of-the-way location, it was unlikely that tourists would stumble upon it; in fact, at that hour—it must have been seven or so, already dark—only the drugstore was still open in the shopping center, so it would be safe to say, too, that no one but me had found his way there by chance. By their dress, most of the patrons appeared to be Coast Guardsmen or people who worked on boats. As you may be aware, ladies and gentlemen, Fort Lauderdale is the Venice of America. There were, too, of course, a few women in the place.

"By the time I had finished 'spinning' two or three cans of Busch Bavarian, as Skippy Mountjoy, my wife's first husband, would say—the Alpine scenery on the can in marked disunity with the mural—the crowd which had been there when I came in had to all purposes left and been replaced by another, some of the new arrivals entering by means of a door in the back, beyond the pool table and the rest rooms, which, I gathered, gave on a parking lot. Among these was a tall, slouching young man with lank blond hair, who was addressed as the Tiger. After a while, he began dancing with a woman who was sitting across the bar from me, drinking splits of domestic champagne. She was more formally dressed then the others, as though she hoped the evening would offer greater promise than was to be found in Billy Brillo's Sports Bar. The Tiger's dancing style was notable for the number, depth, and dignity of its dips, and seemed to belong to another age, perhaps one that predated his birth. So had I danced."

I was briefly in tears.

"Either they had a disagreement or had grown bored with one another or, simply, the music stopped and no one put another quarter in the jukebox—at any rate, she went back to her place at the bar, he picked up a handful of darts and, toeing the line, threw them one after another into the bull's-eye. It was then that I became aware of the little man. In the interval between the time the Tiger retrieved his darts and took up his stance to throw them again, the little man went up to the board and stood with his head against it, facing the Tiger. He was smiling broadly and looking about, seeking approval or sympathy; indeed, everyone in the bar turned to watch and there was some laughter. The Tiger threw a dart, which entered the board by the little man's cheek. [*Gasps*] As the Tiger was about to hurl his second dart, the bar grew, as if on command, silent. The Tiger let his hand fall by his side, put the remaining darts back where he found them, and went over to the pool table to kibitz a game. Talk became general once more. The little man remained against the board, suggesting by this position that he had in fact been transfixed by the dart, which he seemed to be trying to see out of the corner of his eye. I realized that I was the only one still looking at him; the others had turned away, as though he were an object of shame or a reminder of their own follies or failures to come to terms with themselves. In time I, too, found I could no longer look at him; our eyes had met and I understood that what he was imploring me to do was to throw the second dart. It was then that I happened to glance out the rear door and saw the parking lot rise and fall. In the next instant, I realized that what I had seen was an oily swell. My supposititious parking lot didn't exist. Beyond the rear door was water; although more than a mile from the ocean, Billy Brillo's Sports Bar backed, as I learned years later by examining



SONG: THE ORGANIC YEARS

Love, if nothing solid rises like wood
above this scratching, this waxen cane
of a tree, if nothing from this trunk
unflowers after long reaching, if finally
the leaf relaxes its bodily processes,
at least we had a hand out to help it.

Also, you have carried me far on your
way into the earth, in the prophetic
imagery of your tunnels I was satisfied,
and in your lovely arms I lay weeping
the truth. If belief doesn't make up
for the long argument of life, still

we made up with what was natural. Now,
from the long, blind alleys of learning,
and in the winter of metaphor, our arms
reach like branches toward the light, our
roots go down to clear water, our fingers,
so long counted on, are not dry yet.

—MARVIN BELL

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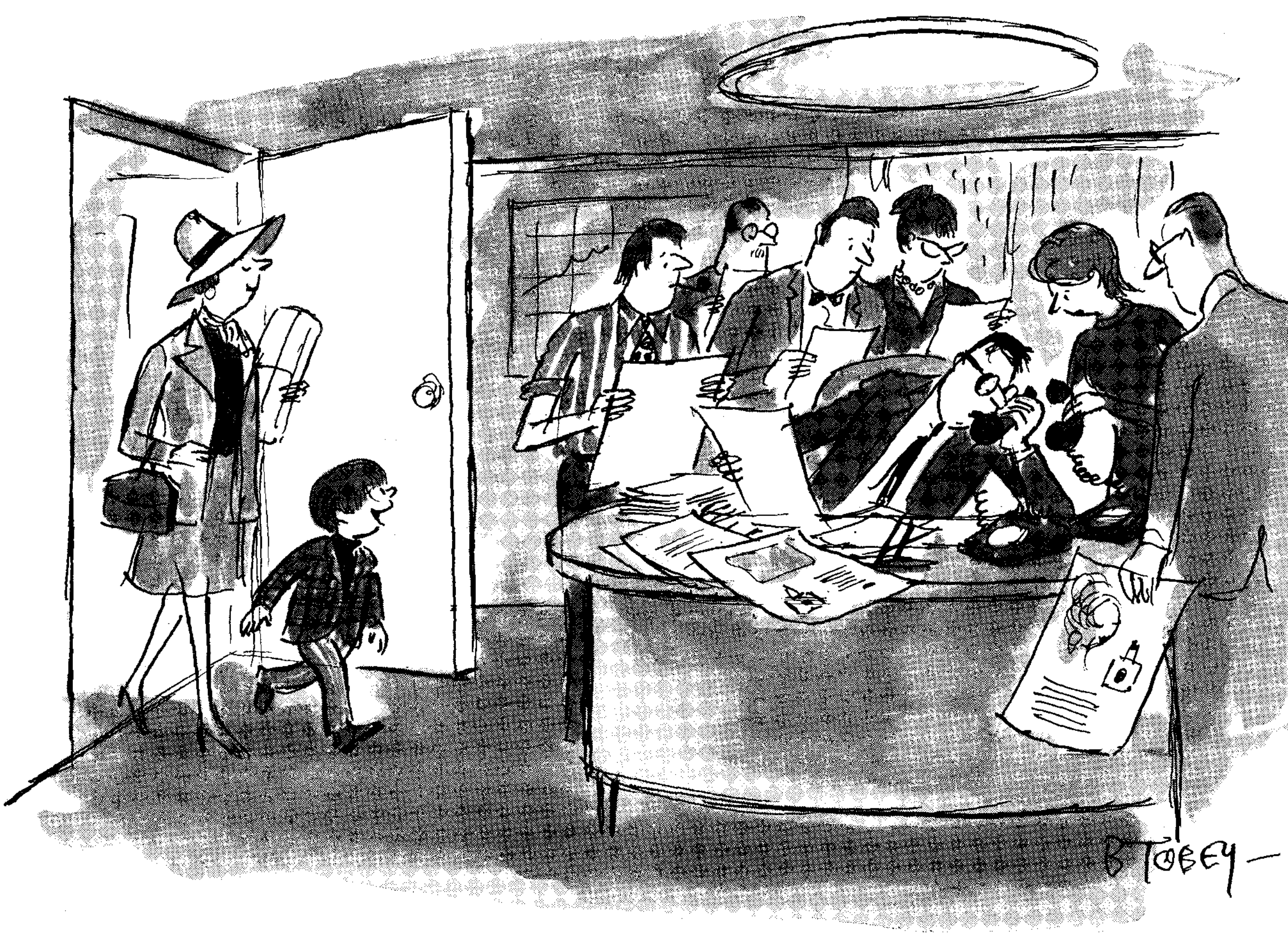

"Daddy, Daddy, I have ten cavities!"

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a map, on a canal in which the brackish water of the New River estuary stagnated.

"For some reason, this discovery profoundly moved me, and it is one that I often reflect upon, although to no particular advantage. My thoughts generally tend to the somewhat romantic notion that, at odd moments in life, unexpected prospects are disclosed, making possible divagations and reversals. These, of course, are rarely undertaken. This was one such—dark, beckoning, numinous. I also reflect on the fact that I might still believe a parking lot was out back if a distant boat hadn't been under way—for it must have been the last, most diminished remnant of a wake that caught my eye—or if the little man hadn't expressed his innermost repinings. I never went to the door and looked out; for all I knew at the time, the ocean itself, by some trick of the coastline, may have been lapping at the door. This brings up another contemplation, which, I suppose, has ultimately to do with fear of death."

I answered a call of nature.

"My third visit to Billy Brillo's Sports Bar took place several years after the first two, which occurred on successive nights, and was in the company of my wife. Such sentimental excursions are often disappointing. The bar might have changed hands and been redecorated or it might have been torn down, like so many of the largely residential hotels off Sixth Avenue, in whose tenebrous dining rooms, their lofty ceilings supported by pillars inexpertly covered with paper simulating marble, my father would take me to lunch and, bringing his silverware into line, urge me to 'unload my dogs;' by 'dogs' he meant those of my stocks in which he had no faith. My fears were unjustified; the bar was unchanged. I indicated the water, rather like, I fancied, one of Balboa's scouts, who had scrambled to the top first, must have pointed out the Pacific. Wrong ocean, of course.

"But I set out to tell the story of my life. If I may take liberties with Jung, since I am essentially the instrument of my life, I'm subordinate to it, and since I have expended myself to give it form, you shouldn't expect me to interpret it.

"Before I start a mystery, I hand it to my wife and ask her to tell me how many pages it has. I like to know when I'm nearing the end. But I'm afraid to look; I might inadvertently discover how it turns out. Could I say this about my life? Would it have any meaning? Would it be interesting? Sometimes my wife tells me a mystery has so-and-so many pages, and when I reach that point there are still pages unread; or I come to the end and I haven't yet arrived at the number she told me.

"I announce I'm going on a diet. My wife serves macaroni for dinner. 'I only put a little bit of butter on it,' she says.

"You argue I treat my life too flippantly? No more than death is dealt with in my mysteries. My life isn't founded on philosophical ideas but on temperament.

"At my age, I fear the purpose of my life is to relate it. Of course, narration gives it form, like one of those puzzles solved by connecting numbered dots. But you would need an almost infinite number. Can I say I lead my life to give me something to say? Such as it is, it's all romance. Take the constellations. Lyra could as well be Orion, he Taurus; this has all been said before.

"Let us consider the panoply of the heavens. One night last summer, lying in bed with my wife, in the country, I heard a faint whine, apparently emanating from above. A mosquito? It didn't vary in intensity or volume. Another, more sluggish insect? I imagined it was the silvery tension of celestial bodies I heard, counterpoised, as they are, by gravity—as though gravity was a series of fine wires connecting straining bodies, and these wires vibrating under tension gave rise to the whine. Then the music of the spheres, which Pericles, recumbent in the pavilion on his ship, heard with such great relief, came to mind. Shall I tell you what it was? My wife breathing in her sleep.

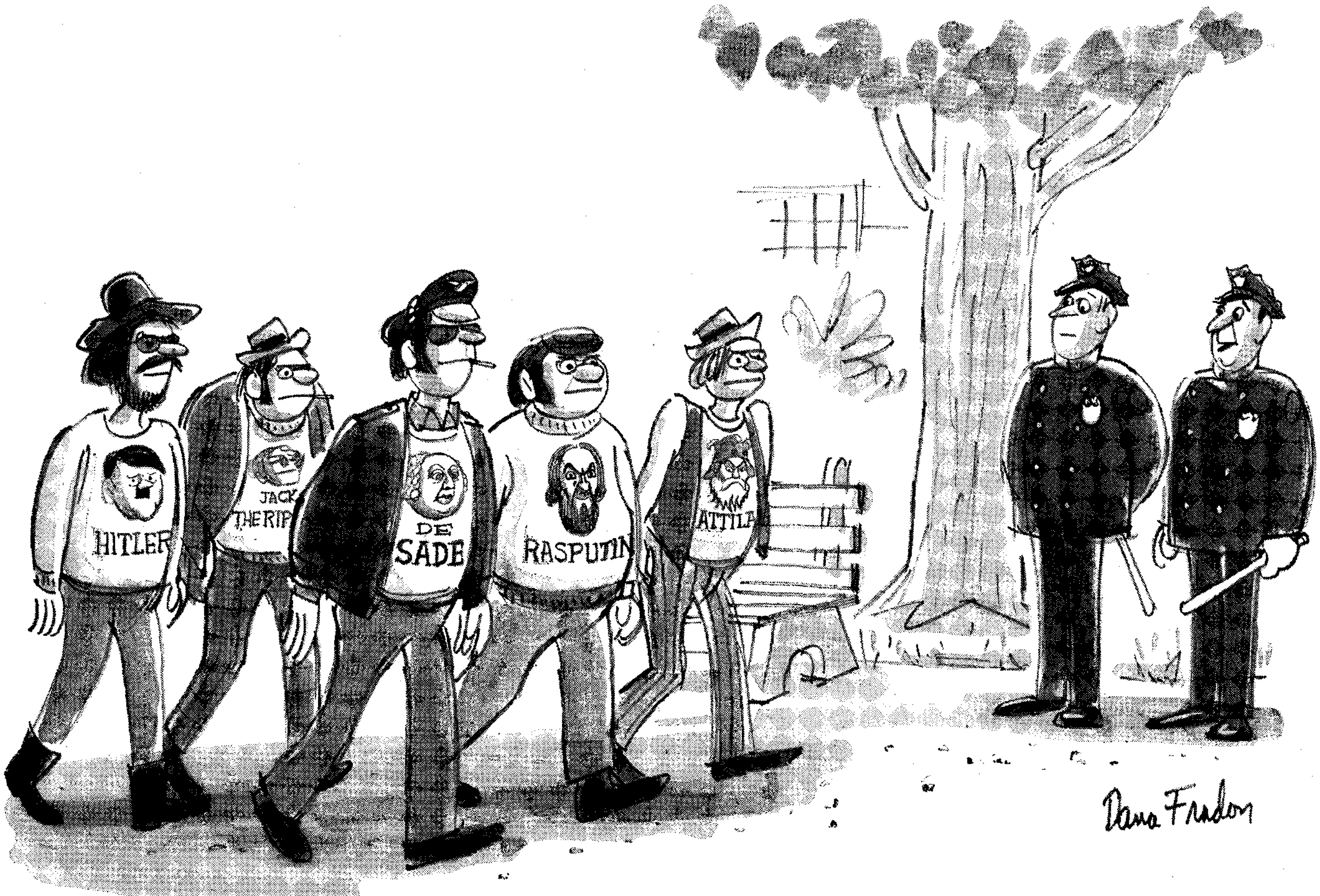
"Form is repetition. Revelations are lines between dots. Nothing is revealed that isn't anticipated. My wife's wheezing wasn't an explanation but a more sublime mystery. My life consists of arranging and rearranging mysteries. A happy life is one of consonance, not resolution.

"Once more it is early morning, in the country. Draw chairs round my bed. That's me, with all the pillows. As I've implied, my life has changed. I used to sleep without any pillows or piled them over my head. Now two aren't enough. I need three, four, five if I can get them. The older I become the more I aspire toward Heaven. That's my wife, clutching me as though she were saving my life—the cross-chest carry. I have been lying here, in the amplifying light, listening to the birds in the interval between one period of sleep and another. At one time, I could identify most of them by sight, but I never learned their calls. This morning they were exotic, rich, perplexing, and recalled the fabulous birds that used to sing in my dreams and nowhere else. This morning, beyond that window, birds sang and flew off, or grew silent, by the time I awoke next. Some never resumed singing—as though the house were gliding through a land of stationary birds.

"Grant me this as, however loose, a metaphor of my life.

"To literalities. My stepson assures me he doesn't smoke. What a back number I am! I tell him he shouldn't smoke because it will shorten his wind (another of my father's precepts). 'You won't be able to hold up your end in the full-court press,' I say. I come home and find my stepson waiting in the lobby of our apartment house, having forgotten his key, lounging against an abstract mural—in its own way a work as ineptly executed and inharmonious as its counterpart in Billy Brillo's Sports Bar—his hands behind his back. Take a look at him in his big-apple hat, grape T-shirt, and modified bells. The sweetness and despondency of his expression remind me of the times I have let him down; not taking him to the Super Bowl, for instance. I go to kiss him and find he hasn't shaved. I say, 'I smell something strange.' He remains mute. 'Don't you smell something strange?' I say, imploringly. He says he doesn't. The elevator comes; we enter and ascend. A day or two later, I notice a burn hole in the mural.

"My stepdaughter leaves for Maui, where she's going to live on the beach in an abandoned machine-gun bunker with Sean, a boyfriend. 'Please don't forget your bite plate,' I tell her. Weeks afterward, I come across it, lightly coated with dust. How small the roof of her mouth is! I blow the dust off and run a finger over the clear plastic matrix of her palate, tenderly exploring its corrugated surface. I hold it up to the light. Where the median ridge known as the palatine raphe has pressed against it is a channel, resembling a dry streambed running downhill, with lesser gullies—molds of the transverse plicae or rugae—branching off; at the base of this barren and eroded slope is a sort of lagoon, also dry, formed by the eminence called the palatine papilla: a fantastic landscape akin to that in which the birds of my dreams had sung, or those that make up the backgrounds of so many Renaissance paint-



"I can't say I like the looks of that bunch."

ings, where, I have read, the Old Masters, being released from the themes and conventions governing the treatment of the figures in the foreground, gave full rein to their imagination or their despair or their yearning. Like these landscapes, the bite plate was invested, or haunted, with a degree of earthly sorrow—my musings on it corresponding in mood with those of my father when he learned I was out of raisins, my reflections on your shadowy presence in the swimming pool, and so forth.

"My stepdaughter calls collect from Maui, wondering if we'd send her one hundred and eighty dollars so she and Sean could take modern dance at Maui Community College. I hesitate. 'I thought it was always your dream that I should go to college,' she says, her voice reverberating, as though she were calling from the dim chambers of the sea.

"My stepson is fast asleep in the bed which once dwarfed him and which he now fills like his coffin. He is dressed in his away basketball uniform, which is brilliant orange, so that it is as though he were 'swathed in confining fire.' '*Dentro dai fuochi son gli spirti: ciascun si fascia di quel ch'egli è inceso.*'

"My wife said she was thinking of a story she would write, if she could write. No, a novel. 'The ending is,' she said, ' "She now knew that she would give him what he most desired. She would go away." ' [*Tears*]

"Unless I speak falsely, there are any number of things that raise the human spirit more than concupiscence, but since I have already taken up so much of your time, I will mention only three: the song of a pine warbler on a hot day—that one I know, and submit that its monotonous sweet trill endlessly reaffirms life's illimitable reach and promise; the head of a well-bred dachshund; a gin spade laydown.

"Before I close, I want to tell you this: one afternoon, years ago, in a bedroom under the eaves of a mock-Tudor cottage off Kalakaua—now surely razed—I made love to a young woman. Around her neck she wore a ginger lei I had bought her the day before, and which she had kept overnight in the refrigerator. During our lovemaking, the lei was crushed between us. At the time, I thought I would never forget the overwhelming aroma of the bruised blossoms. I have forgotten it. Forgotten, too, her name, her features, any intensity of feeling. What I recall is that little white petals lay strewn on the sheet. It is as though they had remotely dropped upon the surface of a slow-moving stream, and only now, after long windings, minutely rearranged by the current, so that their meaning is no longer clear—I am postulating that it would have been possible to read the past in their configuration, as the future is foretold from tea leaves or sheep dung—are borne momentarily into view."

IMAGINE it is dawn, that there is no one in the pool, and that the water is changing color with the sky. At some point, the orgiasts must have left, my fellow-guests let their draperies close and gone to bed. Unseen sparrows are chirping, an occasional semitrailer drones by, leaving a faint odor of diesel fumes, and the rising sun glints off two or three of the gray hairs on my chest so that they appear almost incandescent. I shuffle back into my room.

That morning, as I was getting dressed, I was arrested by my socks. They were black, as are all those I own, but darned with bright red and green thread. I examined the other socks in my bag; I found darns in violet, in tan, in blue, in orange, in yellow. I telephoned my wife in New York and asked her what the hell was going on with my socks.

"They needed mending," she said. "I was going through your bag the night before you left, while you were sleeping, to see if you had packed everything."

"Didn't you have any black?"

"I was mad."

Repacking, I remembered the rolls of Life Savers I used to find in my pockets when I went on business trips, and once an appliqué of three roses and their leaves, embroidered in several shades of pink and green, which my wife had snipped off one of her slips and pinned to my pajama top, so that, when I put it on, the sprig would be next to my heart.

A WEEK or so after my return, I take my father to lunch. He looks over the décor and the prices, runs through most of his repertoire of derisive ejaculations, and calls me a *knacker*. After we order drinks, the conversation unfailingly turns to my "dogs." My responses evidently disappoint him, for he reaches out his hand to rearrange the objects on the table. I beat him to it, shifting my book of matches.

1. . . . . . . My father moves his book of matches up.

This riposte opening is scarcely seen anymore.

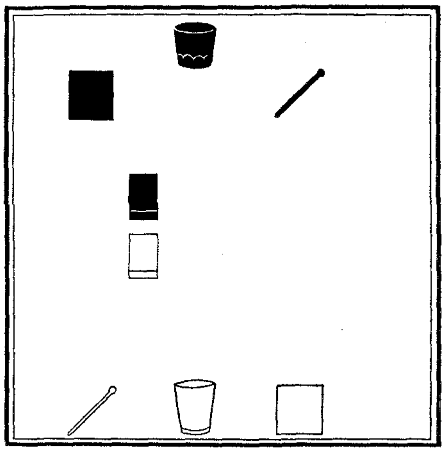
2. I move my book of matches up.

Embarking on a subtle scheme that will not be easy to refute.

2. . . . . . . My father moves his swizzlestick to his right.

A thoughtless interpolation.

Position After 2



3. I move my cocktail napkin up and to my left.

For all its dour aspect, a move that reveals great ingenuity and depth.

3. . . . . . . My father moves his Red-Label-on-the-rocks to his right.

Winter apparently underestimates his youthful adversary.

4. I move my cocktail napkin up and to my right.

"A mighty maze!" wrote Pope, "but not without a plan."

4. . . . . . . My father moves his swizzlestick up. ch

Aggressive but somewhat otiose.

5. I move my tall Cutty-and-water diagonally to my left.

Done with a *brio* that calls to mind a Mozart divertimento.

5. . . . . . . My father moves his swizzlestick back.

Sad necessity.

6. I move my tall Cutty-and-water up.

"Nothing exists," said Spinoza, "from whose nature some effect does not follow."

6. . . . . . . My father moves his Red-Label-on-the-rocks up.

Pseudo-development.

7. My swizzlestick X his cocktail napkin! ch

A masterly concept.

7. . . . . . . His Red-Label-on-the-rocks X my swizzlestick.

He is nearly reduced to *Zugzwang*.

8. I move my cocktail napkin up and to the left!! ch

Finis coronat opus.

8. . . . . . . "Would it be a burden," my father says, "to show your old dad the way to the gents'?"

A charming struggle, varnished with melancholy. —GILBERT ROGIN

AN UPSTATE DIARY

I—1950-1959

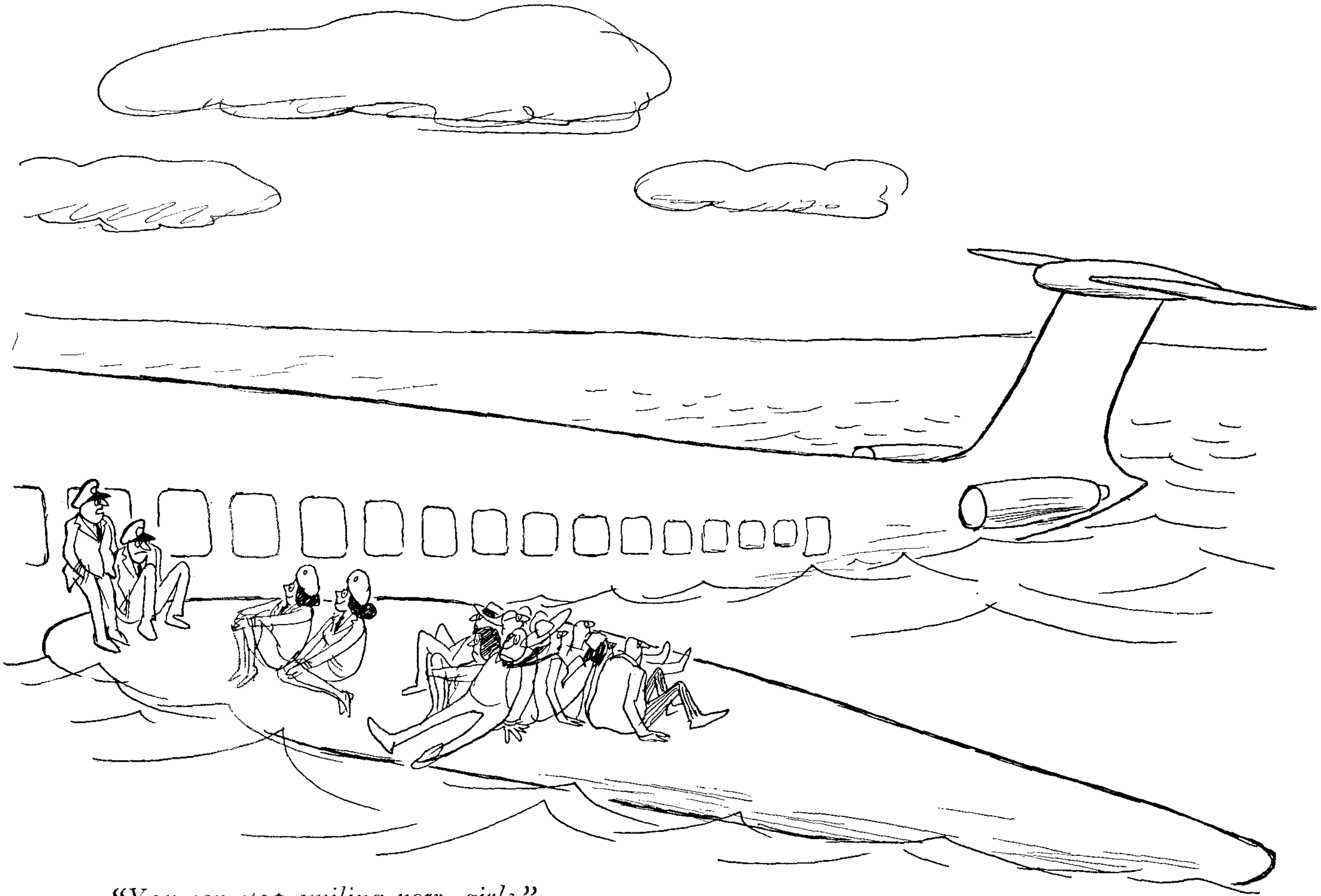
PROLOGUE 1970

I SIT here in this old house alone. The little village was years ago a kind of family center, to which my parents and my cousins from all over the country were in the habit of returning in the summers to see one another again, when, after the emigration of our families from New England at the end of the eighteenth century, the members had further scattered to work or marry in other places. When my mother died, in 1951, after not having been able to live in it for eleven years, she left the place to me, and I made it a habit, as she had done, to come up here for the summer. I also, in an attempt to revive the old reunions, induced some of my long-absent cousins to join me. But now my parents' generation have died, my own generation are growing old, and my younger cousins who still live here have become rather remote from the rest of us. My own children do not much like it here because they do not have the swimming or the companionship of the beaches of Cape Cod, on which I have been living for some thirty years. The croquet set which I had hoped would occupy them—we always used to play croquet—is still standing by the front door, with nobody wanting to set it up. The fishing rods that were once my father's and which I have not made use of for years are also standing untouched in the hall, by the old hatrack. Every year, I have to make more repairs on the house. It took five years to build and was finished about 1800. Though it's still solid, with its thick walls of stone, it is full of rotted beams and bad leaks. This region had enchanted me in my childhood. With its green hills and its wild rivers, it was so much more attractive than the New Jersey town, Red Bank, already become suburbanized, in which I had been born, and I always felt excitement at coming here. It is associated in my mind with the first moments of my being conscious that I was capable of imaginative activity and some sort of literary vocation. When, before I was able to read, I was being read a bedtime fairy tale which had to be dropped because guests arrived, I invented, lying in the darkness before I went to sleep, the rest of the story for myself, and, when being driven one day from Boonville to Talcottville, I said suddenly to myself, "I am a poet," then after a moment corrected myself with "No, I am not quite a poet, but I am something of the kind." And there was my pretty dark cousin Dorothy Furbish, whom I was always hoping to kiss.

Later, the place came to bore me. My favorite cousins were never there, and the much more stimulating experiences of prep school and college and travel had rescued me from Red Bank. But after I had reached my fifties and was in possession of the house myself, it became a refuge in the summers, where I thought that it was possible, as my parents had done, to get away from everything else. Now it is true that this part of the United States has changed very much less since I knew it as a child than any other part of this country I knew, but, nevertheless, all the things that make everywhere else unpleasant have been cropping up around me here. There are an air base at Rome, and a nearby radar station, which, in the event of a Russian attack, would of course be a prime target. The town of Talcottville—which at its peak, I understand, had a hundred and twenty-some inhabitants, and has dwindled to eighty-some—was in my youth a clean and trim little settlement; but today it looks partly disreputable, with its tumbledown, squalid houses, whose inhabitants hardly get along by working in the Boonville chair factory or who cannot go to work at all lest they lose their unemployment relief. There are many delinquent young people, one of whom, I am told, has announced that he is going, like his parents, to live on relief and make a point of having plenty of children in order to get plenty of this. They break into garages to steal and into unoccupied houses simply to mess them up.

One side of my stone barn fell down—it was built at the same time as the house—and I had to have much masonry rebuilt. Of my mother's once considerable garden, only the clumps of peonies and the plantings of currants and gooseberries are left—I have tried to keep them weeded out—and my Great-Aunt Rosalind's straggling roses. A white rose by the front porch, in spite of the weather and the insects, has by care been made to survive. At first, after my mother's death, I filled shelves with the books from her Red Bank house—from her girlhood favorites (with her signatures of the eighties, the stories of Juliana Horatia Ewing, which I never quite liked or understood but which, since her death, I have had rebound) to W. W. Jacobs, which I read with her, and Somerville and Ross, which I didn't; and my father's collection of travel books, about Africa and Tibet, the Arctic and the Antarctic, which last explorations have always peculiarly bored me; and my own childhood favorites: "Raffles" and Sherlock Holmes, Frank Stockton and William De Morgan; my later prep-school reading: George Borrow, Francis Thompson, the Everyman "Ring and the Book;" complete family sets of such by now almost unreadable nineteenth-century writers as Wilkie Collins, Bulwer Lytton, Disraeli, Charles Kingsley, and Ruskin; complete Dumas and Hugo and Balzac. But I soon came to see that this was not enough, and added Pushkin, Chekhov, Swift, some Henry James, a number of the *Pléiade* volumes, the new complete edition of the Goncourt diary, Skelton and Beaumont and Fletcher, together with a number of books—"Clarissa," Hazlitt, Gioachino Belli, Milton's complete prose—which I laid in for the dismal and impassable winters I have always made sure not to spend here, so I never have read these books. There are also bound files of *Harper's Monthly* in the eighteen-fifties and sixties, *Littell's Living Age* for the seventies, *St. Nicholas* going back to its beginnings in the seventies, *Harper's* for the seventies, and the *Century Magazine* for the eighties. I found these magazines very useful when I was writing about the Civil War period and after.

The memories of the past, the still-lingering presences of



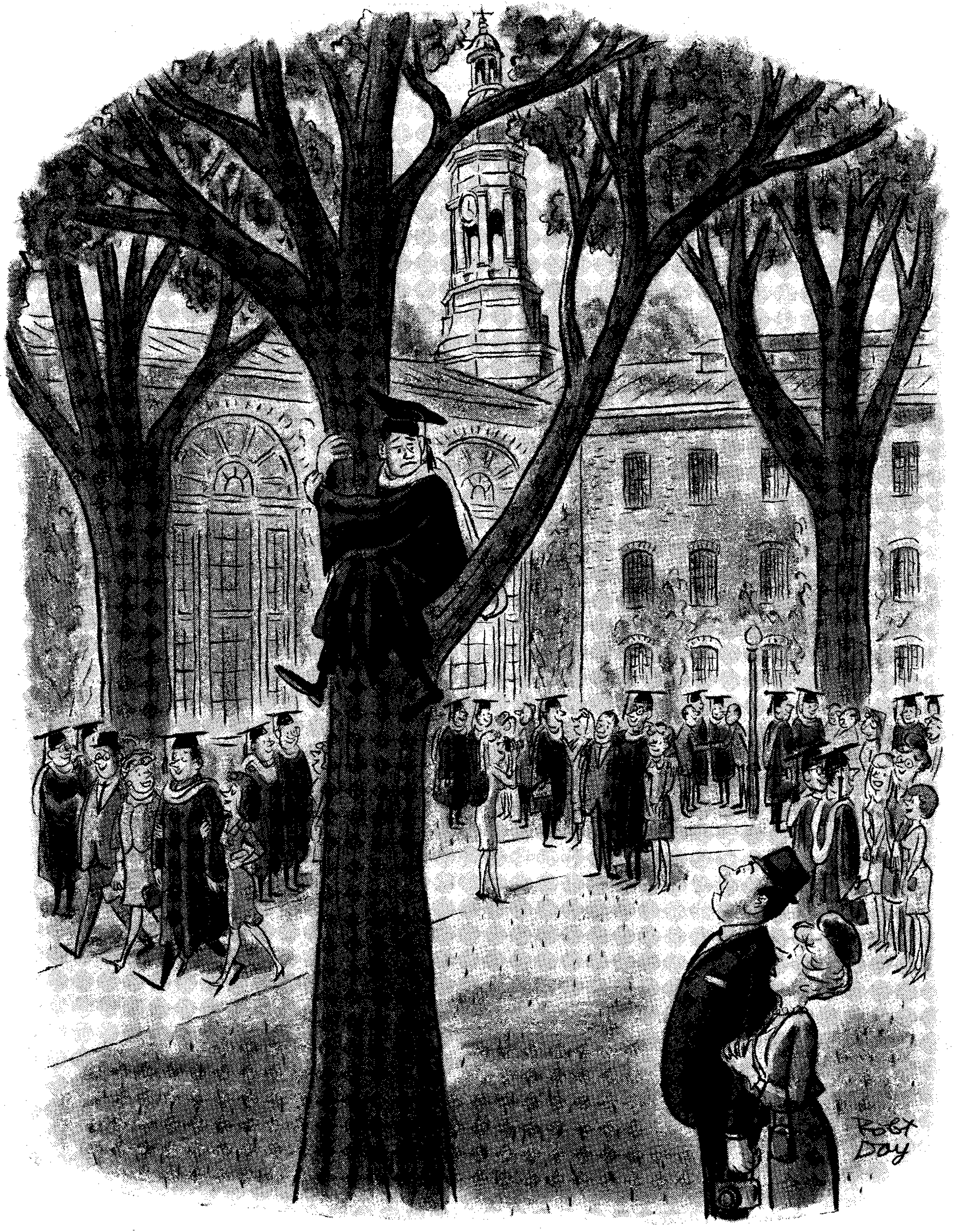
"*You can stop smiling now, girls.*"

the family, which so haunted me when I first came back here, have mostly evaporated. Although I have made new and interesting friends, my life up here now seems thinner. Here I am in the northern countryside, still beautiful but now somewhat empty—incapacitated physically now for bicycling, fishing, and exploring; I was in the habit, in my youth, of walking every afternoon to a swimming hole called Flat Rock, in Sugar River. Much of the time I am quite by myself, in an interior which is now all my own. It is almost as if no woman's hand has ever had anything to do with it since I cleaned out the old Franklin stoves and the stuffy old Victorian portières. My housekeeper, Mrs. Hutchins, keeps everything polished and clean: the pewter and crystal and silver. And every summer she seems to find something new—some object, quite blackened from disuse, that had been lying in an old drawer or closet: copper candlesticks, a brass oil lamp on a long spiral stem, a silver napkin ring, silver salt and pepper shakers, a silver-topped inkwell with my Great-Aunt Rosalind's monogram, which have all now been made to shine. I had already rescued myself the little silver smelling-salts bottle, with pretty winged cherubs on one side and my mother's married monogram on the other—for Helen Mather Kimball Wilson; she never wanted to drop the Mather, of which she was rather proud—that I am told was the first postmarital gift that was given by my father to my mother.

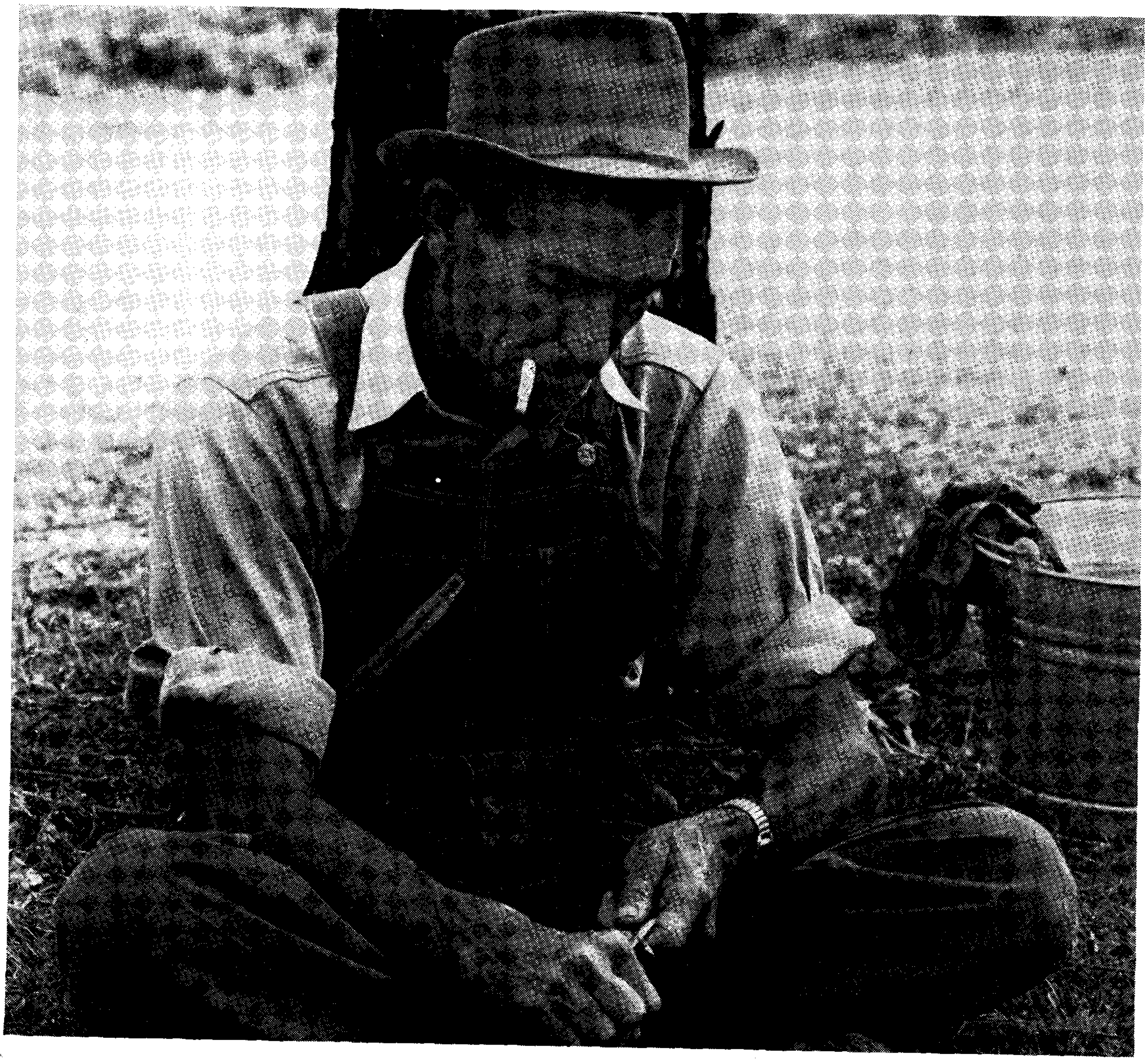
Is the writing of this Talcottville essay a last effort to fill a vacuum? Though I spend much of my time in Massachusetts, I am legally a resident of New York, and my relations with Lewis and Oneida Counties are still closer than with Wellfleet, on Cape Cod. But what more is there here for me to do? And yet I find it difficult to break the old habit—which goes back for me, it must be, seventy years—of returning to this place in the summer. In the later years of my mother's life, she imagined every year that she would be able to come again, but her health, in her late seventies and her eighties, was never to make it possible—except on one occasion, when she was going into the hospital for an operation and she made the effort involved in a visit of inspection. She spent the night in Boonville; the house was unfit for habitation. When she told her sister-in-law, whose family had come from Knoxboro, not far away, about going in at night to our Stone House, now become rather spooky, my Aunt Caroline advised her, "Nellie, when you go into those old houses, you ought always to take a flask of brandy." My mother, being very deaf, had to have this repeated, and when she understood—she did not much approve of drinking—her only comment was "Oh." I eventually became worried about the old place and, without letting my mother know, for she did not like other people to meddle with her property, came up here and found it in deplorable condition. I have spent, in the years since her death, as much time as possible here, excavating the old drawers and attics and having something repaired every year. And now I am sitting alone here, and all the old ghosts are gone.

THE following are selections from my diary-notebooks, with occasional interpolations, covering the period 1950-70, during which, after my mother's death, I often visited Talcottville and spent a large part of my summers there. There is a good deal about myself, but I had become, from my childhood associations and from my later settled life there, almost as much a part of the landscape as the more deeply rooted residents, and my preoccupations belong as much to the story as theirs. It ought to be explained that in 1950, when I returned after an absence of, I think, seventeen years, I was fifty-five years old; my wife, Elena, was forty-four; my elder daughter, Rosalind, twenty-seven; my stepson, Henry Thornton, eighteen; my own son, Reuel, twelve; and my younger daughter, Helen, two.

IT may be well at this point to explain that Talcottville and Boonville lie in a kind of trough between the lower ranges of the Adirondacks, visible from our house, and a large, very wild plateau, originally known as the Lesser Wilderness and now called simply Tug Hill. This rises sixteen hundred feet above sea level, and snow continues to fall here for ten or eleven months of the year. It sometimes reaches a depth of from eighteen to twenty feet. At one time, human beings—Irish, German, and Polish—tried to make a living there, but the land does not lend itself to cultivation or dairy farming. Mr. H. E. Krueger, the author of articles in the *Conservationist*, published by the New York Conservation Department, in its issues of December-January, 1966-67, and February-March, 1967, to which I am indebted for a good deal of my information, makes the statement that this bristling and unrewarding area "should never have been cleared at all." Though its spruce was in demand at one time, the logging in the long run turned out to be unprofitable, as did the small cheese factories and creameries. Such almost impassable roads as remain give an impression—with their abandoned wooden churches, their collapsed houses, which disclose inside a dismal tangle of slatlike boards, their empty foundations, now enclosed by woodland, the rotted ties of a long-ago scrapped railroad—of hardly ever having been frequented. Their only identifiable remains are occasional bleak and sparse cemeteries. To the north, in the neighborhood of the town of Adams, from the subsiding hills of which the gray waters of Lake Ontario may be glimpsed, there are a few widely isolated farms, immense cornfields that feed the fowls of chicken raisers. The strong winter winds, with their blizzards, that blow across this part of the upland make it an almost unlivable location. Here, according to Indian legend, the Iroquois sprang out of the ground, and students from Buffalo, as I write, are cleaning up some ancient skeletons. So many bones of Indians were discovered in 1850 that a battle was thought to have been fought here. There was reported at this time the finding of giant skeletons and skulls with double rows of teeth; but of the tales about them there was no later corroboration. Tug Hill is inhabited by deer, wildcats, and bear, as well as mink, otters, and beavers, and there were formerly wolves and panthers, of which rumors are still



"Your mother and I had no idea you felt this way. Of course you may stay and get your doctorate."



THERE ARE TIMES AT JACK DANIEL'S when you can't do anything but sit and wait. So that's exactly what we do.

You see, every drop of Jack Daniel's is gentled for days through ten-foot vats of finely packed charcoal. Called charcoal mellowing, this time-taking Tennessee process is the old, natural way of smoothing out whiskey...and there's nothing a man can do to speed it along. After a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll be glad the folks in our hollow are content to do nothing when that's what's called for.

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JACK DANIEL'S
OLD TIME
Old No. 7
Tennessee
SOUR MASH
WHISKEY

CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
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DROP
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sometimes heard. It is dangerous on this account to stray far from the roads, and also because it is easy to get lost in the miles of forest.

Lewis County, in which I live, which includes the greater part of Tug Hill, covers 1,270 square miles and has a population of 23,449. This population has hardly increased or decreased during the last sixty years. The prosperous county seat of Lowville, largely composed of handsome old houses, though with the usual dingy commercial section of upstate New York towns, is inhabited by well-to-do dairymen. Boonville, in Oneida County, just across the county line and nearer to Talcottville, has always been our shopping center. Utica, in the Mohawk Valley, about an hour's drive south of us, now rather a flat-tired industrial center, has remained, nevertheless, the big city for our locality, and I still, when I go for a day there, look with eagerness into the shopwindows and make a point of visiting the museums, which, through the bounty of old textile families, are well equipped and well kept up.

1950-52

In 1950, I became rather worried about the family house in Talcottville. My mother had been hoping every year through her late seventies and early eighties to be able to spend the next summer there, but except for one brief visit of inspection, of which I have already spoken, she had never felt strong enough to make the journey—let alone to move and set up her household. Our cousins Otis and Fern Munn, who lived there all the year round, kept the keys of the house and acted as caretakers in her absence. I decided, without telling my mother until after I had got back, to make an expedition myself and check on the condition of the house. Neither I nor any of the members of my family could drive a car at that time, and I had the local taxi-driver, with whom we were on very friendly terms, drive me over from Wellfleet, with my son and my older daughter. The trip took place in June, 1950. It was for me, as it had always been in my youth, an exciting and now, after so long, a rather emotional experience.

June 16-18, 1950: New Hampshire, with its schools and dense trees, ponds, big dark pines, twilight birds and bats, sober old brick buildings, old white houses. Vesper service at St. Paul's School Chapel, quietude upholstered by shrubbery. The school still remains distinguished, kept up to a certain standard, but rather uninteresting. There is a St. Paul's type: quiet, well-bred, slightly stooping, and tanned—doctors or lawyers, businessmen, sun-reddened and breathing drinks; they have a deep conviction of superiority, without necessarily much serious substance. Dry vein of the Head Master, Kittredge—Harvard accent superimposed on Barnstable. I remember a boy soprano, a little golden-haired girlish type. Memories of Andover, and, in my youth, Sunapee Lake.

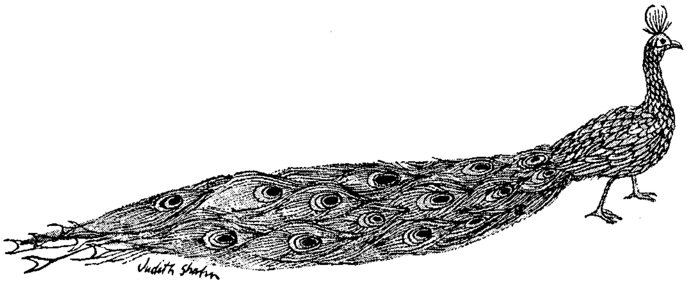
Vermont: green hills crowded close together, furred as densely as caterpillars or chestnut burrs—primitive; insignificant little towns, almost no attempt to make a show for tourists; maple-syrup signs, degenerate people up in the hills.

After this, New York State opens out: wide cow pastures, with their stone fences, first glimpse of the Adirondacks, quite different from the Green Mountains—more mysterious, grander, more interesting. Then Glens Falls, big town full of factories, area of cheap modern houses, general cheapness and tarnishment; tacky town end of Lake George, steamboat waiting for an excursion, big restaurant-bar, with Italian-looking barmen and Polish-looking waiters, hard and crass little street of stores. But after this the Adirondacks: blue range behind blue range, with sharp, broken ridges, not furred—spaces opening away, non-New England horizons, not cramped; road through the North Woods, a few camps and places to stay, but miles through the woods and the lakes without passing a car or ever seeing a human habitation: Raquette Lake, Blue Mountain Lake, the early stage of the Hudson, still a shallow river, with gray stones, that runs beside the road for a time (Hudson Falls, Bad Luck Ponds, Death Creek).

At last you emerge into the country of Oneida and Lewis Counties; it was misty, just at sundown, and beautiful, the mist lying along the green, silky fields, the blurred orange light in the sky (the next day clear, liquid, and bright—white, yellow, and orange). It always gives rise in me up here to a kind of lofty and purified thoughts: dignity and beauty of the country, which somehow has ennobled the lives of the people and all that old story of their immigration and their living, away from New England, among the hills and the fields and the forests, where they were all alone, but independent, free, flourishing, their human relationships and labors against the nonhuman grandeur of the setting—riding along those up- and downhill roads, a man behind a horse in a buggy, a farm wagon or carriage, under the high heavens, with fluid orange light or dark-blue thunderclouds.

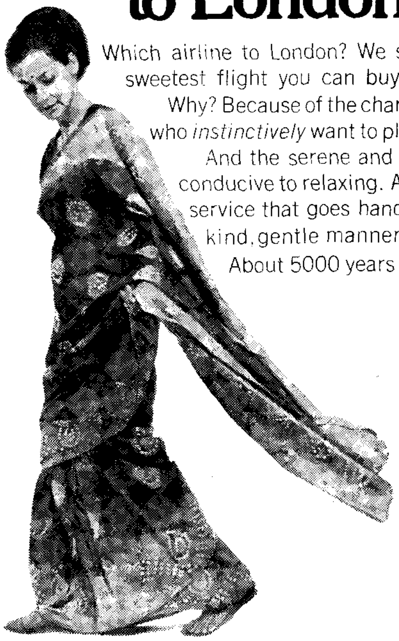
Fern Munn had done her best to make the place habitable for our visit, but it had badly deteriorated: wallpaper hanging off the walls, holes in the horsehair upholstery—it was evident that the young people had been getting in for parties; cigarette holes had been burned in the chairs. The floor had fallen through in the downstairs bathroom of what used to be Uncle Tom's quarters—a peculiarly grisly sight. All the old pictures still there: the two painted landscapes, originally from Utica, in their gold oval frames, which looked as if they were copies of landscapes in Europe rather than of anything in the United States; the engravings of Dickens, Charlotte Corday, Washington and his family; the "Reformers Presenting Their Famous Protest Before the Diet of Spires." The black kettle in the dining-room fireplace and the brass warming pan beside it. The fireplace in the northern sitting room, where Aunt Lin received us as children and where I used to sit with my mother, reading in front of the fire. My mother's two rows of peonies are still blooming on the side lawn, but they are all that is left of her flower and vegetable gardens, and the currant and gooseberry bushes are now being choked with weeds. The place is a problem now: I don't expect that my mother will be able to do much about it.

Otis Munn (my Great-Aunt Adeline's grandson): the only person left who represented for me the original upstate race. He came in from the movies, with open-throated white shirt—broad farmer with big stomach but not fat; brawny, with self-assurance, ease, and authority. In his good clothes, he looked good—wearing a brown suit and tie—when we went there to lunch next day. Bare farmer's living



Now that all the 747s are here. Let's go on from there.

The sweet flight to London.



Which airline to London? We suggest ours is the sweetest flight you can buy.

Why? Because of the charm of our sari'd girls who *instinctively* want to please.

And the serene and timeless setting so conducive to relaxing. And the exquisite service that goes hand in hand with the kind, gentle manners we learned early. About 5000 years ago.

Tours that aren't supermarket tours.

At every turn of your tour (beginning with the sweet flight to London) we look after things with that personal attentiveness typical of Air-India. It's most comforting when you're abroad.

Then there are the *kinds* of tours we offer. They're for people who want a richer travel experience.

Theatre Europe with tickets to best shows in London and other capitals of the performing arts.

The Two-Car Tour . . . a car for Britain and another for the continent.

And we've scores of other non-supermarket tours including magical trips to India. Our India.

You're a person.

Planes may be getting bigger but on Air-India it doesn't mean you feel diminished or lost in the shuffle.

There's an awareness, a regard for the person that comes out of our culture.

To us, no one is simply a passenger filling a seat.

That's why, when it comes to making friends after a single flight we've probably the highest quota of any airline.

Testimonials too nice to cash in on.

"The most gracious flight I've ever experienced."
"Why didn't some one tell me about Air-India?"
"It's different . . . less commercial."

The letters keep coming (lots from who's-who people) and they never cease to delight us.

But the way we look at it, it spoils things to name names.

However, if you're planning to go to London, most anywhere in Europe, India, or beyond, just ask someone who's flown with us (along with your travel agent of course). It's the kind of advertising we like best.

You're still the biggest thing in our life.

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The airline that treats you like a maharajah. Over 38 years of flying experience. For reservations call your travel agent or Air-India, 666 Fifth Avenue corner 52nd Street, 751-6200.

room, tidies on backs of chairs, antlered heads in dining room of deer shot by Otis and his father; portraits of two large trout caught by Thad, his father, on successive casts and painted by Doig, the Boonville painter of fish, who now has a certain reputation. Fern brought out a picture of a trout caught by her which Thad had had painted for her. He had had some of his animals stuffed. When he died, they had been put in the attic. There they had lost their lustre, and Fern decided to burn them up, but the wildcat for some reason would not burn, so the boys put it up on the stone fence. Four or five neighbors saw it, and took it for real and brought their guns and shot it. Each time, the boys put it back.

The old graveyard on the hill that was not cared for any longer—the church was gone now, burned down?—covered with wild roses and devil's-paintbrush; a chipmunk, reddish-brown-and-black-striped, whisking on one of the tombstones; in the foreground, the Reuel Kimballs, with their Saras and Cleanthes clustering around their family obelisk; at the back, in a light growth of woodland, Hezekiah Talcott, leaning askew, and some members of the Augur family, with whom the Bakers had intermarried. Not enough people left who are related to these families to get this graveyard cleaned up. In the Talcottville graveyard, it was noted that one of the Munns had been cremated.

Along Sugar River, on the way to Flat Rock, forget-me-nots, big white anemones, big purple columbine, an almost bearish-looking woodchuck living in a hole among the stones.

RETURN FROM TALCOTTVILLE: You lose the glamorous country as you come down on Utica. The Mohawk Valley has its grandeur but is partly industrialized, as by the Beechnut chewing-gum plant at Canajoharie; announcements of deer crossings and falling rocks. The Berkshires loom: green clotting or thickening of the large trees and rich fields. Pittsfield, Lenox, the suburban environs of Boston: no sense of decoration, lack of taste.

MY mother died on February 3, 1951, and left me the Talcottville house.

THE poor old house, badly run down, grass and leaves and shrubbery all grown up around it—Joe McGuire had done nothing since Mother's death. Dead branches on the lawn—only the path worn by the neighbors' coming through my place in order to cut off the corner. Moldy-smelling inside—so much of the stuff now seems cheap and rubbishy. But I have my ambitious ideas about it—shall preserve it, make it something my own. Though I always at first find it smaller and less distinguished than I expected, I soon get into the spirit of it and am conscious that it does make one feel its dignity and amplitude, as I go from room to room and up- and downstairs.

It always bucks me up to come back: partly those qualities in the country, partly because it brings me closer to Father, who enjoyed it so much and handled it so well. He liked to go to the meetings of the local Grange, of which he had been made an honorary member; liked to sit around and talk in the blacksmith shop, liked to read in the big bed, with the carving of Columbus's head, in which he and my mother used to sleep at the Collinses'. He would never wear pajamas, nothing but an old-fashioned white nightgown.

The old, complicated water system that my father had installed: rainwater in a wooden tank under the roof for washing, and filtered water from Sugar River piped into the house for drinking, and supplemented by Vichy from the Boonville drugstore. The old well, exploited by Thomas Baker, who made people pay to use it, was now boarded over, and I shouldn't have ventured to use it. I had a new well dug.

JUNE 4, 1952: The house faces eastward, and from about five in the morning I could see from my bedroom window a tree silhouetted on the mist that gave the effect of a photographic negative, but with the darks and the lights interchanged. Then the light came, and, pouring in from behind on that night-wet world, it seemed to be drenching everything: big green elms, a field of yellow clover, and beyond it a field of brown plowed earth, the growth of foliage along the little river, the low blue hills in the distance. Bracing, even exalting—rich and fresh and brilliant landscape now blazing with light.

HOW live the little shallow river seemed.

BY day the windows in my corner bedroom look like painted panels. Elena said that the old glass in the panes—with its fine rippling texture—gave a silky effect to the landscape.

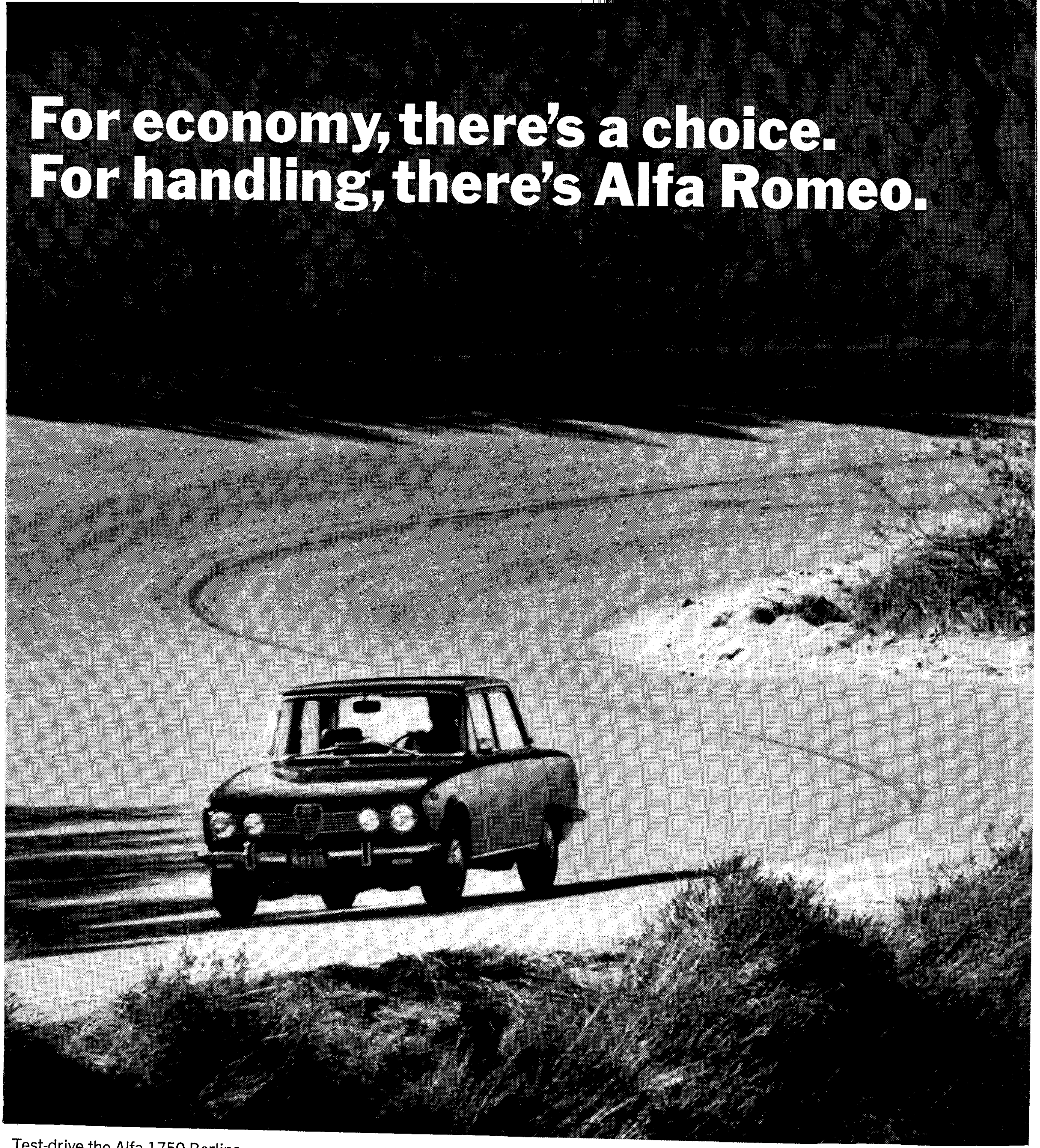
RETURN TO TALCOTTVILLE, FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1952: Strange feeling I had that the old house had slipped into blurredness and dirtiness—behind the fresh and vital and colorful countryside—and that I must bring it up again to the countryside.

Horrible filthiness of the third floor, which, with its windows and arched ceiling, used to be attractive and lived-in. Between the two rooms there is a dark and unventilated closet, in which I am told two maids were once put to sleep. In the closet now, bare skeletons of crinolines, moth-eaten underwear, an old embroidered waistcoat, an enormous floppy white hat; pictures: a volcanic eruption painted in color of flame on the black of a slab of slate, perhaps a happy idea; watercolors of flowers and sheep; the Cathedral Driveway in the woods at Lakewood, New Jersey; and, also from Lakewood, Pandora opening her box; old magazines rolled and tied up, as if they had been mailed; books caked with thick dry white mold or clotted with spiderwebs. Behind the handsome windowed rooms is an equally unventilated black attic that runs the whole width of the house. Reuel and I cleaned it up pretty thoroughly, laughing at the things we brought out, while Elena sat on the lawn reading in a steamer chair and quietly repelled by all this old rubbish. Almanacs from the eighteen-forties; a pasteboard box falling apart, with something hairy put away in fern leaves that Reuel and I imagined might be an Indian scalp. Elena said it was a "tippet."

I have eliminated the Franklin stoves that they had in every bedroom, selling them to Mr. Parquet, at the Parquet Hotel, in Constableville—all different, one designed like a cathedral.

In order to get two of the fireplaces working, which my mother had boarded up, I had to have the chimneys rebuilt. One morning, a brood of swallows fell down one of these chimneys—five little ones with the nest they had now outgrown. We put them on the pedestal of the trunk of a tree, where they were seen as five black spots that gradually moved together as one large one. The mother and father were also inside the house, fluttering in the curtains, but we caught them and put them out. They did not find the fledglings but wildly flew away and left the children to die in a day or two. While they were still alive, they made a horrid angry hissing sound whenever one went near them.

I was about to hand over an old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"barroom chair"—sometimes called "captain's chair"—to a junk dealer, but the Loomises told me it was worth twenty dollars. I found I had a whole set. They are for some reason highly prized now. In the attic, I found a rolled-up painting that I had never seen before. It was one of those peddled portraits produced by an itinerant artist who carried round with him a male and a female setup and painted in the customer's face. It was evidently Great-Grandfather Baker's first wife, the mother of my grandmother. I took it to New York and had it restored and framed, and it now hangs in the hallway. Elena does not like it. I was told in New York that these itinerant portraits are now being forged. Many things have been stolen, especially from the red barn—to be sold, I suppose, to antique dealers—that were here when I wrote about the place in 1933.

FERN MUNN: "As sure as preachin' "—this is an old expression. Fern has a certain robust and yet sensitive attractiveness—gray eyes, a little bovine but not too much so. By the cow barn, where she walks with high-heeled black shoes, in the mud among the cow and goose manure, wearing a somewhat smeared bright-violet apron, she has decided sex appeal.

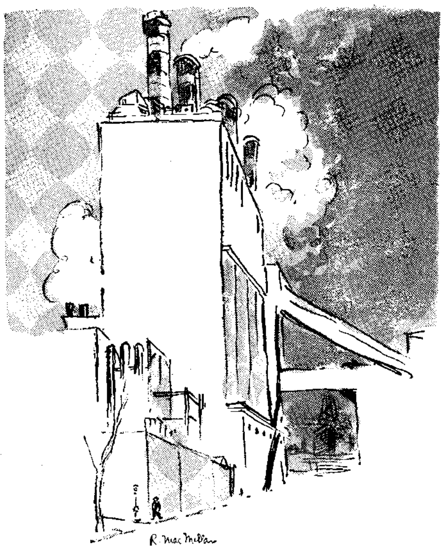
THE Munns took us for a ride to the St. Lawrence without explaining their intention of treating us to a picnic. At one of those picnic grounds in the woods which are furnished with wooden benches and tables, they unexpectedly produced from the trunk of the car several baskets of sumptuous and varied dishes. When we had eaten, we went by motorboat to Boldt Castle, on one of the Thousand Islands. This unfinished monument of a millionaire is the most depressing and grisly of all the attempts at magnificent living characteristic of this part of the world. George C. Boldt was a big hotel man, the manager of the Waldorf-Astoria, and the creator of the luxurious American hotel, who began his St. Lawrence castle as a romantic tribute to his wife. Boldt came from the island of Rügen, in the Baltic, and this no doubt accounts for the hideously Germanic design of his dream. But, according to the official version, before the castle was finished the beloved wife died. According to a local tradition, however, she ran away with some menial. At any rate, Boldt dropped the project midway, and the structure has never since been touched. It remains a curiosity and a horror. One hesitates to mount the great staircase. The ornate ceiling is sagging. Doorways open on nothing. It is exploited as a sight for tourists.

[By that time, I had persuaded my cousins the Sharps to come back to Talcottville for the summers. Dorothy Furbish, my pretty cousin, had married Malcolm Sharp, whose father had been with the Reeds at their pension in Berlin. Malcolm was then a professor at the law school of the University of Chicago. He was a very pleasant companion, and we joined them every afternoon for drinks. They stayed in the house of Aunt Addie Munn, my old friend, the grandmother of Otis. John Gaus, who was born in Stittville, between Talcottville and Utica, who had taught with Malcolm at Amherst at the time of the Meiklejohn administration, and who was now in the Department of Government at Harvard, spent his summers not far from us, at Prospect, and would come to join us for conversation or to take us for long drives. He was an authority on the geography and the local history, which I now came to realize I had never known much about. He and Malcolm made for me the nucleus of a new group of associates.]

GOLDEN moon in the trees as we sat on the back porch at night and looked at the shadows at the old stone barn.

Pink and blue-violet lawn seen from the front windows.

CAPE VINCENT: First visit with the Gauses and Sharps. It stands at the point where the St. Lawrence River flows out of Lake Ontario—the Thousand Islands are just beyond. On the way, the trees that get the wind off the lake, so straight when they are further inland, have been blown into bent postures. This part of New York was settled by the French, and there is a town called Chaumont, which is pronounced "Shummoo," in honor of the French Jesuit Pierre Joseph-Marie Chaumont, who came here in the hope of converting the Indians. A house was later built for Napoleon, with the idea of having him flee here from France. In the neighborhood is one of those curious so-called cup-and-saucer houses—the saucer a thin roof sticking out all around, the inverted cup a dome over this. Everything in Cape Vincent seems so clean, neat, and clear. A big square stone mansion, trimmed with green, at the same time very upstate New York and characteristically French. It has just now changed hands from the original family, and they are selling some old things in an antique shop—none of them very attractive. The people have probably made some different disposition of anything of any more value. The water—"By Blue Oneida's Shore"—a greenish moiré blue. The old customhouse and the docks. The lake steamers. The distant Canadian side, and the islands so narrow that the spare straggling trees seem to grow out of the water—almost no habitations. Thirty families had once lived there but had left; abandoned barns and farm machinery. About a hundred wild wandering cattle; in the fall, a lot of people turn out to round them up—they take them to the mainland and sell them. We explored these islands on later occasions, when we stayed at the more or less comfortable old Carleton Hotel, on the water, with its especially fine specimens of muskellunge and bass stuffed and mounted in the lobby, with the fishermen's names on brass plaques. We fished with Reuel in a hired boat, and he caught a lot of tasteless lake trout and one whopping big black bass, which we had the hotel kitchen cook for us. It was all so uncongenial to Elena—who, however, did her best for the children and occasionally went in swimming on the rocky shore—that I would sometimes have to concentrate on what I felt was the admirable solidity and balance of my coming book, "The Shores of Light," in order to justify myself and give myself some satisfaction. On the main street, an "Exhibit of Wild Life" in a fishing-tackle store, run by an old Frenchman who said that his father had been a soldier of Napoleon: loons, heron, grebes, eagles, a sparrow hawk, a snow owl and a great horned owl, a black bear and its cub. At the end of the road is a lighthouse, and between there and here, on the other side from the lake, a row of summer places of well-to-do Syracuse, Buffalo, and Rochester



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people, with big houses and ample lawns well mowed.

I READ aloud to Elena and Reuel Hemingway's "The Old Man and the Sea." Then, when I called up Dos Passos, who was staying in our Wellfleet house, I remarked that I thought it very good. "Why shouldn't it be?" he said, rather tartly. It turned out that he rather resented the publisher's having put it over by sheer power of high-pressure publicity. "It's like a magician's levitation act," he said. "You don't ask whether the girl is beautiful. It's the operation that counts."

ELENA, who is not at all interested in ghosts, says that when she came down early one morning she saw a woman in an old-fashioned pleated dress going into the smaller living room. Her shoulder was just disappearing in the doorway. Elena says she saw the dress without being aware of any head above it. [When she mentioned this to the Loomises, I thought that she was joking, but almost twenty years later she repeated it the same way. She said it gave her a queer feeling of an experience she had never had before and that remained vividly with her.] Later, we found old photographs of women in such pleated dresses. My cousin Dorothy Mendenhall calculated that she knew of fifty people who had died in this house. A murder was once committed on the pathway on the south side. A woman who lived down the hill was running from her drunken Irish husband to take refuge in the Stone House, but he killed her before she could get into the door. The Reed children used to pretend that they could still see the blood on the flagstones. I have had some bad dreams here but have seen no ghosts.

Another morning, when Elena came down early in her nightgown, she saw a little whiskey left over in a bottle from the night before, and she drank it up out of the bottle—not at all a characteristic gesture. Then she became aware that an old man was looking in through the vines of the low kitchen window. This is one of the things that have made her uncomfortable.

I, on the contrary, am quite at home here—the only place, perhaps, that I feel I belong. Everybody knows me, and—quite unlike the general attitude in New England, where anyone from two miles away is "a foreigner"—everybody seems good-natured and comfortable; even the dogs are not yappy and snappy, as they are likely to be in Wellfleet. They visit us and make friends with Helen. Reuel plays ball with the village boys in our back lot. It is easy for me to get things done: cleaning, lawnmowing, carpentry, getting water from the spring. Fern has done a good deal of painting for me, and Elena has done a good deal, too. The general store is right at hand, with a bigger stock than I remember. We get green vegetables from Carrie Trennam, across the road, and chickens from the Robertses, on the hill. I enjoy the informality of being able to go out on the street in my bathrobe, and even having the cemetery so close, where I can look up the family dates.

This little town is at once a point of permanence for me—since we always came back in the summers—and a phase in the flux of American life. You feel the struggle of the settlers to make themselves a place in the wilderness, the will to found a society, and the spirit of adventure, the thirst for freedom, the need to make new lives for themselves, that carried them further and further west. The families were so few that one can see very clearly the strains that were competing to establish the tone and the habits. There was the Calvinism of Great-Great-Grandfather Kimball, that aimed at a godly community; the Toryism of the Talcotts, that tried to preserve feudal dignity; and the Jacksonian democracy of Thomas Baker, who cared little about either of these ideals but was out to make what money and what kind of career he could. I once wanted to write a play about it.

THE Loomises' anecdotes: Some of the Collinses had lived in the pentagon house at Constableville. When old Mr. Collins died, they had had to take the casket out a window because the doors were too small. Mrs. Collins had been asked whether she wanted a last look at her husband before they nailed up the coffin. "Look at him? Haven't I seen him for fifty years?"

Some relation had said, "Why should I go over to Constableville to see those long-nosed Collins girls when I can find Sally Talcott right here in Talcottville, pretty as a pink?" He married her.

[The Loomis sisters were old friends. I remembered them from my childhood. Even when well past maturity, they were known as "the Loomis girls."]

LAST day, September 1st: I walked over to Flat Rock across the fields, trying to find Father's slender cane, one of those he had whittled himself, which I had forgotten there. In

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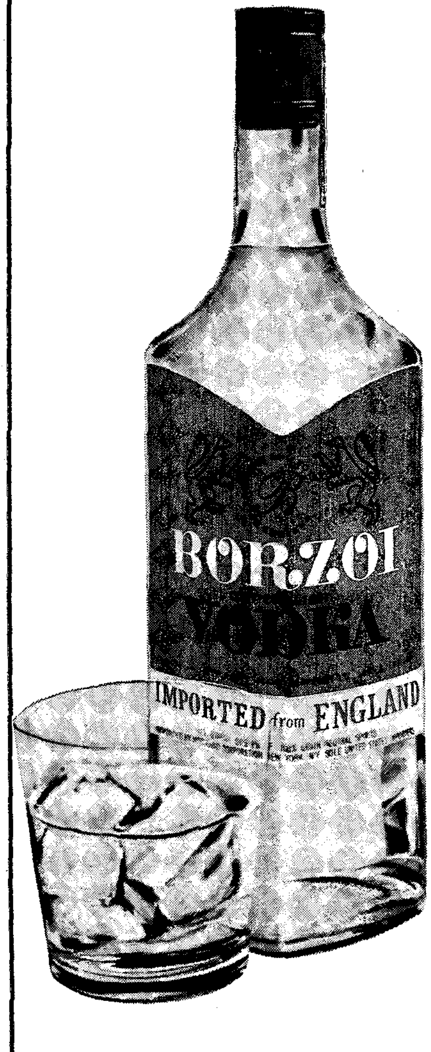

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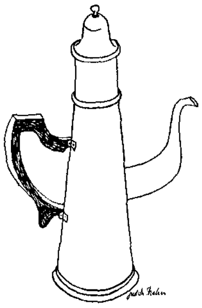
the rainy weather, the colors of the wild flowers seemed to come out much more brightly than they do in the sun: purple asters, orange and red devil's-paintbrush, blue bugloss—they seemed to burn in the grass.

1953

APRIL 23RD-24TH: I went up alone to attend to repairs. I had never been there before at this time of year. The weather was warmer and pleasanter than I had expected it to be. There is a new little train to Boonville—they call it the Beeliner—put on, I suppose, for the ski trade, a great improvement on the old milk train. Whenever a door was opened, one heard a chorus of frogs of a loudness that at first seemed incredible. Driving in to Talcottville, it seemed to me that the landscape toward the Adirondacks had a pinkish look—though this was due to some trick of the light on the dun and buff fields as seen framed in the light woodwork of the window of the car. After finding things at the house so moldy when I had come back here before, I was surprised to find them now so neat and clean. But inside it was as if the whole winter cold had been concentrated and kept in the house, and I had to go out-of-doors from time to time in order to get tolerably warm. Richly yellow double daffodils I had never seen before blooming where the bushes grow behind the house, the survivors from Aunt Lin's garden; the old stone bowls and the square stone container on the porch full of dark dead leaves, like the front steps; branches that had been blown down strewn all over the lawn.



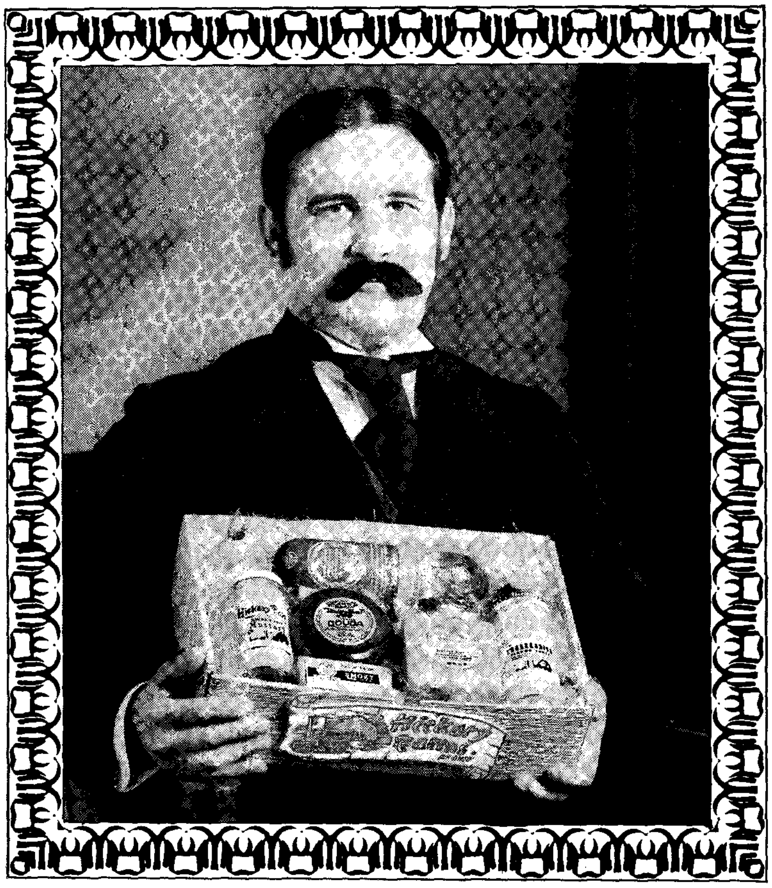
I stayed overnight with the Munns, had never been upstairs in their house before. I had never seen another house that gave me the same impression. In spite of the unpainted exterior, everything inside was clean and in good condition, but it represented a family which, fond though they were of one another, did not seem to have any home life at all. No exercise of taste, hardly any pictures—two heads of deer in the dining room and the Doig portraits of trout caught by Thad, two small bookcases, a small phonograph, piles of newspapers, and among them, when I came in, Otis was asleep on a big red couch. Upstairs there was a large bathroom, but no tub and no hot water, and the toilet did not work. They said that the pressure wasn't strong enough to keep a heater running. Seven bedrooms that opened out of a hallway—with old-fashioned beds in them—like an architectural fan. Tube-contained lights on the walls that flicker when they are turned on. Big kitchen with deep freeze still containing some winter venison; little restaurant-type table and chairs. Their meals are most irregular. They get up at six and milk the cows. They have the largest dairy farm in the county. Otis asked me whether he was "stunk up" from the cow barn—they got used to it and didn't notice it. Then they come back about eight and get breakfast. Then Fern goes to Boonville to the Coöp (the Dairymen's Coöperative), where she makes out the milk checks—this winter she had really run the whole thing. Otis gets himself some lunch—opens a can of soup or makes himself some bread and milk. They eat mostly in the kitchen. I imagine they rarely use the dining room, though they once gave us dinner there. The family came and went, without wasting conversation, but I have never heard any of them say a disagreeable or even a sulky word.

Otis, Jr., who resembles his mother—same solid build and rather handsome gray eyes—married the daughter of a man in the logging business and made fifty-eight hundred dollars this year. He begins the first of January, and during the weeks when the logging is going on he makes about five hundred a week, of which, however, he gets only about three hundred clear, on account of current expenses and eventual deterioration of his truck. This occupation rather galls his father, because the land they are logging on once belonged to the Munns. Otis, Jr., has travelled a good deal by car, but has been in a train only once, when he rode from Boonville to Lyons Falls, just to find out what it was like. The trucks sometimes overturn—it's quite a strain carrying a load of logs—"but you don't get hurt, because it turns over slow."

That evening, Fern had to go to preside at a square dance given to raise money—the third—by the man whose barn had burned down last summer.

JULY 17TH-SEPTEMBER 2ND: The house had been painted and the balcony and porch repaired. The chimneys had been reconstructed. My cousin Helen Augur, who had gone up there before I arrived, had given the place a good cleaning and planted flowers in the stone things in front of the house. The grass had been well taken care of, and in the bare patches was growing again. Elena had painted the

"My Kind of Gifts!"



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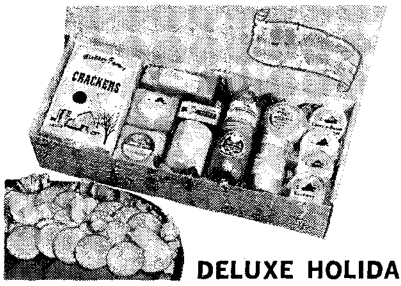

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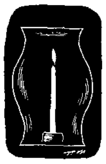
bathroom white last summer, and the red linoleum had been laid after we went. It delighted me to see the place looking so well again.

Paolo Milano, the Italian writer and teacher at Queens College, had just finished a stay at Yaddo, and I met him there on my way up here and brought him to Talcottville. We had very pleasant conversations. He is calmer and more serious away from New York. We would walk up the hill in the afternoons or sit in the evenings in the front room with the door opening out on the lawn. He read me Belli and Dante, and I read him Swift and Yeats. It is so quiet, only occasionally a dog barks; at night the Lincks' cow sometimes moans. I like the feeling that I am occupying the largest and most distinguished house in the town—though the population of Talcottville is now hardly more than eighty people—that everybody knows me and takes me for granted, that I can say or do whatever I please, with the town at my door and all about me. At night, we can sit on the porch and talk while the village people pass.

Helen Augur is a true Baker woman—more than she realizes, not having seen very much of the Bakers: warm and vital voice, bustlingly capable and energetic, ambitious in a worldly way and instinctively tending to dominate a household. What is pathetic is that she has no household and has neurotically doomed herself not to have one. In this house, she has become like that female beaver, in a book I once read about beavers, who, when taken into the beaver-fancier's house as a pet, was one day possessed by her beaver instincts and began madly building a dam with mud against the front door. Helen eventually became so tyrannical, undoing everything I did and thwarting whatever I tried to do, putting away things that I needed and snatching other things out of my hands, that I began having acrimonious scenes with her. And her nervousness, which takes the form in all this of ostensible efforts to help which are actually efforts to interfere, eventually becomes intolerable. Nevertheless—though she was never here much as a child—one feels she belongs in this house. It has been a satisfaction to me to have her here: the Baker members of the family seem not to have approved of the Augur connection, so behaved to them rather unfairly. But Helen's passion for managing affects me rather like my mother's, and though I like to have her around as a sort of substitute sister I very soon begin to react against her. The ambitious Baker qualities here are complicated by something that derives from the academic tradition of her father, who was the head of a girls' school in Minnesota, and her Grandfather Adams, who was head of Lowville Academy, in his time an important institution of learning, to which students came from all over northern New York. She is really an intellectual but not quite enough of one: the vigorous practical side, except perhaps when she was a foreign correspondent, has never been effectively integrated with the moony and cerebral one. She seems to live a good deal of the time in some self-centered adolescent fantasy, which she cannot exploit as fiction—all her books have been reportorial or biographical—but which keeps her from grasping clearly what is going on around her. Her sudden sorties out of this among the situations of the outside world turn out to be at cross-purposes with what other people are actually up to and so become merely annoying. She is always trying to fill in my sentences before I have been able to finish them, and I don't remember one occasion on which she has got it right. Helen's combined self-indulgence in her dreams and something like a certain lack of self-respect, due, I think, to her failure as a woman, now appear in her slumping figure, the cigarette always hanging out of her mouth and her yellow upper lip—though sometimes the pretty Baker woman comes back and reminds me of how well she looked when I first got to know her, then married to Warren Vinton: blond, plump, pink-cheeked, smiling, piquant in her bright clean clothes. Today her nice smile seems usually a mask for the dig of some catty remark. At times, as when I talked to her the other night in Aunt Addie's house, she surprises you by being quite lucid and capable of self-criticism, but most of the time she gives the impression of not wanting to face herself and her problems, of resorting to all kinds of expedients—the source of her annoying mannerisms—to direct people's attention from her weaknesses (her dubious manners, that spoil her cleverness) and protect herself against the world at the same time that she wants to challenge it. She has a different idea every day about what she is going to do to give herself a satisfactory life: get a job with children, get a job up here, get a job with flowers and plants. She has had no experience of gardening, but she has en-



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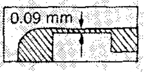

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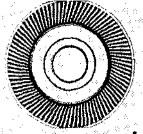

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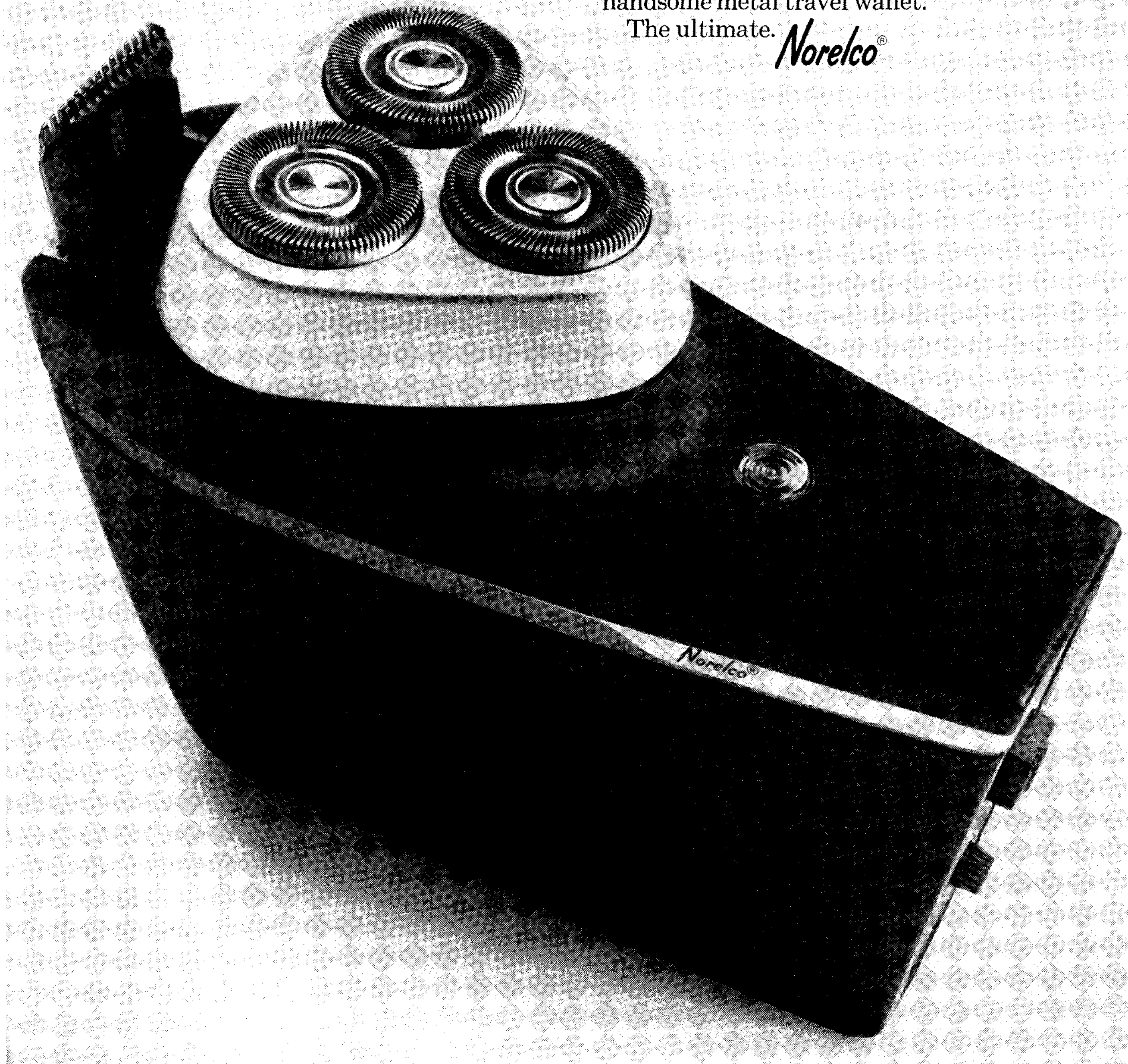

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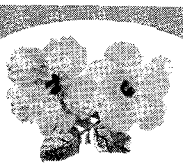

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joyed her pulling up of weeds at Aunt Addie's and believes that on account of her grandmother and mother she ought to "have a green thumb." She is one of several women I have known—Louise Bogan, for example—who, when married, have tied themselves into knots as to whether they should leave husbands by whom they have had no children. I always think they would be foolish to do so, but then, when they are actually divorced, they seem to get on better alone. Helen, though she used to weep horribly and apparently be tearing herself to pieces when still married and living in affluence in her duplex penthouse in Stuyvesant Square, and though she told me once this summer that she sometimes thought of suicide, does not seem to be quite so tormented as she was.

I AM writing this on the third floor, in the room that looks out on the old stone barn and commands a view of the general store. I first saw Helen cross the lawn at her morning slumpingest and yellowest; then, a little while after, Fern Munn got out of her car in order to go to the store. She walked, in spite of a figure which is now getting rather ample, with a firm step and upright carriage, looking very handsome. (She tells me that she is a mixture of Irish, New York State German, and Pennsylvania Dutch.) She accomplished her errand, then walked back to her car in the same unhurried but purposive way, and drove off with her trailer full of milk cans. This summer, she suddenly bobbed her hair (going to a beauty parlor in Constableville), and they left it a little frizzy. I don't like this nearly so well as the great thick old-fashioned bun that she used to wear behind—she says that her hair reached nearly down to her waist. She is the best-dressed woman around here—Elena says that Fern must spend more on her clothes than *she* does. Her big gray eyes look at you with an innocence that is all the more winning for seeming to contrast with her executive ability and, I think, a certain amount of shrewdness. But this animal innocence is associated, perhaps, with a slight touch of Irish coquetry. It is as if she were aware of her attractiveness, of her sound and erect physique, of her mastery of whatever she is doing, even in the barn at milking time, in her dirty old overalls and boots, walking in the cow manure, clamping on the milking machine and shooing away the bull. She sometimes seems a little shy, but has never Helen's bad self-consciousness of the kind that can come only with

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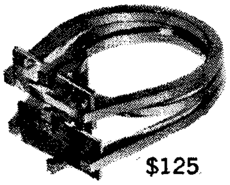

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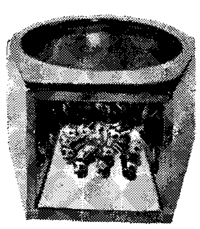

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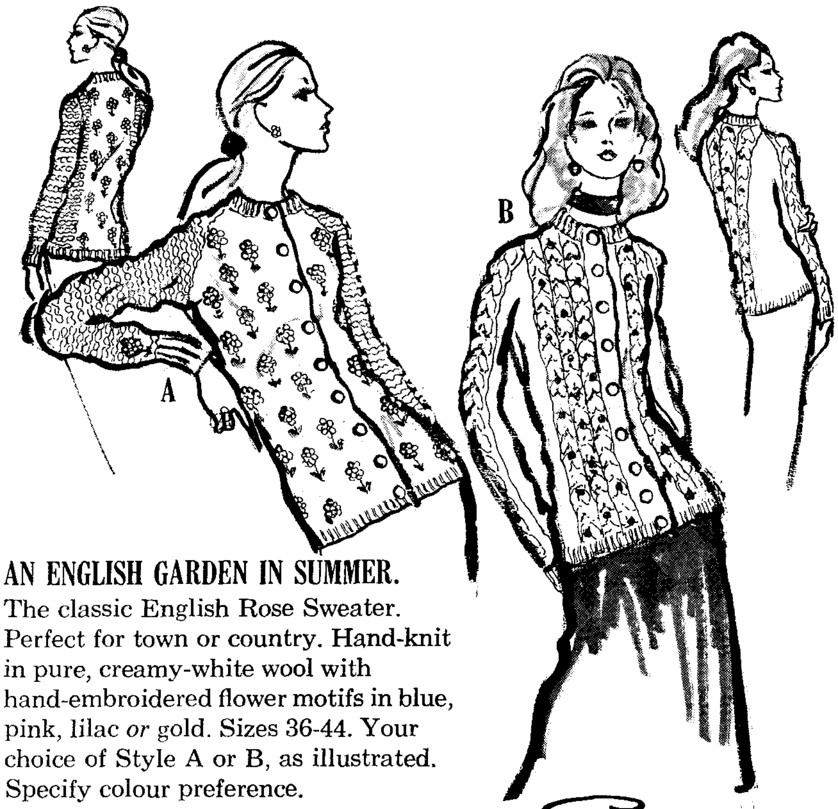
cleverness. At haying time, driving the tractor with the baling machine attached, she seems a figure almost symbolic—bareheaded, her solid round behind on the seat, with her legs in their farmer's pants apart, and, at her back, the piston of the pounder working steadily with a movement that is powerfully phallic; the wirebound square bales of hay are excreted in close succession from the aperture behind, and Otis, Jr., her broad-shouldered son, with the help of a hired boy, piles them up on the platform there. Round and round the field she drives. To impose the baler on those big, hay-grown fields, mastering all their produce, packing it away in the barn, between the soaking downpours, with their dangerous thunderstorms, is a serious and challenging labor. There is something august about it. Yet she had fainted in the heat from the sun the afternoon of the day she came to get me in Utica. She and the children have had several dreadful accidents, and so have the other farmers. Their work involves continual pushing and lifting, covering large areas, disposing of copious products, marshalling large animals, maneuvering ungainly machines, all of which lets you in for making heavy blunders, blunting miscalculations; you are handling bulky materials by main force of machines and muscles, and there are moments when you will fall off something, not see that something is coming, have a finger or a toe caught in one of the machines, get at cross-purposes with the cattle.

Helen does not like the Munns' bad grammar, and they don't, or I think that she thinks that they don't, understand her kind of literary work. She said to Paolo Milano that Otis's father had married a "peasant" and that Otis had married "another peasant." She has no respect for the fact that Otis and Fern between them have rescued the family from a tragic decline. They themselves, in reaction from the bad example of their fathers, never touch alcohol and they have four vigorous children. Helen first gave Fern the impression that she had to do serious work and did not care to see people, then made it a grievance that Fern had never asked her to her house or called on her. When Fern was painting the bedroom here, Helen complained that it kept her from writing and that she slopped the paint around.

ON the second of August, Elena arrived from Wellfleet. Rosalind had driven her and Helen (not Helen Augur but our little daughter), with



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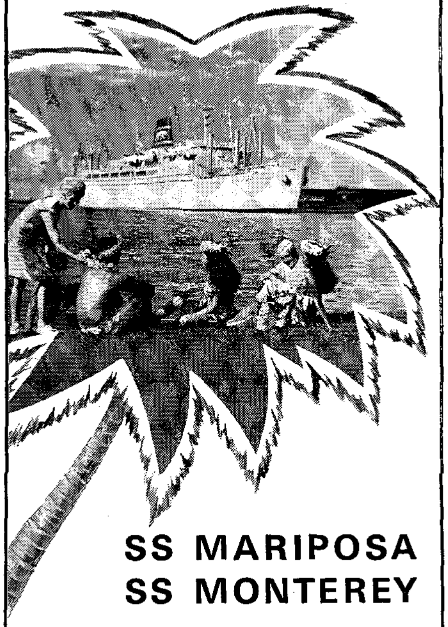

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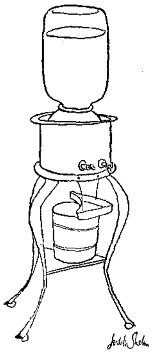
Bambi, our spaniel, and Pussinka, Elena's Abyssinian cat. Elena cannot make herself at home here, and she has a most dismal time. She says that the climate is all right for *me*, because on the Cape I am too keyed up and Talcottville tones me down, whereas the sea-bathing at Wellfleet keeps her toned up and Talcottville lets her down, so she never has any energy and can hardly get breakfast in the morning. It is true that the high altitude puts everybody to sleep at first. This summer, the first weeks of her stay were full of uncomfortable accidents. There was immediately a thunderstorm, in which a big elm by the stone barn was struck, and a huge limb that overhung the street came down on the electric wires and cut off all the current as well as obstructed the road, so that early-morning motorists could not get past. The little girl woke up and began to cry; Rosalind says that a sheet of flame seemed to be flowing up that side of the house. I saw a shower of sparks crackling out of the wires on the corner.



A day or so later, Elena and Rosalind and Helen started out for a picnic at Flat Rock. Elena was wearing a red dress and Rosalind had on red pants; and, whether because of this or the baskets they were carrying, which the cattle took for salt, they attracted the attention of the cows, the whole herd of which came after them, not merely walking but running, plunged down the steep bank of Sugar River after them, and even crossed the river. The ladies dropped their lunch and their bathing suits on a stone at the edge of the river, scrambled across, slipping in the water, and got under the fence on the other side. Later, when Elena and Helen and I were walking on Leyden Hill, Helen, not looking ahead, suddenly started to cross the road to see some cows, and if we had not been able to stop her would have been hit by a speeding car—which scared us and heightened the general feeling of lack of coördination. Elena cannot find any field here, as she has been able to do at Wellfleet, for her capacity for homemaking and charming. Her spirits sink; she tends to sulk. She imagines that the water is polluted and does not want to swim in it. Helen, however, seems to love it, as our children have always done, and has made friends with the children of the village—including a little girl, pretty and very dirty, with whom the other children have not been allowed to play. The ostracism of this little girl has aroused very strongly Elena's Russian democratic instincts, and she has explained to Helen that it isn't right that this little girl should be excluded, so now they all play together. Rosalind, too, likes being here; she says—I suppose rightly—that it is too absolutely American for Elena to make connections with. When we would talk about going on a picnic or spending an afternoon at the county fair or taking a trip to some point of interest—a kind of project that she would elsewhere have welcomed—she would mutter or simply be silent. When Rosalind and I would exclaim over the landscape, she would say that it reminded her of Germany, to whose scenery, though she is herself half German and has lived a good deal in Germany, she seems to feel a certain aversion. On a beautiful evening when we were driving back from dinner at Constableville, she remarked she didn't think she liked cows. Helen Augur came to their defense and said that she liked to smell them. Elena said she did not like their smell—you expected to breathe fresh air and what you got was the smell of cows. As she says, she has been moved around so much in her life, from country to country and place to place—France, Germany, Switzerland, Canada, the United States—that, having dug herself in at Wellfleet, she does not want to have to adapt herself to any other locality. It makes me feel rather guilty at having to impose on her this part of the world, where she is bound to be uncomfortable.

She thinks, wrongly, that the people are not friendly. It is mainly, I believe, that most of them have never seen anybody like her and do not quite know how to deal with her. Certain of them, I learn, are saying I have married a model. She has, however, charmed Lillian Burnham, an old friend of the family, to whom my mother, through all her later life, continued to send magazines. She lives on Leyden Hill, with her large herd of cows in the pastures below, and has managed her farm, with a boy to help, all the years since her husband's death. As a special mark of favor to Elena, whom she had invited to tea, she confided a family recipe, which was not to be divulged even to me. She gave Elena chocolate cake with a particularly thick rich icing which had been made by a special method supposed to be known only to Lillian's deceased sister-in-law. The sister-in-law had always promised to pass it on to Lillian before she died, but on her deathbed, after bringing up the subject, she announced that she had

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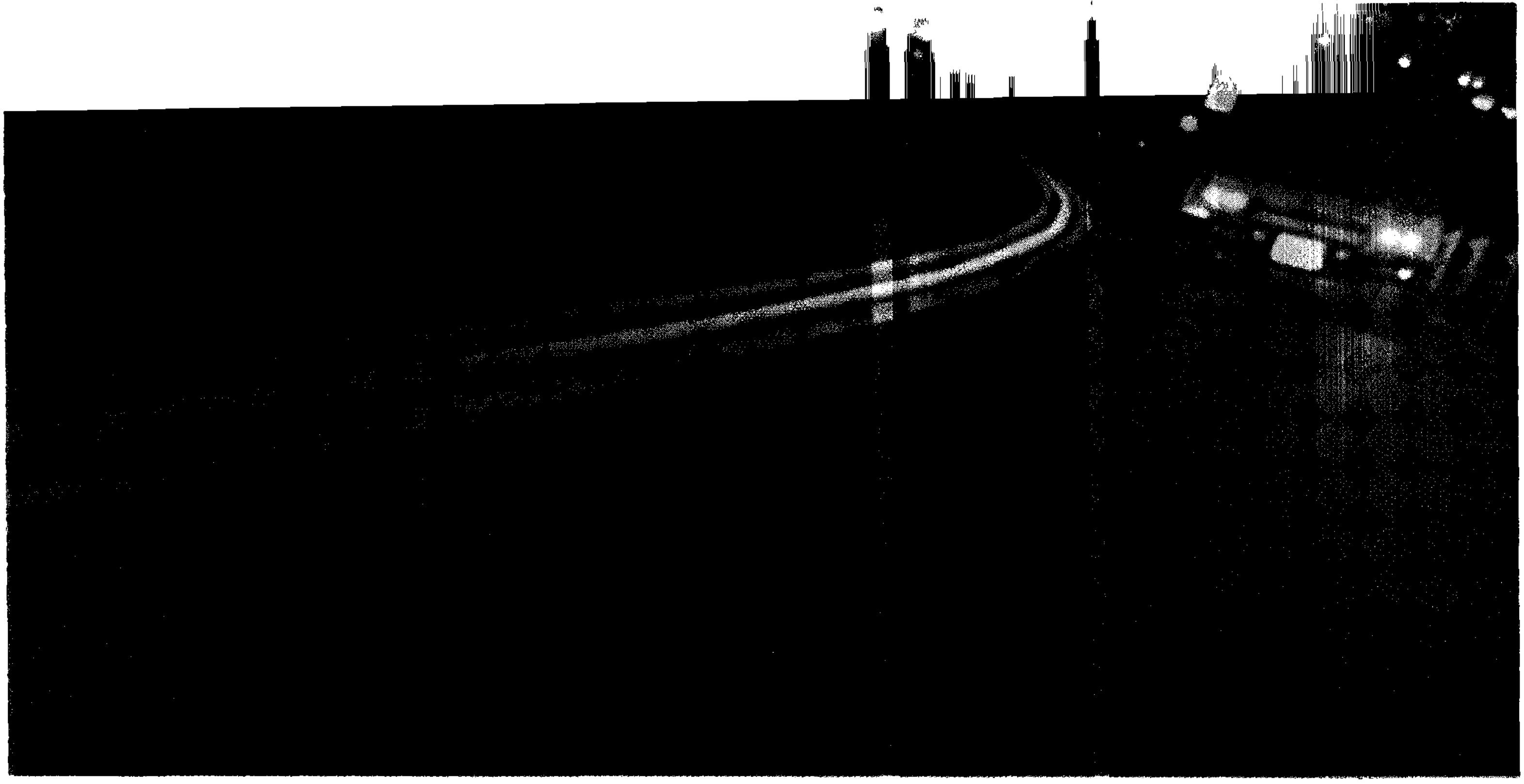

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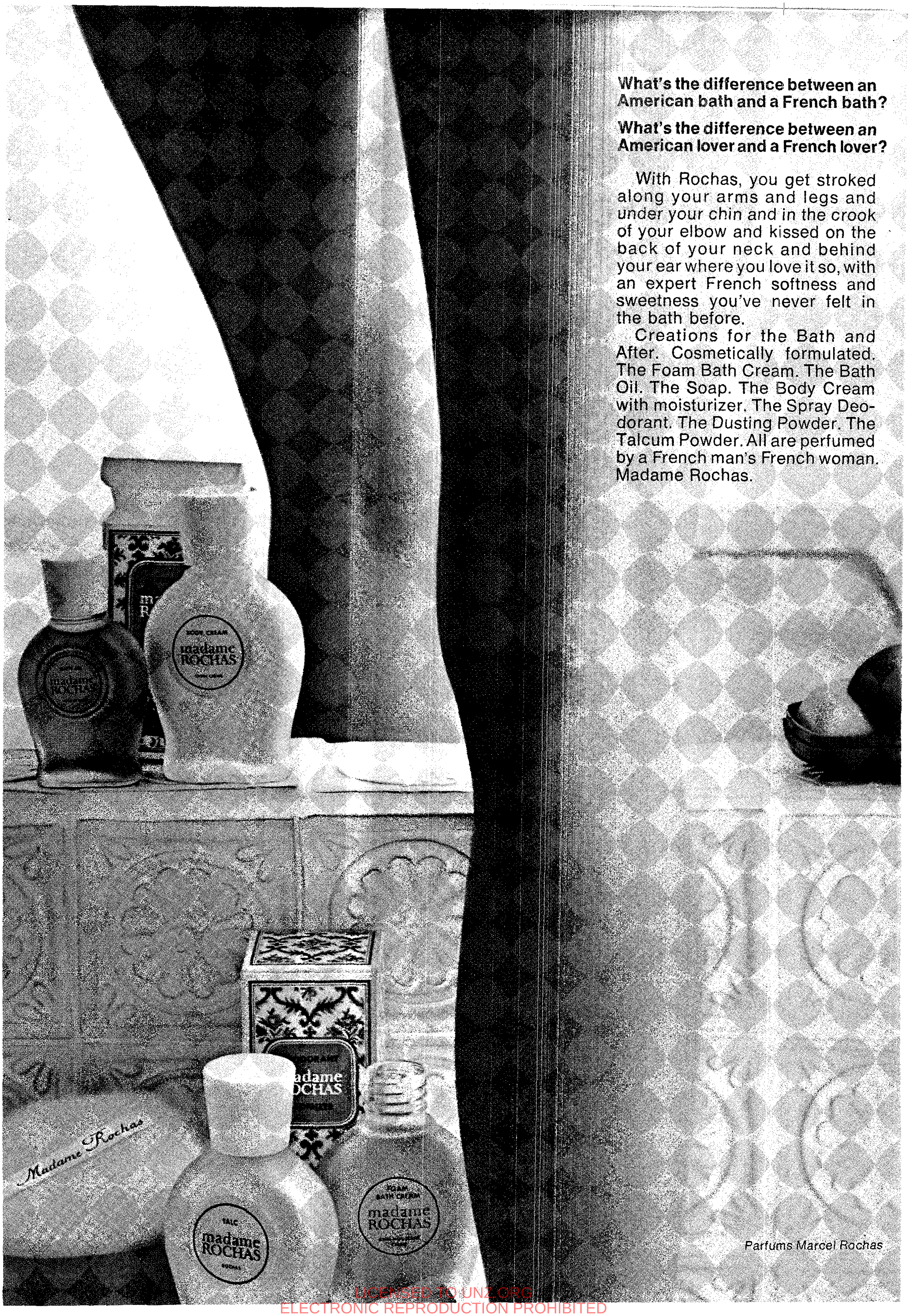
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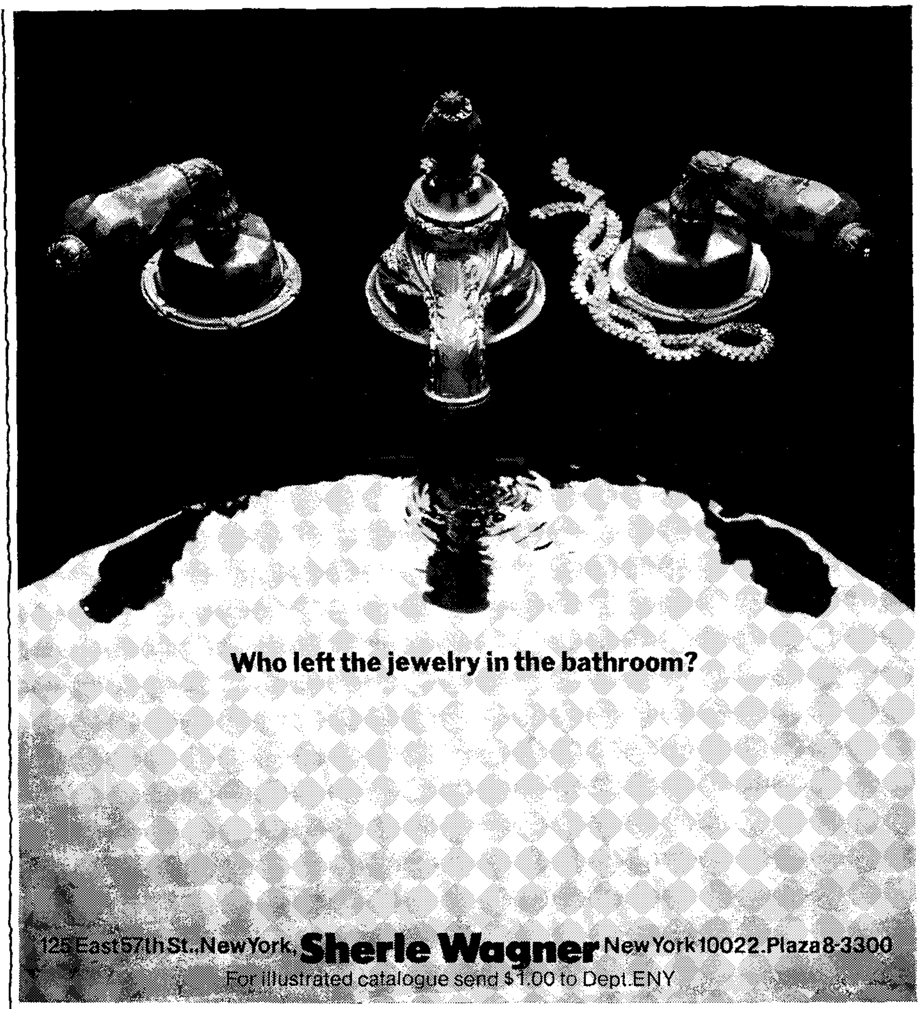
changed her mind—"No, I'm not going to tell ye!"—and died. After her death, Mrs. Burnham had somehow found out for herself. The Loomises had tried to get her to tell them the secret, but she had always refused. "Don't make it here," she admonished Elena. "Just make it in Massachusetts." Eventually, Elena betrayed the secret to me. It was simply that Lillian's sister-in-law had used condensed milk—the very last thing, in that dairy country, that any housewife would ever have been able to guess.

I FEEL this summer, as I did not last year, that I have really moved into this house, that I have to some degree taken possession of it. I fill it with myself and my family. My own work and my own mind now occupy the big room where Aunt Lin used so grandly to receive and where first Cousin Grace Reed and then my mother used to sit in front of the fire. I remember reading Michelet there in one of the not very comfortable chairs in the tightening end of summer, and I now throne it there in the corner, with a window on either side, in the overstuffed armchair from Red Bank, with the Hebrew Bible propped up on a card table. On another are my notebooks and typewriter; I handle my correspondence at the desk and pass comfortably from one chair to the other. I have partly dispelled the past; the house has now entered on a distinctly new phase since the Talcotts, the Bakers, the Reeds, Uncle Tom and Aunt Nellie, my parents. Though the southwest bedroom has been done over in yellow and does not look as gruesome as it did last year, I still have to struggle, when I sleep there—as Reuel says he did, too; Elena says it gives her the creeps—against a certain oppression: it is the room where Cousin Bessie died and in which my father slept when he had already developed pneumonia before he came home to Red Bank and died there. I had a very bad dream here after reading Barrett Wendell's book on Cotton Mather in an effort to make connections with the Mather end of the family. This bed, with the carving of Columbus on the headboard, does not come from a good period: ill-proportioned and of a too light, not well-seasoned wood. I much prefer, I feel perfectly at home in, the mahogany fourposters of the earlier times. The bed in which Huldah Kimball died, in which Huldah Loomis now sleeps, seems admirable today and quite practical for modern life, when these later pieces look antiquated, suggest visions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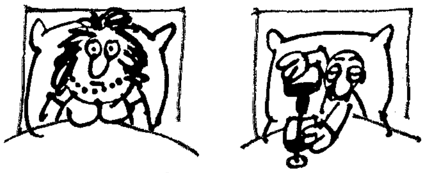
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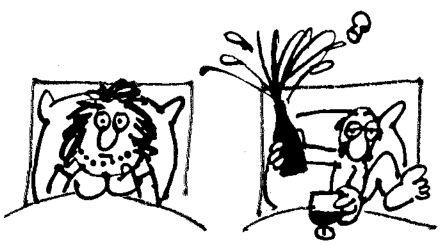
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HELEN at Talcottville: "Little girls like lemon drops, and fathers understand because they like lemon drops, too. But mothers resist lemon drops."

At Flat Rock, paddling and sitting around in the shallow water: "Oh, this is so enjoyable!"

1954

JULY 7TH-13TH: I arrived July 7th. Though at the time I left Wellfleet both Elena and I had been in bad states of mind about my going away, and though I had done a good deal of drinking at Zoltán Haraszti's the night before I left Boston, as soon as I started out with Bill Peck, driving to Talcottville, my head became thronged with ideas for books. The summer visitors to Wellfleet are at once frustrating and tempting. In coming over here I shake off a kind of entanglement.

This year in Talcottville I have hardly been aware of the past, which *used to come down on me so, so surround* me as soon as I arrived in the house. It was probably that I was so much preoccupied with the second of my Hebraic articles, which I finished here, writing steadily morning, afternoon, and night, Mrs. McGuire bringing me meals, which I ate on the table on which I work. But it is also that I now feel I fill the house, that it has little relation to anyone but me. Last summer and the summer before, I had my cousins—Helen Augur and the Sharps—here, and felt that the place belonged partly to them. Also, getting the new screens put in and the obsolete wiring removed makes the place look fresher and cleaner, and it is possible thoroughly to air it. For the first time, nothing smells musty. And having the good-natured Mrs. McGuire to get meals and sweep the floors, the Linck boy to mow the grass and the Rice boy to get rid of the rubbish and bring the water from the spring (I had not had the well dug yet) makes living a good deal easier.

FERN met me at the Utica station. I am always impressed by the difference in her appearance in the cow barn, with her great rubber boots, and her attractiveness when she is well dressed. She was looking very smart in a dress she told me she had just bought: a gray upper part over a white, lightly flowered skirt. She has been wearing glasses this summer, and she now told me that she had had a blood clot last winter and had temporarily lost the sight of one eye. She had felt stunned at first, as if somebody had hit her over the head, and had then had such a headache for nine weeks that she had only kept going with codeine, but she had never for a moment stopped working. The doctor had thought that this blood clot must be a belated result of her fall when, two or three years ago, the winter wind had blown her off the rampart leading to the barn. She has also had a serious stomach operation. It is wonderful how she remains so vigorous and able to do so much.

Breakfast in the kitchen at the Munns' is a little like sitting in a bus terminal. Fern gives orders to all her boys either directly or on the telephone—where they are to go and what they are to do. Even her daughter, Ann, who lives in Stittville, calls her up. They are all very dependent on her.

She loves these children, always knows where they are, feels that she must always look after them. She and Otis were saying, on the way to The Antlers, where they took me for dinner, that they would soon meet the boys coming back from the woods, and in the midst of a conversation in the restaurant she was at once aware of it when they passed, one behind the other, in their trucks. Driving into Utica one morning, she said that we should soon meet her daughter going in to work in Boonville. If Fern is going somewhere and sees her little grandson, she picks him up in her gruff way and takes him along. She says that Otis, Jr., loses patience with the cows: if they won't let themselves be milked, he will smack them and shove them, and you can't do anything with them that way. She herself, in spite of her brusqueness, has a sound basis for good relations with both animals and people. Coming to our house just after I had arrived with two Persian kittens for Helen, she went straight to the kitchen to see them—"the tunnin' little things!" She held one during our conversation. So different from poor Helen Augur, who seems to have no real relations with anybody, and is always attempting to establish them or substitute for them by importuning people with *petits soins* or complaints to make them pay attention to her. Yet she is better, I think, than last summer. California has done her good, and she is pleased by the reviews of her book.

I HAVE now become fonder of those kittens than I had ever been of any cats, including Pussinka, Elena's rather peculiar Abyssinian cat, who has died since she was last up here with us. The kittens were six weeks old when I

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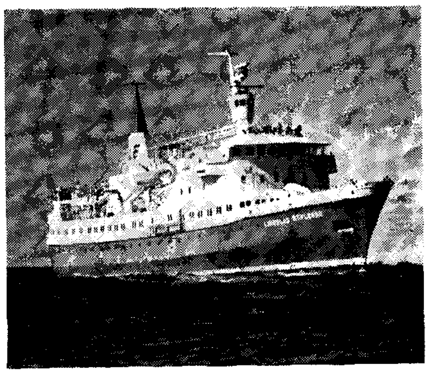

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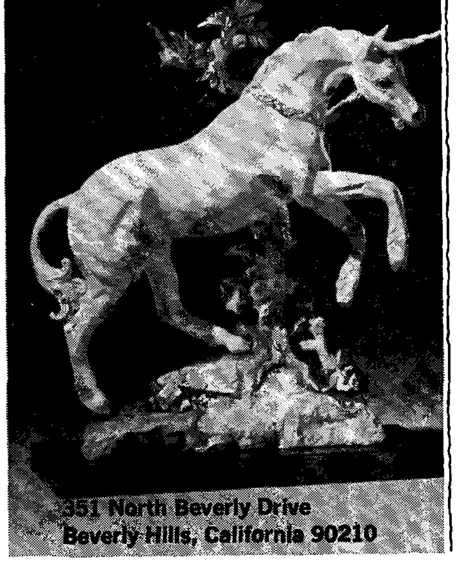

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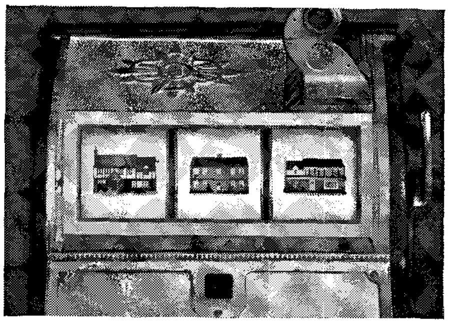
bought them—are supposed to be male and female, but I haven't yet been able to tell which is which. They seem fine and rather fragile, as if they were butterflies or moths. They have short little kitten tails. Their color is a café-au-lait, which verges, however, on orange, and their eyes, which seem rather weak, are now pale and bluish but will no doubt turn green. Their profiles seem flatter than most cats'. I was surprised that they were able to get up the stairs, bouncing lightly from step to step. When they arrived, a mouse—the first I remember to have seen here—came out from under the hat-rack, sized the situation up, and went back again. Unless I shut the door when I am working, they come in and crawl all over me and chew the things on my table. Sometimes one of them will go to sleep on the back of my chair and the other on the windowsill beside me. Yesterday morning, as I was reclining in the two-piece chair I just bought in Boonville, one of them lay on my chest, purring. Sometimes they scamper madly or roll one another around on the floor. Now that I come to think of it, I have never had kittens in the house before. In general, I don't really like cats, but I wanted to fill the place of Pussinka for Elena, and Helen has been yearning for a kitten. It is also a bait to bring them to Talcottville.

I FEEL at moments, when I'm living alone here, that it's all myself and nothing else—house, village, and Lewis County. I might get tired of the view from the door if I didn't feel that it was also mine—a part of my habitat, imagination, thought, personality. Of course, one can tire of these, but one cannot want to detach oneself from them any more than I want to do from the view.

1955

I ENJOY "galvanizing" this old house into life, as I feel I have at last been doing, making it express at last my own personality and interests, filling it with my own imagination, yet feeling a continuity with all the people who have lived here, basing myself in some sense on them; the older I grow, the more I appreciate them. Intellectually and geographically, I travel further from them, yet also now more fall back on them, probably become more like them; feel more comfortable and myself here, probably, than anywhere else in the world.

DREAMLIKE quality again: like the fairy tales—"Beauty and the Beast"—in which somebody lost in a



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forest comes upon a well-appointed castle, in which he is waited on by bodiless hands. Mrs. McGuire gets me meals and sweeps; Albert Grubel drives me; Jimmy Linck cuts the grass; Mrs. Failing does the laundry; Chet Rice attends to the electrical arrangements, and his boy, Eddie, brings water, burns the rubbish, and buries the garbage. They come and go, in and out of the house—I take them for granted and hardly think of them. Fred Reber, from Boonville—an old Swiss in his late eighties, who has been there as long as I can remember—mends the furniture, paints the hearths, and neatly reframes the pictures. The mail is brought to the box without my being bothered to pay extra postage then and there on second-class matter. A boy brings the Sunday papers. Mrs. McGuire gets groceries from the village store or supplies them from her own house.

ELENA, Helen, and, later, Reuel arrive. I was very glad when they came. I had been so constantly reading and writing about Israel and the Dead Sea scrolls that I had virtually, with no outside exercise and with only the kittens for companions, been living in Palestine, and there was nothing here—there's so much at Wellfleet—to interrupt or impede it. I had become hardly conscious of the countryside, and the very fine views from the windows had come to be like pictures hung on the walls. What was going on in my mind could expand in comfort and freedom, could take up as much room as it pleased. But at the end of three weeks of this I had begun to feel a little dotty.

Fourth of July: our champagne-punch party—I think a success. There was a wonderful full moon: coppery at first, then brightest white. After the guests had gone, I finished the punch, sitting out on the back porch and watching the moon set behind the big trees. I realized that Elena did not have much sense of the nobility and mystery of this country. She says that when she comes here from Wellfleet she feels at first as if she didn't exist. I reflected that the champagne which her Mumm family made was a part of her essential personality—she has a natural affinity with anything that at all resembles champagne: the Cape, with its dry, mild, exhilarating air; she is able to *champagnieren* at Wellfleet. She likes to make things delightful, not sharp, not full-bodied, not emphatic, not Dionysiac. The loneliness of this country, its grandeur, the effort and ordeal of the past that life up here implies, scares her a little and puts her

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off. She cannot imagine herself what she pronounces "a peeoneer woman," and is somewhat dismayed, I believe, by my interest in someone like Harriet Beecher Stowe. It is silly, because it is perfectly futile, to demand her appreciation of something so alien to her. The punch she made tonight was a masterpiece—so perfect in flavor, so cool, so smooth, so well tuned to promote the amenities, to put people pleasantly out of range of the commonplaces of life. In coolness and smoothness and color, it resembled this coppery phase of the moon, seemed in its way as perfect. The moon moving through the trees brings out a romantic wildness that I have never felt in America anywhere but here, and that I am always somewhat astonished still to find that I do feel.

STRANGE that the family, in its upstate connections, should now include mainly farmers, the Munns, who have largely lost their education; and rather "advanced" writers and academic figures, such as the Sharps, the Mendenhalls, Helen Augur, and myself. The financial-industrial element has disappeared: Jimmy Pitcher, the president of the Boonville bank; the manufacturing Harts of Utica. The Loomises and Lillian Burnham, though farmers, with tenants to run their farms, all went to college and sometimes taught school.

AUGUST 14TH:

—At morning and at evening,
those golden elms, those
golden fields
—The blue Adirondack hills, still
seeming unexplored
—Gray-silver above rain-sated
green hay
—The leaves on the maple in
front of the house already
turning orange-pink
—The crescent moon like jewel-
weed drooping in the sky

ELENA told me that Helen, walking on the beach at Wellfleet, had come out with the following rhyme:

Boys can have their bosoms bare,
But little girls they wouldn't dare.

Later, she announced the following:

Triumphant pages
Escort me through the ages.

I think she made these up herself.

ELENA has been getting on somewhat better. She has installed an electric stove instead of the old iron one that had to be stoked with coal, and she has done over the dining room and the smaller sitting room. I had sent some furniture to be re-covered, and the "mohair" of the samples I chose turned out to be simply red plush. She was horrified by it at first, but then discovered that the darker pieces, which had a gooseflesh-making sheen in the light of the living room, looked all right in the duller dining room. It has proved to be a good thing to eliminate my mother's figured wallpaper, which completely killed the pictures. To our surprise, the old oval landscapes looked for the first time quite handsome. The blue skies came out attractively against the new gray of the walls. Elena, also, likes the Sharps, and we have seen something of the Walter Edmondses. They arranged to have us meet, at their house, Constance Robertson, the granddaughter of John Humphrey Noyes, the founder of the Oneida Community, and the Edward Roots, of Hamilton College. He is the son of Elihu Root.

CONTRAST between rough river stones of pavements, scratched and pitted in prehistoric times, and the well-knit house, with its gratuitous elegance of front door and fireplaces—human art in the selection of view and the designing of windows to frame it. My tendency is to feel that the view is a series of pictures and panels actually planned by the builder.

AUGUST 17TH:

I saw the orange-spangled pane;
The orange filigree shows white;
Chairs, bedposts, pictures now
appear.
The daytime room grows real
from night.

—The vines on the stone barn
door make a wreath of
shadows in the moonlight
—This house the old backlog of
all our family
—Those old half-opened doors—
standing ajar with their
doorknob eyes

These last two notes were made on whiskey. After going to bed early on several whiskeys, I woke up to see the white carved fireplace shining in the moonlit room. I had dreamed so many times for so many years of coming back to this house and entering into possession; but in these dreams I seemed to be coming here only on a visit, had to go away again—always found things, in the dream, in disappointingly bad condition, sometimes had to drive away local people who had come in and were sitting around. But this summer, when we have got things in better shape and I do not feel that the people who have lived here are still present and crowding me out, I have had, at this moment of waking up and looking at the fireplace, the feeling—I think unique in my life—of a dream having literally come true, and so being now satisfactory, as a real dream could not be. I felt such joy that I could not help getting up, drinking more whiskey, and walking around the house, delighted with everything about it. Of course, I was the worse for it the following morning, but I did not really regret it.

AUGUST 20TH: Went with Otis and Fern to the Lowville Fair in the evening. I was somehow touched and impressed. Fern, the day before, had been kicked by a cow in the back, and she found it uncomfortable to get around. When she had come to see me after work in the afternoon, she had at first thought she wasn't up to going at all, then decided she might as well. Her face looks so heavy and plain at times, so full of warmth and charm at others. They examined the farm machines, admiring the biggest ones. We gambled away some nickels on the glassware table, where the coins skim right out of the dishes, so that there is no chance of winning anything except—as I once did—a tumbler, out of which the coins are not so likely to bounce. In the cattle tent, Fern patted all the cattle she liked. She gently prodded a Brown Swiss with her foot and made her get up, in order to admire her straight back and square build. At the end of the tent was an enormous black bull, for which the owner had paid five thousand dollars. She patted him on the haunch. We stopped to have hot dogs and iced tea, and then went into the grandstand to see the drum-corps competition. First there was a corps from Mexico, New York, who were rather overanxious and strained; they would force themselves and hit false notes. Then a Canadian corps from Kingston: very military in khaki—no drum majorette, but a male leader with a long staff, who marched with a strong and true beat but was soldierly to the point of burlesque, jerkily sawing the air with his arms, from time to time standing his men at attention and exhibitionistically saluting an officer, whom he proceeded to the front to meet. These were much applauded. Fern, on a narrow seat in the bleachers, had no back to lean against, so I thought we had better go. As we left, I saw the big swing that turns you upside down, slowly whirl-

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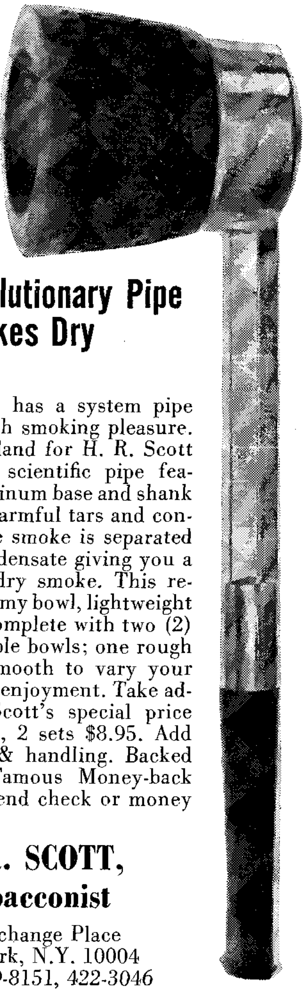

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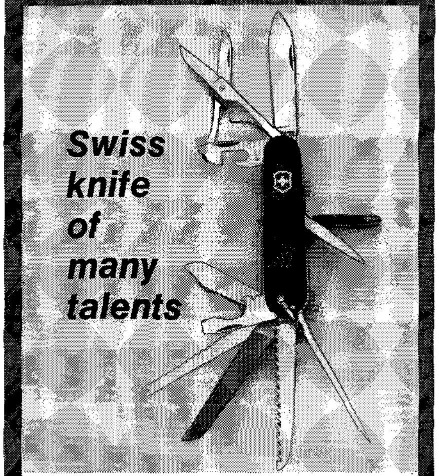

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ing its blunt-ended, bright-lighted spokes against the dark upstate sky, and there seemed to me something grand and wild about even this transient amusement park: the fun that the people were having beneath the immense, sombre heaven in the mountain-horizoned countryside, a gaiety which, though hearty, was lonely but contrasted with their rural lives. Some, they told me, went every night. Just before leaving, Fern bought some taffy—which they were making hot in the booth and which had a delicious smell—to take home to her little grandchildren.

I had gone into a show of wild animals in cages. A fine horned owl—it must have been a young one, since Walter Edmonds tells me that they may reach a wingspread of six feet, and this one was nowhere near that size: great yellow eyes that looked as if they were made of glass. It ruffled up, put its head down, and glared when a dog came near the cage, and when you got on one side of it, it would turn round its head, and if you kept on around it, it would snap its head back and keep following you in the way that has sometimes made boys believe that it could actually revolve its head and that led them to keep on walking around it, expecting to see it wring its own neck. Walter told me that his guinea fowl had begun disappearing, one by one. He would find some feathers and a piece of the windpipe. He had seen a flock of crows which behaved as if they were after an owl. Presently, he found a nest from which a great horned owl peered down at him. He shot it, and the mate disappeared. It kills its prey by attacking the windpipe. He told me about another owl—wounded, I think, in the wing—which tried to attack the hunter, running down a snow slope with outstretched wings, brave as an eagle. There is something impressive about the horned owl. There was also a wildcat in a cage at the fair: large paws, black hairs at the tips of its ears. I scrutinized it for several minutes, and this seemed to make it uneasy. Its short tail writhed—I hadn't known how flexible and mobile this was. At last, it faced me and made as if to snarl; then, apparently realizing it was helpless, it walked to the other end of the cage. "And you felt embarrassed," said Walter, when I told him about this. He was right. [Rosalind refused, in a later summer, to go in with me to one of these animal shows.] There was also a red fox, curled up but attentive to everything. I find foxes, in their sharpness and slyness, attractive. It reminded me of the fox cub that I tried to buy, at the end of the

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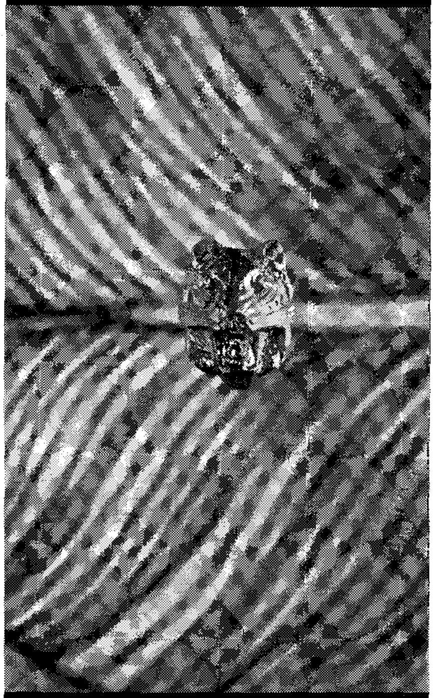

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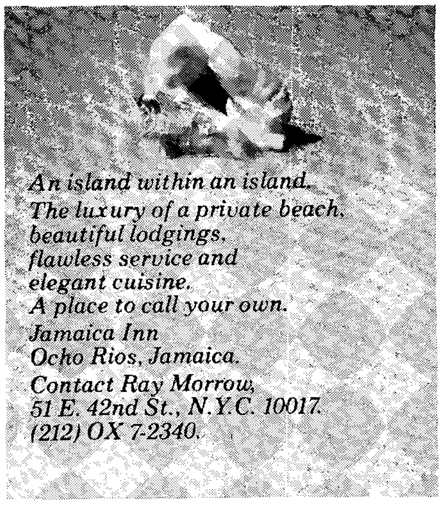

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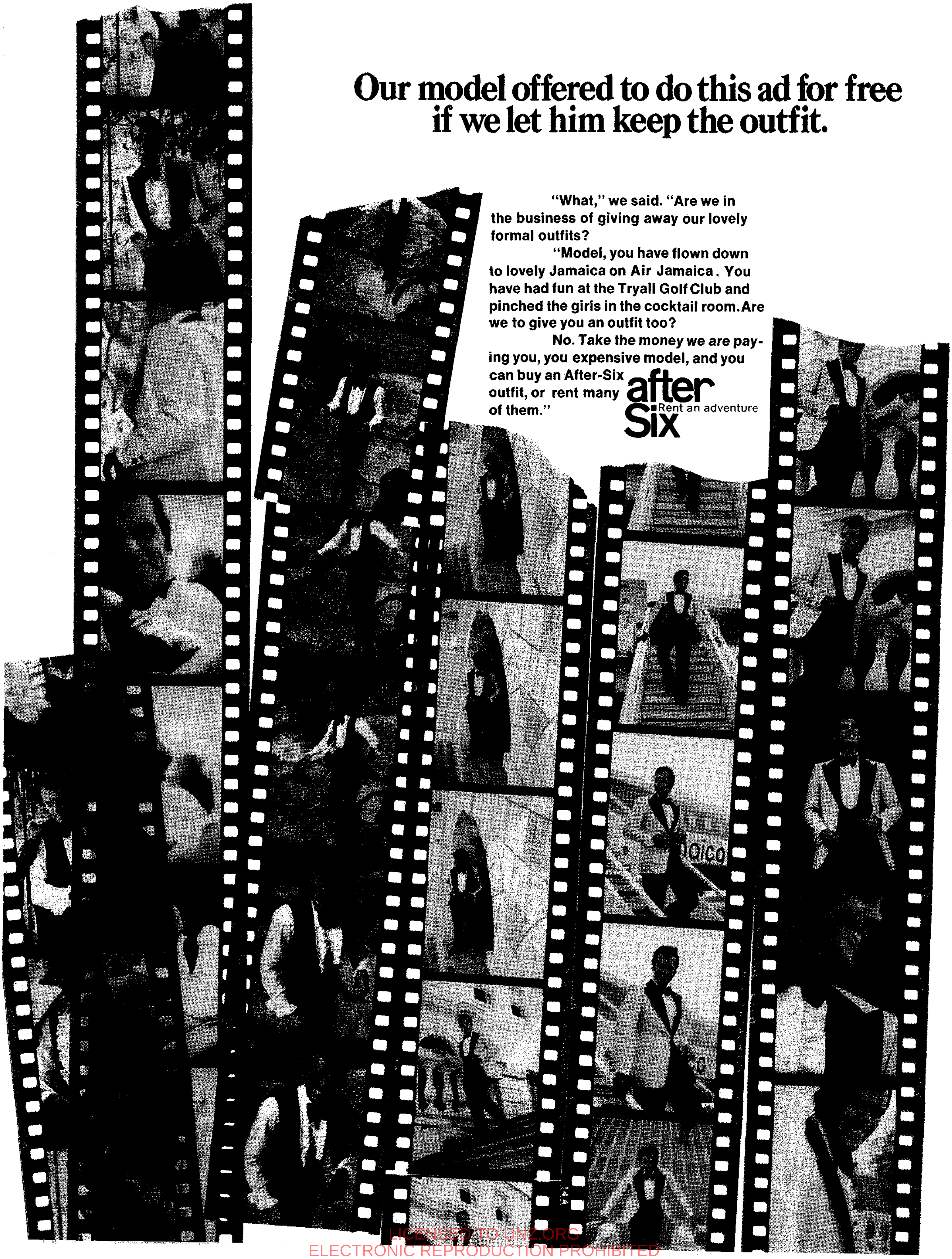

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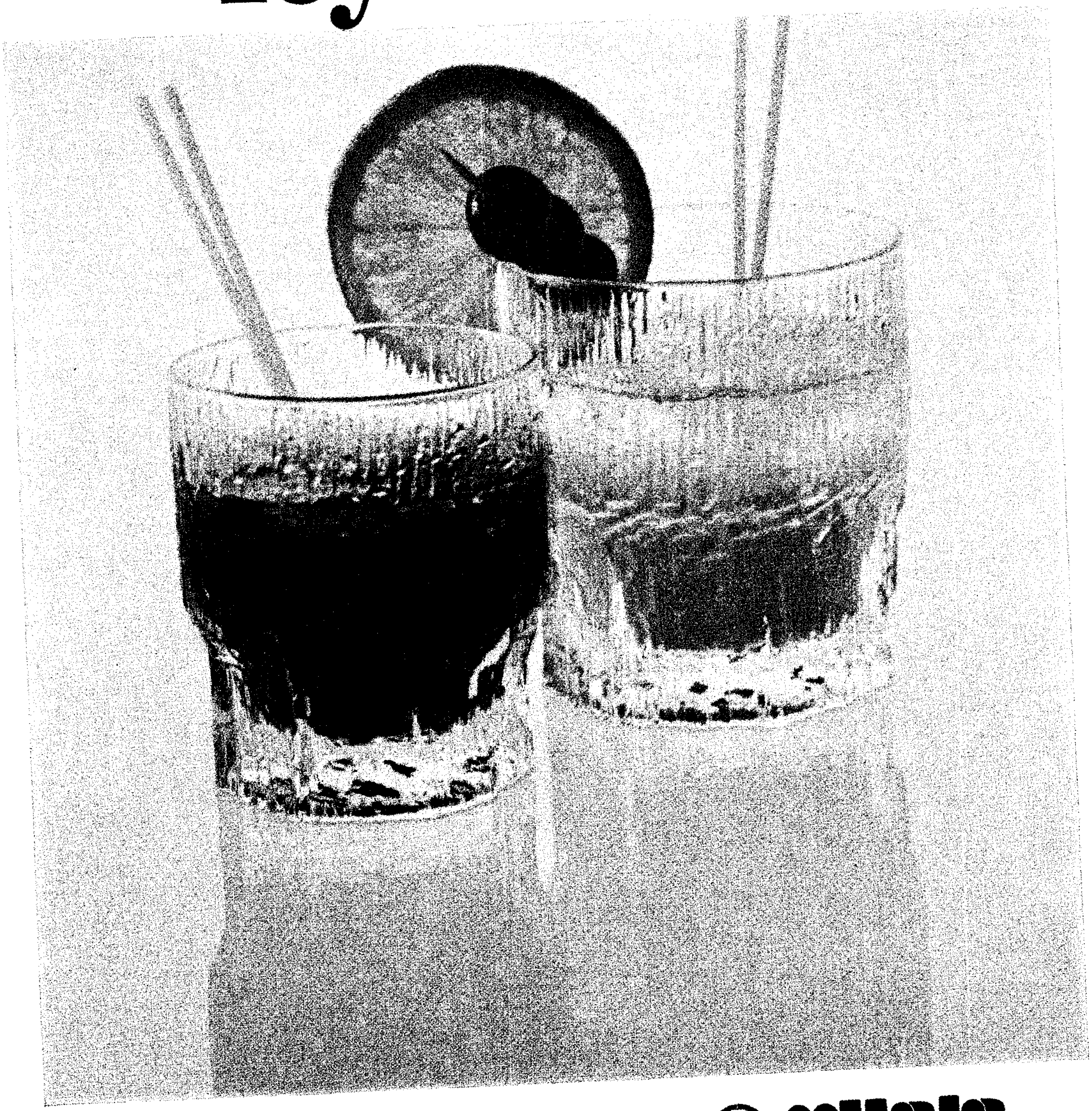

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First War, from a Negro soldier at Brest. He agreed at first, but when I came back to get it he said that he had changed his mind and couldn't bring himself to part with it.

I COME to feel, when I have been here for any length of time, the *limited* character of upstate New York. It does not go back very far into the past and it does not come very far forward into the present. A phase of American life is preserved here and is still flourishing, and yet there is still about the better-class life a sort of cold-storage quality. The people have been nice here and decent, more amiable and outgoing than they are in New England, serious-minded and moderately cultivated, but there is no great liveliness of interchange, no density of the "spiritual" life. Religion now hardly exists.

WALTER EDMONDS' pretty, blue-eyed wife comes from Bangor, Maine, and says that her upstate-New-Yorkness is merely a kind of veneer, that she cannot remain unaware of the fact that there are other beautiful parts of the world. Walter says that he is completely "unreliable" about it—as, indeed, am I. Elena still obstinately refuses to admit that it is a nice day or that the landscape or the sky is fine. One day, coming out of the Loomises', she said to me, "You see what I mean?" It turned out that she was referring to her having already said to me that you expected to breathe fresh air and then you got the smell of cows—a novel point of view for anyone up here, for whom the smell of cows is fragrant. The children cannot help but be affected by her negative attitude. Reuel looked in on a couple of square dances, went on a bicycle trip to Canada, in the course of which he had what he thought was rather a sinister encounter with an Indian on a reservation, then decided that he wanted to go back to Wellfleet. Helen, dictating a letter, wanted to say it was "very dull here;" when I remonstrated with her a little, she said, "Well, make it *dullish*."

It is true that the high altitude and the breathlessness and heaviness of the midsummer days do let Elena down and make her languid. She complains that she feels as if she could not breathe. Such weather merely makes me sleepy. She thinks, perhaps rightly, that in Wellfleet, with its sea air, I am overstimulated and that Talcottville keeps me down to a point where I am steady and comfortable. She depends very much on having people like her, and now she feels that they do. The first summers that we came up here, we had given a couple of over-all parties, to which I invited everyone I knew, including all my Munn cousins. I wanted to take stock of my family and connections. On one occasion, Elena flew up from Wellfleet carrying a huge cooked salmon; on another, she made with chicken a big Russian *kulebyaka*.

ELENA and Helen went back September 3rd, and I am staying on till the ninth or tenth. I find it for a while delightful living here by myself. I understand that it is dull for the children. At Reuel's age, although as a younger child I had been so happy here, I did not want anymore to come to Talcottville at all; like him, I was meeting new people, visiting in livelier places. But now, at my present age, when my principal aim is to write, it is an ideal place to retire to. I have been sitting out on the lawn in the afternoons, giving the kittens an outing, reading a little, looking out on the country, watching the repairs on the house, and enjoying the changes in the weather—some days soft, warm, and dry, others on the verge of rain. I never get over feeling how curious and piquant it is to find a house so commodious and comfortable, designed with so much taste, even elegance, in the midst of what was once a wilderness and where now one looks out on a farmland that—with the blue Adirondacks in the distance—still merges with wild forests and hills. I also like having the life of the village going on around me—even when, last May, I was working on the front porch—though sometimes I wish the road still ran as it originally is said to have done, just over the slope in front of the house, where a line of trees still marks it.

A few days ago, from my bed, I looked out into a kind of great grotto of green made by our two high elms and watched the yellow leaves falling into it, at intervals, one by one. Today (September 8th) the trees have become so thinned that the cavern hardly exists, and in front of the house the maple has been coming out in patches of orange-pink that first flared and are now fading. The lawn, which a few days ago was cleared up by Jim Linck, is now covered with leaves again. I should like to stay another week, but must go back on account of Reuel, who has to return to school on the eighteenth.

I HAVE read this summer in Talcottville: the Book of Ruth, in Hebrew, which sounds somewhat different than

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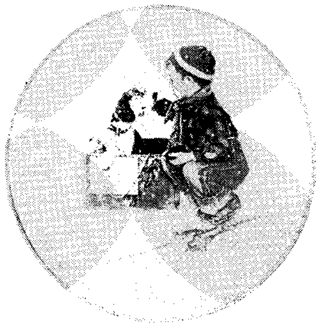

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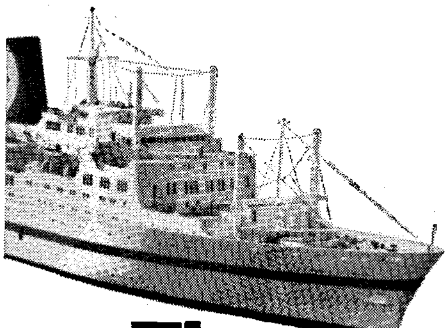

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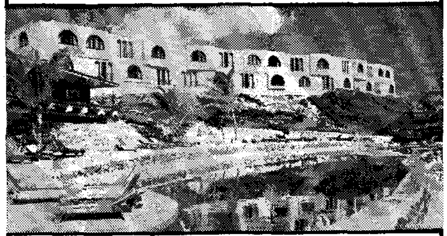

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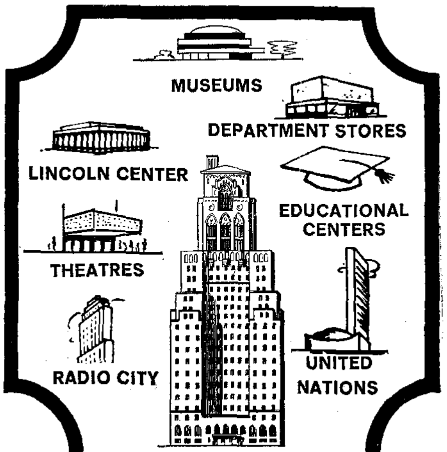
it does in English (the famous "whither thou goest, I will go" passage seems plainer and less eloquent than it does in the King James Version, because Hebrew was the language that was spoken at the time that it was written, whereas the language of the English translation has the poetic character of the seventeenth century); Barrett Wendell's biography of Cotton Mather (which gave me nightmares); Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Lady Byron Vindicated;" Aldous Huxley's "The Genius and the Goddess;" Peyrefitte's "Les Clés de Saint-Pierre" (which the Gallican Church, I understand, paid him to write against the Roman Church as fundamentally an Italian institution; it is a snide performance, like all his books, and you can't tell how much is reliably informative and how much is malicious fiction); M. L. Clarke's "Richard Porson;" Faith Compton Mackenzie's "As Much As I Dare;" Siegfried Trebitsch's "Chronicle of a Life" (mainly the parts about Shaw); Chapman-Huston's "Bavarian Fantasy" (skimmed—about Mad Ludwig); Turgenev's "Nest of the Gentlefolk;" Gorky's "Lower Depths;" went through "Brokenburn" and "Heroines of Dixie" for my chapter on the Southern ladies; went through new books and papers on the Dead Sea scrolls; read "The Abominable Snowman," by Ralph Izzard; "The Loved and the Lost," by Morley Callaghan (he had given us this when we saw him in Toronto; Elena read it first and thought that I ought to read it: this was my discovery of Callaghan); Maxim Litvinov's "Notes for a Journal;" Zhitova's "The Turgenev Family" (one didn't know then that she was actually Turgenev's half-sister, the illegitimate daughter of Turgenev's mother and the Dr. Behrs who was Tolstoy's father-in-law).

I read Helen "Juan and Juanita," an old serial in *St. Nicholas* of 1887, which I had loved to have read to me at the Collinses'. Helen greatly enjoyed it, too. We have read to her, also, the volume of Andersen's fairy tales, which Aunt Laura used to read to me under the big tree in the field opposite the Collins house.

1956

MAY 21ST: Strange to see the landscape so denuded. The view clear to Sugar River and even to the barns on the other side; the feather-duster elms only broomsticks beginning to fledge yellowish leaves. I found a little green-and-brown bird, not yet quite able to fly, hopping across the pavement, and a hummingbird who



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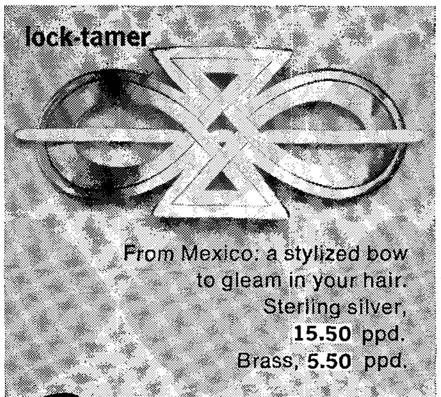

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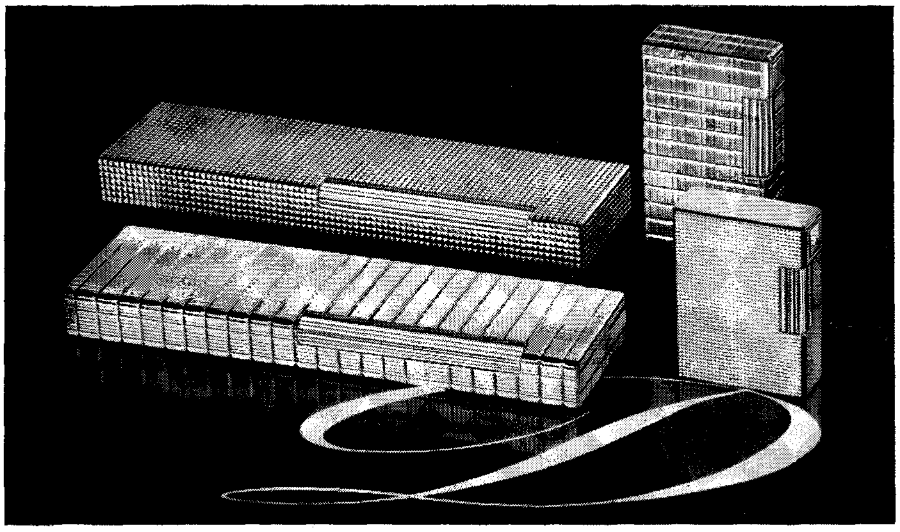
came to the bushes in front must have got very slim pickings. It was so cold in my big room this morning that I took my card table out on the porch, where it was comfortably warm in the sun, and wrote on "A Piece of My Mind," with the birds and the village people going about their business around me—we say hello and comment on the weather—and the meadow in front of the house and the newly plowed patch for a garden giving me the piquant sensation (which I always enjoy so much up here) of living elegantly on a moderate eminence among the fields and the forests. Orioles and redwing blackbirds. Then, about noon, it clouded over, grew chill, and I came back in, built a fire and simultaneously made myself some soup, and went on writing all afternoon. Then it grew warm again, as I found when I went outside. It excites me to see this country in transition from its long, naked coldness of winter to the rich and bright foliage of summer. The few buildings—Carrie Trennam's house and mine—seem more solitary, sprinkled on the hills. How the snow and winter winds must sweep them!

THE house seems all mine now—I know it well and simply come in and find everything in its place. In this big room, when I sat yesterday in front of the fire, the memory of how in the evenings I used to sit here with my mother seems already of something very far in the past. I no longer have any sad or gloomy feeling about the room in which Cousin Bessie died and in which my father slept just before he went back to Red Bank to die. I do, however, seem to myself here a little more than elsewhere like Great-Grandfather Baker—which in some way I rather enjoy. Everybody so much more good-natured, and I feel so much more at home than with those closed-in New Englanders of Wellfleet. A square bed of daffodils and narcissi—somewhat clogged with dead leaves—behind the house, that I had never seen blooming before. Very quiet now, no traffic, children all at school. Also, easier to get people to do things before they begin their haying. Laurence Kraeger, whose brown-and-white bitch is terribly jealous of the tractor and won't let anybody go near it, is clearing out the lot across the road, which will please Dorothy Mendenhall—she was complaining that the view was obscured—and Carrie Trennam on account of the snakes there (she calls them adders and insists on killing them—though I have learned that the



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snakes here are harmless except for a very rare rattler). She is planting her own showy garden and has kindly put flowers in the stone bowls and boxes that line my stone porch. Billy Crofoot, after school and on holidays, comes to pick up and mow my lawn. I like to feel this activity around me, to visit the people from time to time. I also like the companionship of the birds: since the trees are so leafless now, one can see exactly what they are doing. There is an oriole's gray, bag-like nest hanging on one of the branches just in front of the porch. The male has real style and a smart way of flying—very sure, twinkling movements of the wings. He will sit on a twig making a chirring sound; then he will visit the nest and give cooing noises that sound full of affection. But there is also a much less attractive bird—I don't know whether a starling or a grackle—who has a nest in a hole in the wall of the house. I see him bringing large bugs to his brood. He makes a harsh, buzzing noise, and his way of flying is vulgar compared to the orioles'.

TORRENTIAL rains with thunder at night. A night and day, with wind, rain, and cold, seemed almost exactly like autumn. One feature of the climate up here is the rapidity with which it changes: it may go through several phases in a day.

ALBERT GRUBEL, from across the street, the retired German farmer who drives me to town, said, "I guess there'll be quite a few killed tomorrow!" Tomorrow is Memorial Day. He often talks about people's accidents, and they do have some very bad ones up here.

JUNE 7TH: I have never before seen the deep-purple lilac bush blooming at the northeast corner. It reaches to my bedroom window.

READING this summer:

Turgenev—"The Inn."

Jean Genet—"Pompes Funèbres," a work of genius, much better than Sartre, but though Genet makes homosexuality more attractive than either Proust or Gide, to read about it at length gives an impression of futility and silliness—which, as in this case, they try to offset by deliberate brutality and dirtiness.

Mirsky—"A History of Russia" (seventy-seven pages).

Norman Douglas—"Alone." This is the least attractive of those of his travel books I have read. He is usually agreeable enough to read, but I don't think there is much in him. His science is that of a dilettante, and he does not have any idea of what is going on in the modern world. Too much of this book is complaint about not being able to get good wine or the right kind of macaroni. He doesn't even care much about literature—was not, I should say, very widely read. How could he have spent some time in the embassy in Russia and learned Russian as well as he apparently did without, so far as one can tell, having read Russian literature? I have yet to find a single reference to any Russian writer. As for his learning, he has many odds and ends of out-of-the-way information. The problems of archeology that he investigates are mainly trivial. Nor does he ever make his personal life interesting. Except in one instance in his book, about his accumulation of calling cards, any incident concerned with his personal relations is made to take place offstage. He was obviously very narcissistic, adored himself as a boy—see the picture of him looking at his youthful bust—and it must have been himself as a youth that made him adore his boyfriends. He had had money and no parents to advise him or pull him up, and he was totally independent. His books are full of petty sadisms, especially in regard to animals. He has tried to offset this tendency occasionally by making a show of kindness, as in the pamphlet in which he explains how much more humane than D. H. Lawrence he had been in his dealings with Maurice Magnus. Though Douglas's admirers and sometimes he himself like to emphasize his masculinity, there is something about him rather old-womanish. He is always fussing about something. He is always accusing people of being disagreeable, yet he does not give the impression of being particularly agreeable himself. What is most admirable about him is that he is not afraid to be himself.

Donald Elder's biography of Ring Lardner: It is depressing to read about Lardner—so unsatisfied as a writer and actually so inadequately equipped. It is the satirical and fantastic side that is original and diverting, but even his queer imagination is rather two-dimensional, as his physical appearance seemed incomplete—as if his half-Indianlike profile had been cut out of cardboard. A good deal of life he didn't understand—politics, etc. Was he really interested in anything? Not baseball or any other sport. He had begun by writing about baseball, but the baseball players in his stories are either neurotics or idiots. I remember one day at his house—I had gone to visit the Fitzgeralds—when he read out to us the rules of the golf club in such a way as to make them, in their formal solemnity, seem absolutely ridiculous. Yet part of him was perfectly banal. He made a determined effort to live up to his suburban obligations to his family and the life he had chosen, or, rather, perhaps half fallen into. But this bored him, and he had no real aspiration to do anything different from this. When Scott persuaded Ring to let him get together a book of short stories, he turned out to have no copies of these, and Scott had to look them up in magazines.

Charles Angoff—"H. L. Mencken." It gives you all that was coarsest and most brutal in Mencken. Angoff at one time worked with him in the *American Mercury* office, and Mencken, conscious, no doubt, of the young man's disapproval, tried to shock him and pull his leg. Though Angoff does write about Mencken with a certain amount of admiration, the effect is very much like J.-J. Brousson's memoirs of Anatole France. Such older men have a way of playing up to their young secretaries by horrifying them and boasting of their sexual exploits. On the other hand, it is not much to the credit of either Brousson or Angoff that they elicited from the Master only such low-grade observations. Anatole France sounds entirely different when he is talking to Ségur, for example, and Ruth Jencks, who saw Mencken often—her father, Raymond Pearl, of Johns Hopkins, was a close friend of his—found Angoff's book quite objectionable. She had never seen that side of Mencken. You had quite a different impression of him, she says, if you ever saw him playing Beethoven at their Sunday-evening concerts. He would shout with exultation when they had finished a symphony. Angoff does admit that he was moved when Mencken talked about Schubert. I felt, after reading this book and Don Elder's book about Lardner, that the twenties had been a squalid period. Ruth Jencks agreed with me about this. She said that she had reacted against her parents—both from New England—with their newly liberated ideas, had felt that these had no longer any real moral basis. At the parties in Baltimore then, she said, she used to find herself, after the first few minutes, talking most of the time to Mencken's wife. They would be the only people who were still making sense.

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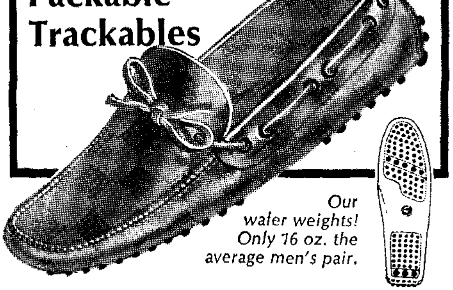
rates" and "The Devil's Own Dear Son." Not bad, but not of his best. The too familiar Cabell themes: the bad man who accepts conformity, settles down to a comfortable, unexciting marriage—recurring phenomenon of the split personality, with the real half leading a commonplace life while the other half lives in a dream.

Went through "The Meaning of the Dead Sea Scrolls," by A. Powell Davies (the Unitarians are thoroughly enjoying this controversy), and "The Qumrân Community," by Charles T. Fritsch, under whom I studied beginner's Hebrew at Princeton; "Dublin's Joyce," by Hugh Kenner, a "Joyce" by Marvin Magalaner, and one by Richard M. Kain, on which I did *New Yorker* notes.

George Scott—"Time and Place." Read a good deal of this without expecting to when I picked it up—the point of view of a lower-middle-class Englishman, very young at the time of the war, given a taste of Oxford, where he was partly made to feel himself an outsider but got something from David Cecil; now regards himself as a rebel but tried to go along with the Tories till he found they were doing nothing more serious than attempting to perpetuate the old order. He corresponds in some ways to Kingsley Amis, whose horseplay, however, he rather deplores.

Angus Wilson—"Anglo-Saxon Attitudes." His best book up to date, but I don't quite believe in his middle-aged heroes who get themselves muddled up and then make a moral effort to straighten themselves out. The characters seem more plausibly human and more subtly imagined psychologically in the first part of this book than in "Hemlock and After," but later—when the Dance of Death begins—the catastrophes and the nasty scenes slip back into his purely satirical vein, which tends to be somewhat fantastic, and the characters no longer seem real. [He afterward wrote much better books. "The Middle Age of Mrs. Eliot" is too long and a bore, but "The Old Men at the Zoo," "Late Call," and "No Laughing Matter" are excellent.]

Anthony Powell—"A Question of Upbringing," "A Buyer's Market," and "The Acceptance World." The series which he calls "The Music of Time" is a kind of watered-down British Proust. The Proustian observations on human life are largely unsuccessful: the Latin of Proust's style in French sounds rather pompous in English, and Powell is not profound or poetic. These books are full of bad



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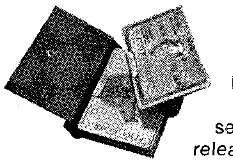

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writing, with instances of even bad grammar. What is good in them is the lightweight comedy that one finds in his earlier novels. One is astonished by the statements on one jacket—by Betjeman, Pritchett, and Elizabeth Bowen—which talk about the "beauty" of these books and the excellence of Powell's writing. (I nevertheless keep on reading this series—though I am usually unable to remember the characters, with the exception of Widmerpool, from one volume to another.)

Compton Mackenzie—"Thin Ice," a curious and rather unsuccessful book. He has attacked the subject of the pederast more seriously than in "Vestal Fires," but it is hard to know what his intention is. Is this a parable of the collapse of imperialism or a tract against the homosexuality laws? I imagine that the idea is that imperialism, like sodomy, is a sterile assertion of power, uncomfortable for the object. The friend who is telling the story, adoring and apprehensive—though he believes himself to be a liberal—is the passive obverse of the pederast.

I have been reading a few too many more or less light British novels lately—a holiday after finishing "A Piece of My Mind." They are beginning to blur: elderly pederasts in difficulties, careerists who ring false, nobility and gentry who are losing their grip, discontented and rather fast or bitchy wives, lower-class pansies and impudent spivs.

H. L. Mencken—"Minority Report." I have been trying to read this posthumous book of notes, but I doubt whether I'll ever get through it. Some of the paragraphs are effective—characteristically clear and crackling—but his ideas, stated badly, are very often quite stupid. It is only when he embroiders them, sets them to music, that, as Cabell says, one no more thinks to ask whether what he says is true than one asks whether a symphony is true.

I read Kingsley's "Water Babies" to Helen. It made upon me very much the same impression that it did when it was read to me in my childhood. The satire on the professor—which is both Rabelaisian and preachy—is as unassimilable to grownups as to children. The moralistic fairies that represent virtue, with their obvious, priggish names, are very annoying, too. The escape of the chimney sweep and his adventures with the water creatures are charming. These parts are a pleasure to read aloud, on account of the sound English rhythm and the vocabulary, made up almost exclusively of Anglo-Saxon words—no Latin derivatives ex-

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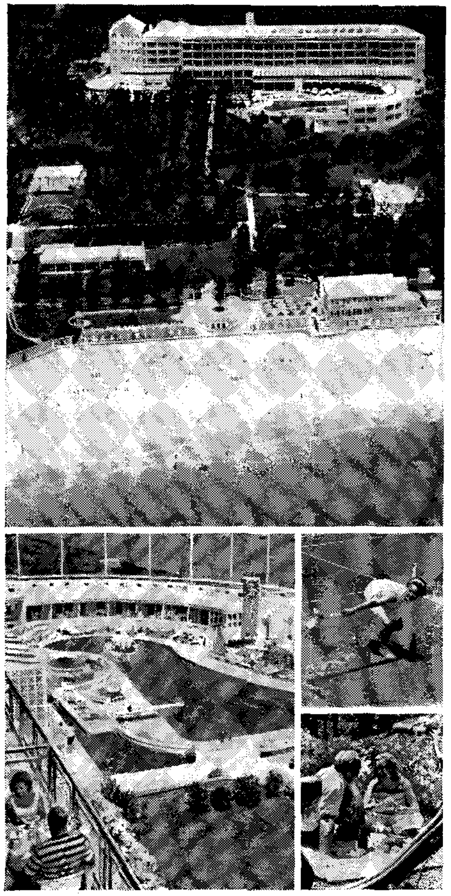

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cept such simple words as *interest.* Kingsley's Victorian moralizing prevents the book from belonging to the same class as Carroll and Lear.

John Allegro—"The Dead Sea Scrolls." So far, the best book on the subject in English. I am going to review it for the B.B.C. He needs to be defended against what he calls the Establishment. [I afterward had doubts about him, and the Establishment in connection with him was not always wrong.]

Jean Genet—"Querelle de Brest." Perhaps the best of his books that I have read. Masterly picture of Brest: sailors, doctors, shipyard workers. An elderly woman, as in "Pompes Funèbres," whom he likes to make more or less ridiculous. In "Notre Dame des Fleurs," you have the feminine homos, *les tantes;* Querelle is supposed to be ultra-masculine: well-muscled, audacious, and hard; he has committed a series of murders. The people he kills are invariably weaklings—the young sailor, the Armenian pansy; they seem to represent his own passive nature, which comes out, in spite of himself, in the episodes with the policeman and the brothel-keeper. As usual, the theme of betrayal—the point of this evidently is that it makes the heroes feel more alone; it is only in stripped solitude that they feel their strength. This is one of the aspects of Genet that make it possible to compare him, as Sartre does, to certain of the Christian saints: one has to denude oneself of all attachments. The episode of Gil being hidden away in the abandoned *bagne* is very well done. It has a curious resemblance to the final episode of "Huckleberry Finn"—Tom Sawyer and Huck hiding and rescuing Nigger Jim. But Querelle, after going to a lot of trouble to enable Gil to escape, becomes enamored of the policeman and betrays Gil to the law. This side of Genet is rather hard to stomach.

Turgenev—"Two Friends." I find curious the distaste of a Russian friend of ours for what she calls Turgenev's stories of "provincial boys and girls in white organdie." This one, at the beginning, is perhaps a little dull when you have read a good many others, but I do not think that our friend has very much real literary sense. I have been reading Turgenev straight through, and, though I break off from time to time, have never lost my appetite for him. She evidently does not taste his quality, and she says that his criticisms of Russia are an old story to her. The truth is that people like her and like some other of our old-regime friends, not much enjoying literature for itself, do not want to read about Old Russia. They seem hardly to have read Turgenev or Chekhov. I think they feel that Chekhov is too lower-class, and sometimes they do not know that he was anything but the popular humorist who wrote "A Horsy Name," which, on account of the difficulty of translating its collection of possible horsy names for the doctor whose name cannot be remembered, is entirely unknown in English. What they like best is "War and Peace," realistically heroic and aristocratic. They rarely read "Resurrection," which gives such a depressing picture of the Russia of the Czar, in Tolstoy's era.

THE day before I leave: the morning is simply marvellous, with its light and its cool live air. Walking out on the road is to find oneself in an element almost like water flowing over the trees and the hills. Little clouds are drifting with it above the distant mountains.

Sorry to leave the old house after this satisfying period of reading and writing—when I have got it at last into such good shape after its having been shut up for so long a time.

WE sailed on July 20th for Europe, and I left Talcottville on the seventeenth.

1957

ARRIVED here May 17th, after my usual stopovers in Boston and Northampton. Bill Peck, from Wellfleet, drove me up. The first day the new state highway had been opened, and we had the first accident on it. Our right-front tire blew out, and Bill steered the car to the side of the road, where, fortunately, it stuck in the soft shoulder and did not go into the ditch. Three trucks stopped, one after the other: the first pulled us out with a chain, and the men from one of the others stepped in and energetically changed the tire, addressing Bill Peck as "Pop." He and I both tried to give them money, but none of them would take it. They said that we might help *them* out someday. I told Dan Aaron at Northampton about this, and he made the same sort of comment that I was about to make: that that was the kind of thing that made one feel better about America. I have been so depressed lately about this country that I forget that such friendliness exists.

It was a little less exciting than usual to come back to Talcottville this year. Every year the place is more familiar, and the arrangements I have made are more comfortable. It reminds me less of the past—I am not at all haunted as I was before. Only when I saw the narcissus and the little white bells in the bed by the front door did I feel it was touching and queer that these flowers of Aunt Lin's should persist, should have gone on blooming among the weeds and the seedlings from the trees—which I thoroughly cleared out last year—for years when there was no one here, and I had a little twinge of sadness when I found that nothing had come of the bittersweet that, in order to replace Aunt Lin's, I had planted by the front porch. But I now have everything I need; I simply move in and start functioning. Everything is ready to my hand, and I fall into my old routine.

THE first two days were cold and rainy. It poured more or less steadily for twenty-four hours. I burned quantities of wood in the fireplace. Then, the morning of the twenty-first, I was wakened by the burst of white radiance beyond my bedroom window, somewhat milky in the moist air. Still cold in the house, but beautiful outside. In the afternoon, I had Albert Grubel drive me to the edge of the woods, where the road goes in along Dry Sugar River, the great picnic ground of our childhood, the place at which the river disappears between the tablelike gray blocks of its bed. I remember my father unexpectedly saying to me there—it was uncharacteristic of him—"I'm glad to see you children so happy." I found it far from dry where we usually go in to this bed from the dirt road, which is still passable through the wood. There is a torrent so deep when it comes down from the rocks that I could not touch the bottom with my stick. I had to cross at a lower point. Beer cans and other remnants, which show that the young people from Boonville still sometimes picnic there. No very interesting flowers: yellow violets and the first forget-me-nots, some wild phlox, less purple than blue and with bigger, freer flowers than the garden kind; most showy were the coarse marsh marigolds. The most brilliant thing I saw was a bright-red bird with a black tail and black wings, aware of its beauty, I thought, and so little fearful of men that it allowed me to come quite close to it. I find that this must have been a scarlet tanager.

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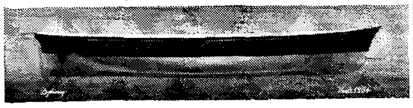

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I was going with the Munns to the movies, Fern had said that there were "mare's-tails" in the sky.

May 24th: I was interrupted in writing this, the day before yesterday, by the arrival of Gertrude Loomis. She had just been to the funeral of Tharett Best's mother, who was ninety-one when she died—one of those old-fashioned New York ladies, who lived in state in the family house, crowded with nineteenth-century furniture, bric-a-brac, cut glass, and the memorials of Tharett's years at Princeton: class photographs and one of those huge framed Princeton tigers that they used to sell to freshmen; it hangs now in their dining room. I said to Gertrude, "Huldah isn't with you?," and she explained that she would have to go back right away and release Huldah from her looking after Florence, their failing sister. Huldah is the mastermind of the Loomis family, and Gertrude is so used to depending on her and having her take the initiative and do all the talking to people that one rarely sees her alone. I made Gertrude come in for a drink. They have had a hard winter with Florence, who is the oldest of them—seventy-four. She has hardening of the arteries of the brain and has gradually been becoming more deranged. They have to dress her and feed her, and sometimes she tears off her clothes. She likes to have Huldah read to her and is likely to recite German rhymes—they are the children of a German-Swiss doctor, who used to live in Constableville. They don't want to send her to a state hospital, but she is wearing them down at home.

The trees, when I first arrived, had little feathery stitchings of leaves, like the backgrounds of Chagall's etchings. Since the rains, they have been rapidly enriched, and the ferns in front of the house have grown from little fringes to large fronds. The orioles seem to be building somewhere in back of the house instead of in the tree in front. I watch them while I lie in the bathtub. The grackle, thank goodness, is baffled. I had the crack on the balcony filled up with concrete, so it is now impossible for him to make a mess on the porch.

Albert Grubel continues to regale me, on almost every trip to town, with his usual gruesome stories. A barn burned down in Constableville, and all the cattle were burned to death. They didn't get them out because they didn't

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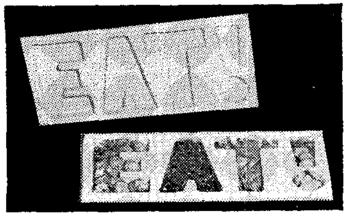

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know the fire had started. "There they was layin' there. I didn't go up to see 'em." A boy had been drowned in one of the lakes. A doctor in the Osceola hospital had gone out on a fishing trip—some place he had often fished—and never came back. They'd sent out bloodhounds to find him.

MOMENTS when the taste of cold air and water brings me back to the Collinses', in my childhood. It was pleasant lying in bed last night under that old, distinguished pink-and-white checkerboard quilt. The weather is not unlike autumn and reminds me of lying in bed in my youth and reading Thomas Hardy's novels, and the old oil lamps at the Collinses', in which the fat moths would get burned.

ALL the Currier & Ives prints I have collected in Helen's room, together with Aunt Laura's "Pandora," which I used to see in Lakewood, and my mother's childhood picture, to which she was much attached, of the shaggy mother dog teaching her puppies to catch rats.

Elena gave me a diamond-point pencil for Christmas, something I have long wanted, and I have been having my poet friends write verses with it on the panes of glass, sometimes directly on the windows here, sometimes on panes that I carry around. Those on the third floor, which look out on the sky and the tops of the trees, all deal with lofty missions or mythologies or the elements: by St.-John Perse, lines from his "Vents":

C'etaient de très grands vents
Sur toutes faces de ce monde

(his script is bold, clear, and distinguished, perfect for writing on glass); by Charlie Walker, the well-known lines from "Prometheus"—in Greek and in his translation—about the winds and the waves and the innumerable laughter of the sea; a poem by Phillippe Thoby-Marcelin, about a Haitian goddess:

Où est Caonabo?
Caonabo n'est plus
Qu'au sein d'une
pensée . . .

and a passage from Isaiah in Hebrew (6:8) by Isaiah Berlin: "And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me." (When he wrote this, he insisted that it was not at all his idea about himself, but I believe that it was, a little.) On the second floor, passages about dreaming and sleep: by John Wain, who

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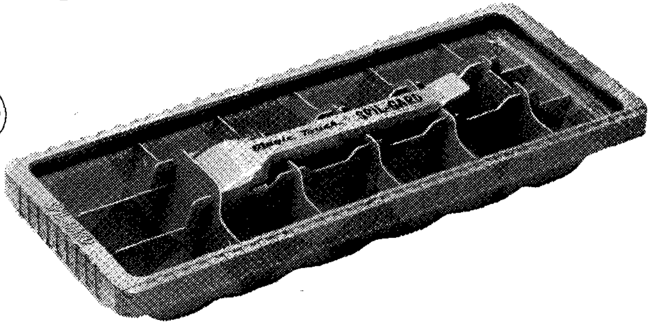

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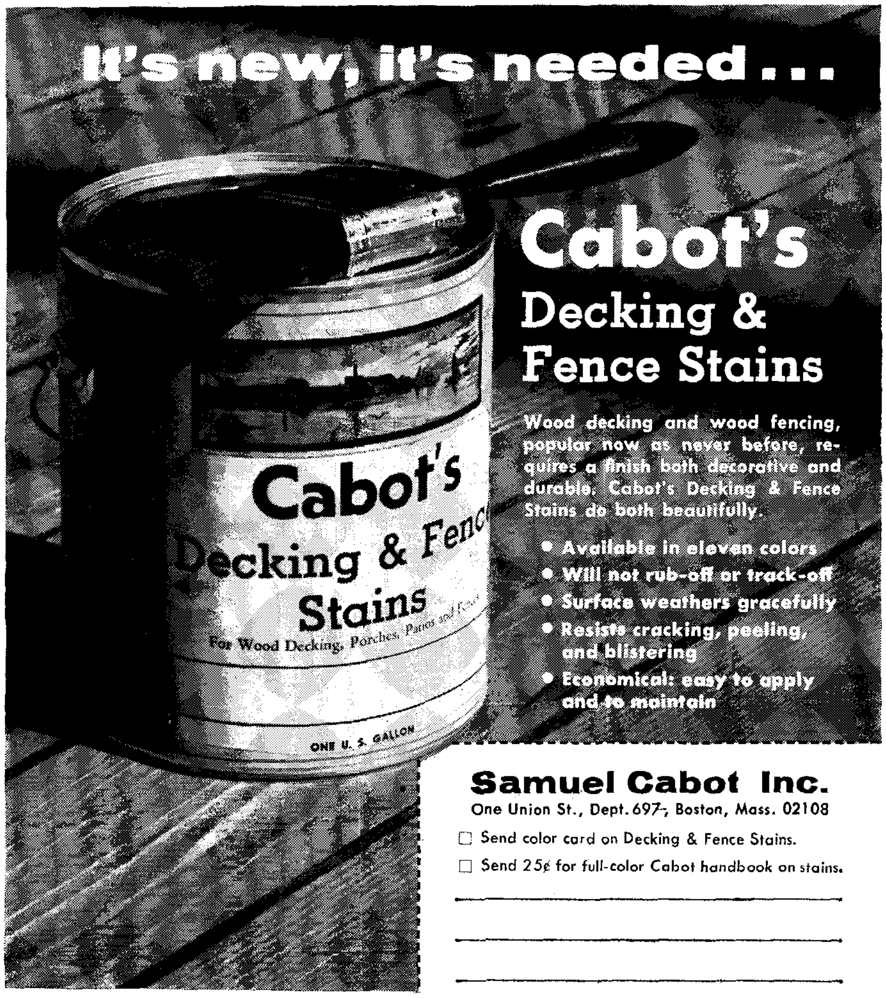

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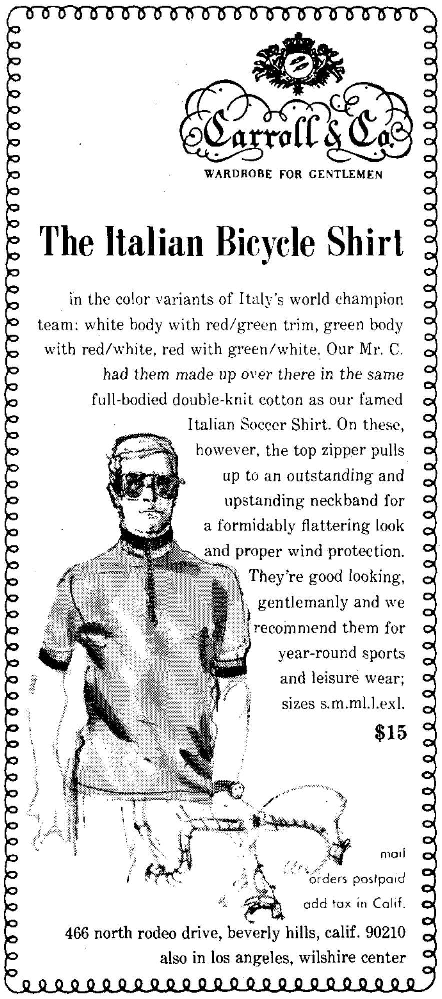
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came to see us here—in the bathroom, on the window, so I can read it from the tub, though it occurred to me afterward that I should have had him inscribe it on the mirror:

> It tells you what you do
> but never why,
> Your image in the glass that
> watches you:
> You cannot catch it napping
> if you try. . . .

By Edwin Muir, in the little bedroom, though too high, so it is hidden by the shade: a translation from Hölderlin, about a stag with agate eyes; by Stephen Spender, on the window at the top of the stairs, where it comes out beautifully, shining in the late-afternoon light (I won't allow curtains to be hung over it):

> I think continually of those
> who were truly great. . . .

By Louise Bogan, in Helen's bedroom:

> The landscape where I lie . . .

By Wystan Auden, in the back bedroom:

> Make this night loveable
> Moon, with eye single
> Looking down from up there
> Bless me, One especial
> And friends everywhere. . . .

On the door to the balcony, Vladimir Nabokov's

> бывают ночи только лягу
> в Россию поплывет кровать. . . .

—all in the old spelling. I have not worked out for the first floor a satisfactory principle of selection, and there are not so many inscriptions as elsewhere. Alfred Bellinger and Stephen Spender composed for it special quatrains; Dorothy Parker, so far advanced in her afternoon drinking that I was surprised she was willing to do it at all, inscribed a rather undulant version of

> Whose love is given overwell
> Shall look on Helen's face
> in hell,
> Whilst they whose love is
> thin and wise
> May view John Knox
> in paradise

—which she says is the only poem of hers she cares for. I had found her, when I went to see her, so much in a phase of difficult utterance that I despaired of getting her to write on the glass, and was rather surprised when she did.

DRIVING me to Utica, George Munn told me about the pet fox they had had. One of his brothers had seen a fox in the pasture and had thrown a rock at it. The fox had dropped something from her jaws, which turned out to be a baby cub, with its eyes not yet open. He took it home, and they fed it with a medicine dropper. It grew up as tame as a dog—would sleep curled up in a box or jump into their laps and curl up. It wandered about freely but would always come back to the house to be fed. Their dog paid no special attention to it. It proved to be very playful. They taught it to sit up and beg, to retrieve a ball that they threw on the lawn and to pull up a handkerchief they had buried. It would seize a hand in its teeth and pretend to bite, like a puppy. It differed from wild foxes in two respects: it did not have a rank smell, because it did not live in a den, and it did not bark, no doubt because it had never heard a fox bark—the only sound it ever made was a little growl. It sometimes went out foxhunting with them, as if it had been a dog. It stayed with them three years, but eventually went away and never came back. It must have met another fox.

I HAD not realized how serious Fern's accident had been. A man had come out of a driveway without blowing his horn, and to avoid a collision she had swerved aside and run into the railing along the road. She had been thrown right through the windshield and landed about twelve feet away from the car. She was horribly cut below the knee, and her back was also cut. She was in the hospital a week. The man had driven quickly away, and the state troopers had not been able to find him.

NOSTALGIC since last summer for London and Paris. The point is that—except for Talcottville—it is only in London and Paris that I can find, more or less unchanged, the things that I knew in my youth. In New York, there is hardly a single house left that I went to in my college days, and in those days I did not know Boston. Of course, what is happening now in Paris and London is quite different from what was happening when I first used to go to Europe, but the streets and the buildings and the old institutions are for the most part still in their places, and I haven't stayed long enough lately to be bothered by the social changes, the political atmosphere, etc. I revisit the scenes of my boyhood in England, of the war years in the Army in France. I am beginning to feel again about Paris the truth of all the clichés that, since my

Francophile phase, have annoyed me: "gracious living," "respect for literature," etc. Today it still seems to me quite wonderful that there should be a Rue Huysmans—he is an old favorite of mine—and I reflect that the effort to get Washington Place renamed for Henry James, who was born there, met with no success whatever. The places in which I feel most at home—since I am always somewhat at odds with Princeton—are thus Talcottville, London, and Paris.

HULDAH LOOMIS invited me for dinner the evening of the Fourth of July. She thought that we ought to do *something* to celebrate. We drank a bottle of New York State champagne. Florence greeted me naturally enough, but dropped her eyes, being conscious that I knew about her. She came to the table, but hardly ate—they have to feed her, it seems. Her hands do not co-ordinate, and she cannot see the things in front of her. Her eyes have become dull and gray. She would manage to take part in the conversation by always saying, "Oh, that's it!" when anybody explained anything, and "*Wunderscheyn und wunderbar!*" when anybody expressed enthusiasm. She upset Huldah and Gertrude by knocking over her champagne glass, which fell to the floor and broke: "One of Aunt Martha's goblets." "They'll cry over that all night," she said to me when her sisters had gone to the kitchen. Through dinner she would unbutton her blouse; then, when they had buttoned it up, she would begin unbuttoning it again. She was "very naughty," they told me—would go into the bathroom and soak all the towels without turning the water off. They don't leave her alone in the house. She said, pathetically, that she wanted to go to bed, but they got her into the car and off for a short ride after dinner. They drove me through Collinsville, where Homer Collins' family lived. Houses of the Collinses and Deweys, some of them well kept up, some deteriorated: big, dark, square Victorian house, in which old Mrs. Dewey had lived, that I should like to see the inside of.

THIS afternoon, July 6th, I sat out between two trees on the lawn, reading and watching, from my deck chair, the sky and the tops of the trees. Everything was so beautiful and interesting that I stayed out till eight-fifteen. There were chipmunks or small squirrels chasing one another across the back roof, and through the trees swallows and other birds, and a butterfly as

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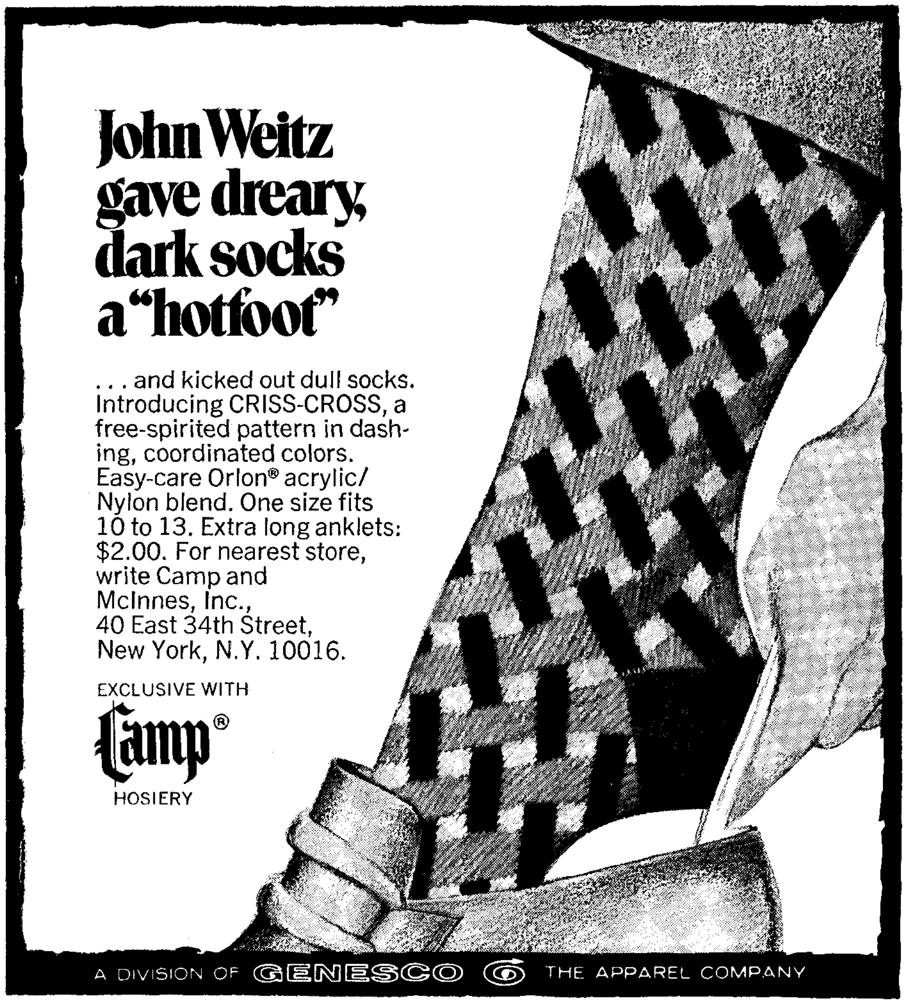

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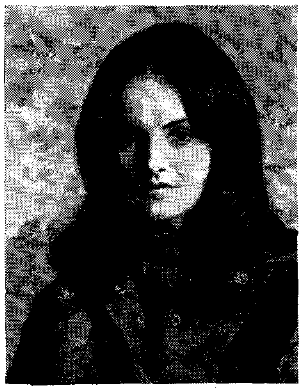

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high as the top of the elm which looked a bright red when the sinking sun shone through its wings. I had never felt so much before that I had the freedom of that realm of treetop, roof, and sky, and I could look away toward the river, where the shadows were falling on the pastures. Later, when I was getting dinner, I looked again at this view through the open front door: deep blue and very dark green.

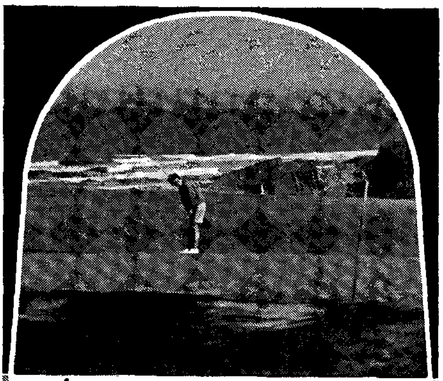
ONLY cheerful event, the wedding of Elena's son, Henry Thornton, for which I went to New York.

ALBERT GRUBEL's tales of horror: A man somewhere near Utica had been leading a dog on a chain. The chain had got into contact with an electric wire that was down, and the dog had been electrocuted. The man tried to get him off the wire, but when the man touched him the man was electrocuted, too. The man's wife tried to come to the rescue but also got a shock and was now in the hospital. She had six children, between two and eight. Near Silver Lake, Albert told me, two cars had had a collision head on, and both burst into flames. Six people were killed, and the only survivor was a nineteen-year-old girl. He told me the whole story twice, first on the way to Boonville, then again on the way back. He believes that it ought to be against the law to go more than fifty miles an hour.

THE pale stone creeper-spangled barn, shadow-mottled by night.

THE family are with me now. Helen has made friends with the Coes, who live in an old stone farmhouse, built about a hundred years ago and now in run-down condition. They have the compass that belonged to a man named Topping, who was the first settler in this part of the country. I find that the Talcotts intermarried with the Coes at the end of the eighteenth century. The Coes are very nice and good-natured. Helen's friend Frances, twelve, has beautiful red hair, and eyelashes and eyebrows so pale that they are almost invisible. Helen goes over every day to ride the Coes' pony. She practices riding bareback around the alfalfa meadow. Sometimes she and Frances ride together.

I HAVE had to have two elms cut down—one across the road, the other at the corner of the Stone House. It seemed to me a pity, but now it proves to be an advantage, because the



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PLEASANT effect of vegetation creeping up to the house yet keeping to its limits: goldenrod, bluebells, and purple asters, all growing close against the stone.

The maple in front of the house first showed, in the center of its leafage, one spot of salmon pink, and now has a great pink streak, with the color somewhat faded.

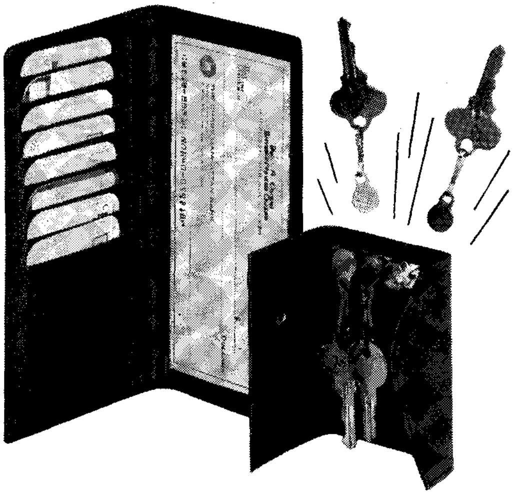
ONE morning when I was up at six, the pane with the Nabokov poem, on the upstairs door to the balcony, came out in a beautiful way against the pink background of dawn, looking like a pattern of frost. I called up Nabokov and told him this; he came back with one of his inescapable puns: "There's an English word for that—*rime*."

ROSALIND and I went on August 22nd to Independence River, and I explored it for the first time beyond the bend that is seen from the top of the first falls. It runs level for quite a stretch. There is a path through the woods, but it does not go far; the path stops, and then it becomes quite wild, except that on either side of the river there are single lines of barbed wire, rusty and mostly on the ground. What could these have been for? The forest is too thick, one would think, for this part of the land ever to have been used for cattle. This must be part of the property that discouraged John Brown and his inheritors (an early settler, not the Civil War fanatic). Many flowers at the edge of the water: purple closed gentian and blue asters, white grotesque turtlehead, red cardinal flowers, and a little white daisylike thing.

ALBERT GRUBEL said, just before Labor Day, "Well, they expect that four hundred people will be killed." Labor Day morning, he said, "Several people have been killed already." The day after Labor Day, four hundred and forty people had been killed. He has never driven far from Talcottville, refuses to take me to Utica.

1958

REUEL and I arrived June 7th. It is cold, but I am not so depressed as last year. My gout is nearly gone, and my new teeth make life easier. Having Reuel with me is very pleasant. He sometimes has moods—if I make him do things that he does not



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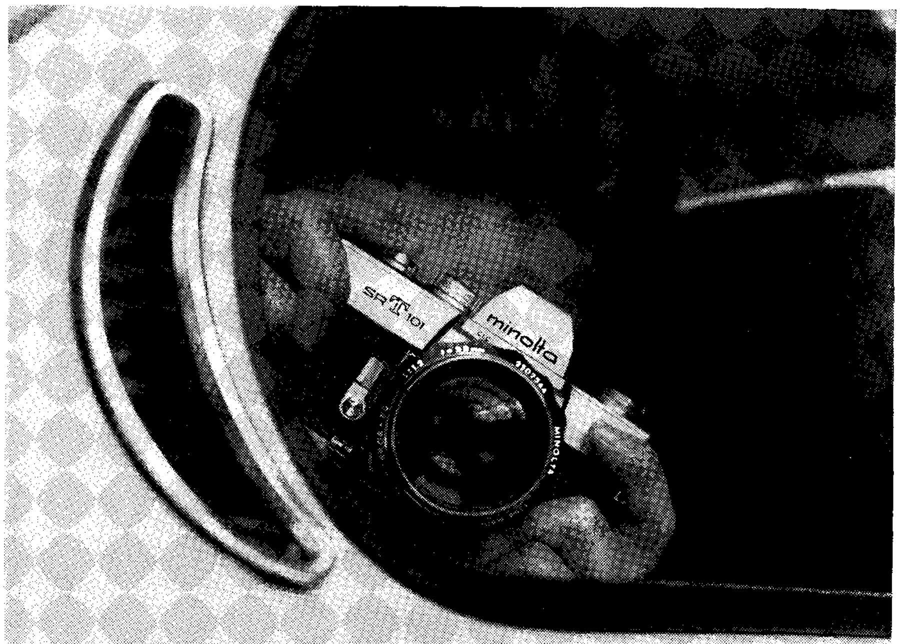

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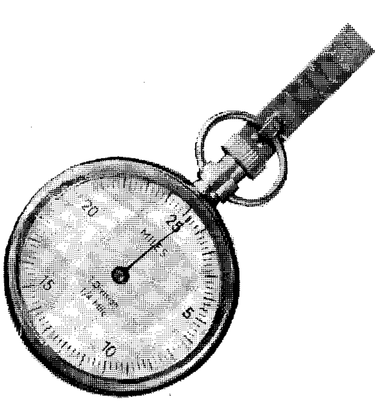

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want to do—when he withdraws into a rather sullen silence; but he is almost always helpful and amiable, and we have long conversations. I am surprised at how much Russian he has learned at Harvard in a year. Last night (June 14th), he plodded through a few pages of Chekhov's "Spat' Khochitsya." He has spaded most of the garden, unearthing large tree roots and stones which hadn't been removed before.

It is likely to seem rather empty when I first get back to Talcottville, but then the world soon fills in around me, and it comes to seem more real than Wellfleet. A little bit sad this year: Florence Loomis's death has rather upset Huldah and Gertrude; Lou Munn went home to her father in North Carolina, but it was more difficult for her now, because he has married again—she couldn't take a job there on account of the baby—and she has now come back to the Munns', where, I suppose, she is as hard-worked as ever. Fern has had another blood clot, but does not seem any less energetic. Carrie Trennam is so tied up with arthritis that she can't even cross the street or visit her neighbors the McGuires. Carrie and the McGuires both have field glasses now, in order to keep tabs on the town. Watching people in this way through the windows has come to be their only amusement.

REUEL left on the twenty-third, and I left for New York the next day; returned on July 2nd.

THE Fourth of July was rainy, so one quite forgot the holiday. I took the Loomises to dinner at Constableville, and they told me all the gossip.

Lillian Burnham is now eighty-eight or eighty-nine, too infirm and deaf to keep on running her farm in the way that she has so far been able to do. The Sullivan boy, who has been helping her, has either been married or is about to be, and has proposed to her that she let them move in and live in the back of the house, but Mrs. Burnham, understandably, won't have this. Huldah says that Lillian nowadays "gets in my hair," so she tries to avoid seeing her. At the time of Florence's death, the Loomises had wanted to buy a plot in the Talcottville cemetery—Mrs. Burnham is president of the association that manages it. They examined a blueprint map, and Mrs. Burnham was antagonized by the idea that Huldah wanted to carry the map away. A scene seems to have taken place. The only plot available was one under a large tree, which the Loomises didn't want—I suppose because it was too much hidden away. Huldah pointed out that in most well-kept cemeteries the large trees were always trimmed. It was this that precipitated the scene. Since then, Mrs. Burnham has had the cemetery kept locked, and Huldah has had her notified that according to the law cemeteries must be left open. They finally buried Florence in a little graveyard off one of the side roads, where some other Loomises had been buried. Yet yesterday, when Huldah told me all this, she had just left a basket of strawberries—Lillian not being visible—at Mrs. Burnham's house.

ON a walk to the Coes', along the road to the east, Elena and I saw a large red fox—the only one I have ever seen wild. He would let us get fairly close to him, then run on a little way, moving his long, graceful tail, as Elena said, like the rudder of a ship. It was delightful to watch him running, springing so lightly over the ground—made me think how depressing caged animals are. Elena can't bear to see anything caged (hence her resistance to restraining our dog). When we got to a certain point, the fox went into a field and watched us from the top of a boulder. At the point on the road with which he had evidently been occupied, there was the leg of a woodchuck's carcass.

GOOD days now, at the end of August, after all the days of rain—mornings when everything is painted in the good strong New York State colors. Wonderful calm sweep of the great green countryside, blue in the mountainous distance and tinged in the foreground with yellow fields.

SEPTEMBER 1ST, Labor Day: Albert Grubel, on the way to Boonville, as usual commented on the traffic accidents, which he had been reading about in the paper: "Twenty-six people killed, and others drownded and other things."

SIX-FORTY-FIVE P.M.: Receding storm clouds, beautiful, deep darkish blue, with a whitening lower row; green foreground with a yellow strip, evenly and brightly lighted. The big trees that give the country its unsuppressible strength. Now the bright light has faded, and the top edge of the white cloud ridge is lighter. . . . I find that I still tend to write in a vein of old-fashioned landscape description—everything seen from the earth and in relation to the earth. The aviators already see entirely different cloud landscapes. We may lose the old view of things altogether. I have now become almost incapable of writing poetry that involves the "pathetic fallacy"—though the country here still thrills and uplifts me. . . . Later, all the thick gray was thinned out, and it left behind a tender light color drifting away to the east. Close relation of people to the weather here—not romantic, but romanticism partly derives from the relatively primitive relation of people to the environment they live in. Nobler country here, which, I think, has made nobler people. It is a part of the whole moral foundation of my life.

MY father put in a furnace in the Stone House, but it now was no longer working. It was not till a later year that I had an oil furnace installed. On account of the stone walls, the plumber said, he couldn't put in modern radiators, so we still, with the oil heating, have nothing but the old hot-air radiators, and there are only two of these on the second floor, which get only the heat that comes up from below. The house is full of dead and dying bees, which came in, I suppose, to get some warmth. These cold bees have never known that there were families living here who have called themselves Talcott, Baker, Reed, Wilson.

1959

APRIL 19TH: I came up this early to get some improvements done, but the weather makes this impossible. They have had the worst winter in forty-one years—snow on the ground since Thanksgiving—and even now I find part of a dirty drift against the big kitchen window. The steps of the Stone House are covered with an unpleasant and unfamiliar crumbly mud that looks as if it had been digested by earthworms. And the whole countryside has the appearance of having had the life smothered out of it by the winter-long oppression of the snow—no color, no relief, everything neutral; the very grand old elms like gray broomstraws. Even the Adirondacks seem dim and flat. Carrie Trennam's house is a blank, all the shades drawn—she is in a nursing home. Our house in good shape, except the ceiling of my upstairs workroom, from which the paint, put on last September, has peeled in patches. The mice, as usual, have eaten the soap and left their little rice-grain turds in the bathtub and the kitchen sink. . . . Bev-

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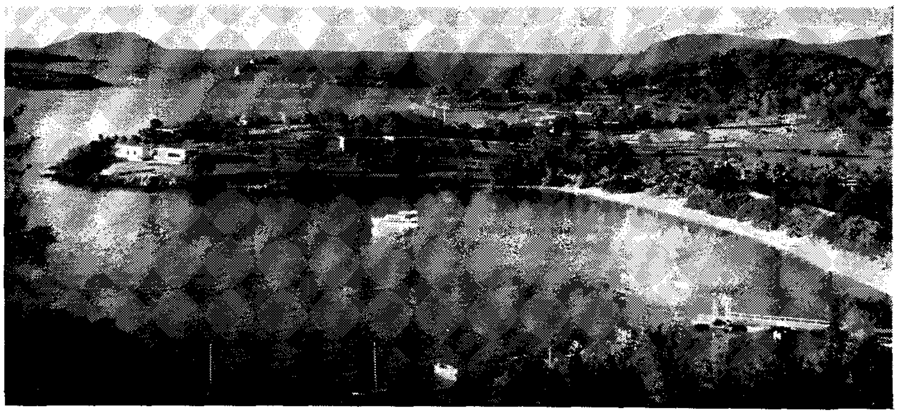

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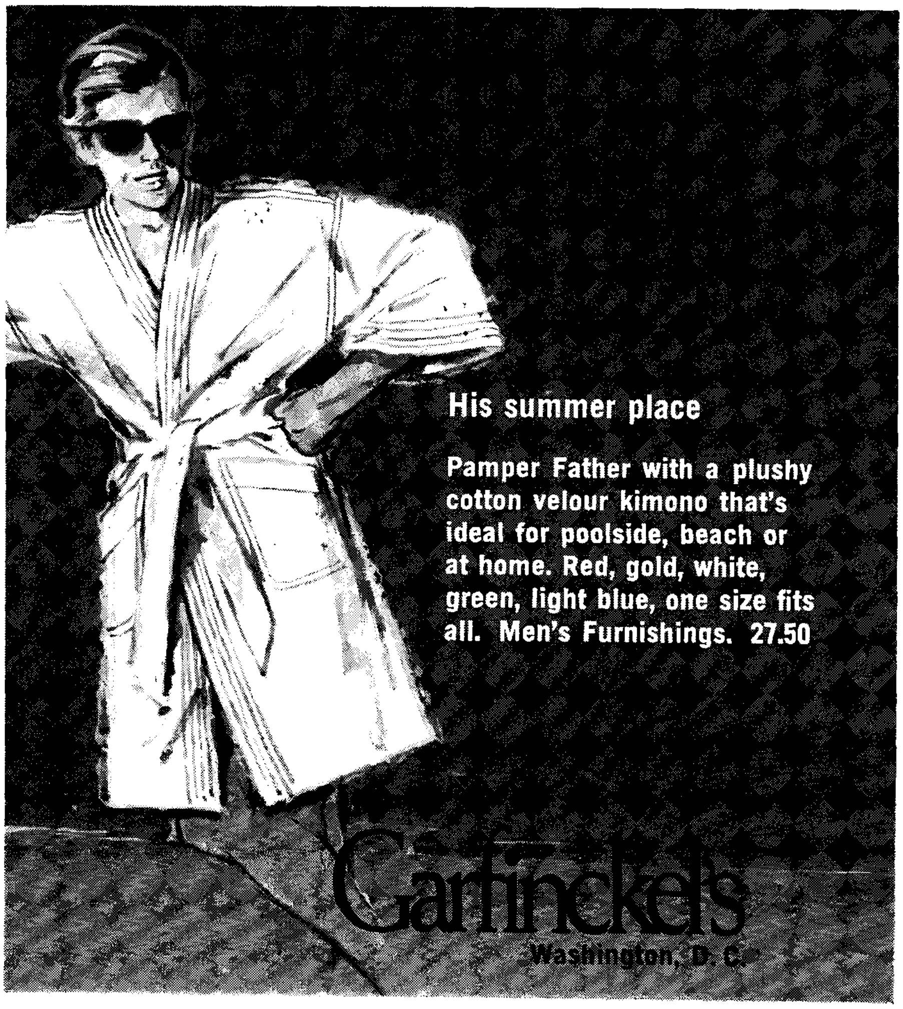

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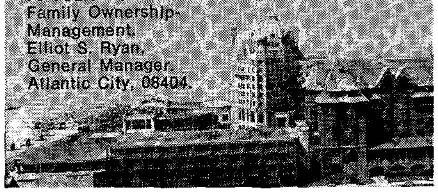

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erly, who works for me, looks rather badly, sallow, has to stay till ten tonight. She had had a boring winter, wrote us at one time a nostalgic letter. What did they do in Boonville in winter? "Just work, eat, and sleep—that's all." If it was snowing, they were afraid to go to a dance: they might not be able to get back. A novelty has been strip-bowling, but this was thought indecent and has been stopped.

I WENT back again to Talcottville at the end of May.

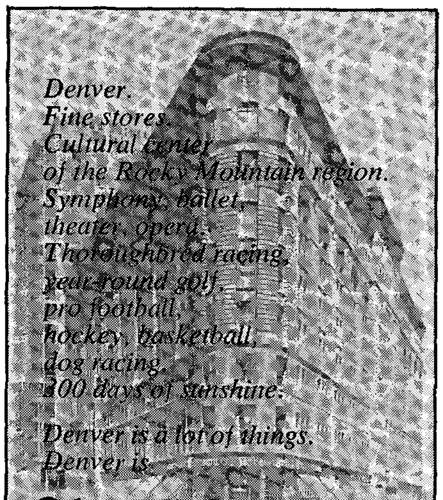
Memorial Day: The feathery filigree of an elm against the gray-blue of the sky and the flat dark-blue-gray of the hill behind, on which loomed the darker silhouette of another, more distant elm. I thought that the old race of New Yorkers had been more worthy of the landscape than the present ones.

ALBERT GRUBEL, the day before Memorial Day, said that the papers predicted about two hundred and sixty car accidents for the holiday. The next day, he asked me whether I knew how many there had been—from the paper he gathered that they had been *runnin'* double. Then he told me that in April two women had gone out in a car and disappeared, and then they found them at the bottom of a lake under two feet of water.

DRIVE with Otis and Fern to St. Regis, June 1st. Fern, whose father was a cheese manufacturer, couldn't resist stopping off at a big cheese factory on the way. She bought a great paper bag of cheese curds, which she and Otis ate on the way, like popcorn. Fern said to Otis, "It squeaks good," and Otis said, "It squeaks good." They were talking about the sound you can feel it making when you bite it. This means that it is of the right consistency.

LATER bulletin from Albert Grubel: two hundred and eighty people had been killed in car accidents on Memorial Day, well over the newspaper prediction, and forty-one had been "drownded"—three hundred and twenty-one in all. A party had gone out to pick flowers, and one of the girls had strayed away, and they hadn't found her yet, and bloodhounds had been sent after her. A little boy had also strayed, and bloodhounds had been sent after him, too.

JUNE 4TH: I sit at my little card table, on which I write, in my mother's old, heavily upholstered chair, and



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look up, after work—six-thirty—at an old framed map on the opposite wall. The glass reflects and just contains the window behind me now—the white curtains, the June green of the lilac bushes, with myself, head and shoulders, at the bottom, dim but rather darkly ruddy, the line of the mat going through my chest.

ELENA and I have now arrived at an arrangement about her coming to Talcottville. She spends most of the summer at Wellfleet and comes on for a short time. At Wellfleet, she wants to do everything and is upset if I try to intervene. The result is that I become dependent on her and tend to take no responsibility. Here I attend to everything and am free to make my own routine. I drink less and get more work done. When Elena and Helen are here, it makes me uncomfortable that, at my age and with my self-preoccupation, I don't seem to have quite enough energy, after I have finished work, to do all I think I should for Helen. If I drink after work, I am likely to slump and become disagreeable. Here alone, there is nobody to quarrel with, and I don't have to do anything for anybody—though it gives me a pang to look into Helen's room, with its little things that belong to her, and know that she isn't here.

TENSION with Elena now relieved. She is going to meet me at Pittsfield—with her new car, which evidently thrills her—and we will go to some music at Tanglewood, then pay some visits in Connecticut. When we discussed it over the telephone, she said, "This is where we came in." We had gone to the Tanglewood Festival together years ago, before we were married.

ALBERT GRUBEL, on one of our rides to Boonville, seemed about to run over a boy on a bicycle. He didn't turn aside till I yelled to him. Then he said, "They're supposed to stay on the side of the road."

He made his usual prediction of accidents the day before the Fourth of July, but I don't remember his mentioning it afterward—I suppose because there were fewer accidents than the newspapers had prophesied.

VISTA in the house I like best (August 8th, 8:15 P.M.): to sit in the long chair and look across the hall into the smaller living room, at the slim legs of the chairs and of the phonograph table—with the patch

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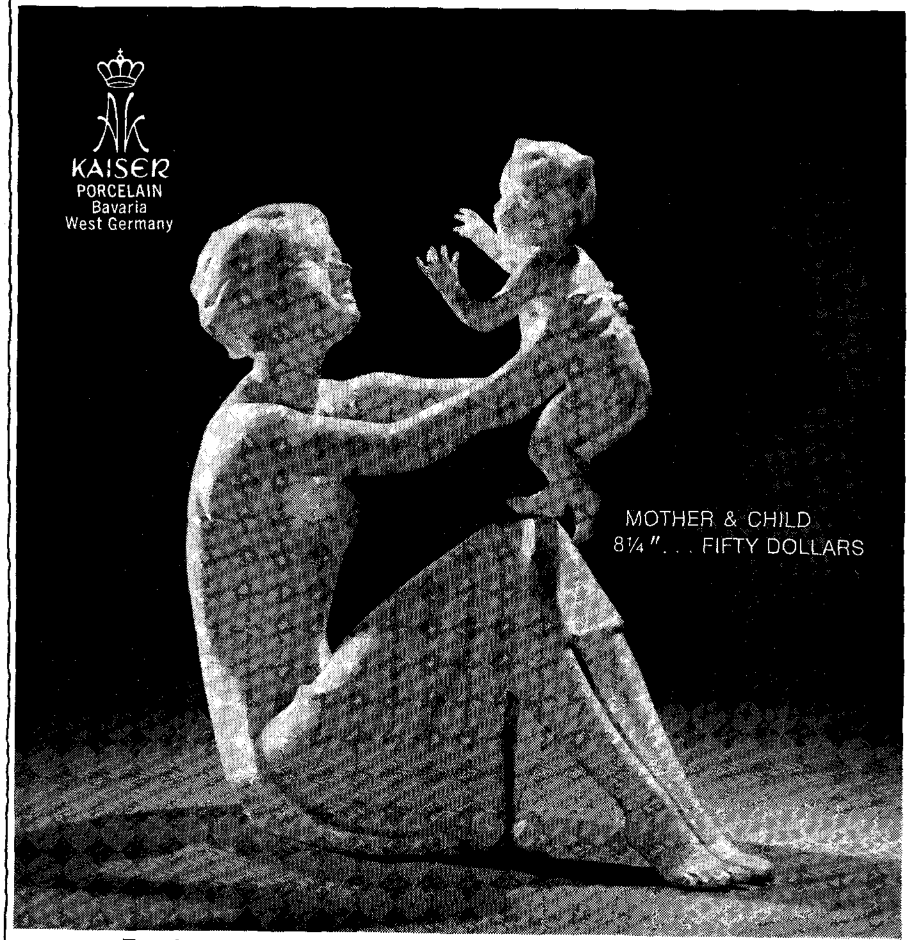

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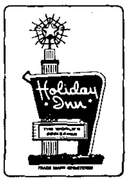

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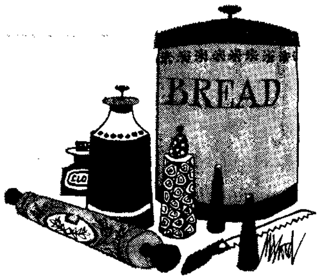
of plush visible of the newly upholstered rocking chair, the gray floor, and the gray shadow behind the white curtains where the shade is down. It is dark in that room: chairs and tables dark, even the gray floor; the curtains below the shade only glowing dully.

THIS summer, in relaxation from my historical and anthropological reading on the Civil War and the Indians, I have fallen into the habit of going to bed or amusing myself at breakfast with the memoirs of the literary life of the late eighteen-hundreds and the early nineteen-hundreds—the period in which I suppose I am most at home. It rests me and entertains me: the volumes of Max Beerbohm I have here, Shaw's correspondence with Ellen Terry, Lionel Stevenson's biography of Meredith, Edward Marsh's "A Number of People," and Christopher Hassall's biography of Marsh. These books by and about Marsh are delightful till his so constantly telling anecdotes may become fatiguing: clear, well-bred English style, background of classical studies, associations that combine the political nobility with the cultivated professional class, personality, good-humored, conscientious, generous, great love of poetry and painting, the best of the life of the British upper classes in the period before the First War—good living, good stories, good jokes, endearing eccentricities. Marsh had had a serious illness at the moment of adolescence, and on this account neither his voice nor his sexual organs had ever matured. He never had to worry about love or a family.



THE Crostens were friends of mine from Leland Stanford, where he was head of the music department. The day before they left, September 7th, they took us to the place they had been telling us about, where Sugar River, after going underground, gushes suddenly out of the hillside. It is strange that I had never before known about this. I had always assumed that the trickle that runs down to the Black River was all that was still flowing of the sunken water, but actually the main stream turns sharply east and runs for about a third of a mile completely concealed under woodland. You pass an abandoned quarry and pick your way through a queer, broken-up terrain: great square blocks of stone, like the bed of Dry Sugar River, with deep, straight-fissured crevices between them, but here disguised by having been grown-over, so that the crevices have grassy lips and from a distance look like a field. This formation continues through more woodland, in the open places sprigged with everlasting; after that, you come to a clearing partly framed by big maples, but lined on one side by a row of cottonwoods diffusing a pleasant fragrance. Now appears a great pit, from which rises a kind of rock pyramid, made of more or less square-cut blocks. One cannot tell whether this object is natural or erected by human hands, somehow in connection with the quarry. Traversing this field to the left, you soon hear the roar of the river. You find yourself at the top of a glen, at the bottom of which the stream gushes out in what is at first a small torrent. But when you look down at it, the trees that grow out of the walls further along conceal it. You descend by a kind of flight of wide stone steps that present themselves on the slope at intervals. On the left of a path are large rocks speckled with black lichen; on the right, one finds a higher wall of ledges, with rusty ferns growing out at the base. At the bottom, you stand at the edge of a stream, but, on account of the bushes and trees and the lively bends of the river, you still are unable to see—which makes it even more mysterious—exactly where the stream gushes out. You would have—as I once did—to wade up to the mouth of the cave. To one side, in a little cove, there is a pool, brown and flecked with foam. But the river is very active: it twists and turns, spreads out into a wider bed. It goes under a crude bridge, over which—as one can see, from a layer of thin dung—a herd of cattle passes. This bridge is propped up by trunks of small trees, some with the bark still on them; it has at one time been faced with concrete, but has no railing, and the edges are grassy. One can never see ahead where the stream is going, but eventually it runs into the Black River.

There are the ruins of an old stone mill, which is roofless and which one can enter through a very low door like the entrance to an Egyptian tomb. Not far away, sunk level with the ground, is a millstone of huge size, grooved from its center with curving rays. There is also an old, rickety picnic table, with rough benches, knocked together from boards, now gray and leaning askew but braced with small boulders to keep it from collapsing too easily. It cannot have been used for a long time, because when I tried to sit down there I found that the bench wouldn't hold. There is a fenced-in pasture, with a great bank of lilacs along the fence that must have been planted long ago, and beyond this one comes to a collapsing barn, with an old-fashioned stone foundation, inside which the ancient hay drips down through the cracks in the mow. Through the planks that bar the door, I saw a carriage wheel of large circumference standing upright embedded in the dirt floor.

Strange that, with all the times we once picnicked at Dry Sugar River, I never should have known about this place, which is hidden not far from the road. Crosten says that he doesn't believe that very many people in Boonville now know it exists; he and Mary discovered it when they were camping on the Black River and would take long walks of exploration. The old mill and the underground river seem to concentrate an essence of the curious magic that one still feels in this part of the world—not so long ago humanized and lived in, then abandoned except for some cattle and a silo in the distance, and completely disregarded. For myself, I was a little troubled, in connection with this romantic spot, by the feeling that I had found it too late—too late for children's outings or for youthful love affairs. What could I do about it except describe it, and hope that my children and grandchildren might someday enjoy it more?

—EDMUND WILSON

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

A three-member community development team from Brazil toured the Salvation Army's Multi-Service Hough Center yesterday.

The team is from the Brazilian state of Parana and is burning several cities under auspices of the Agency for International Development.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

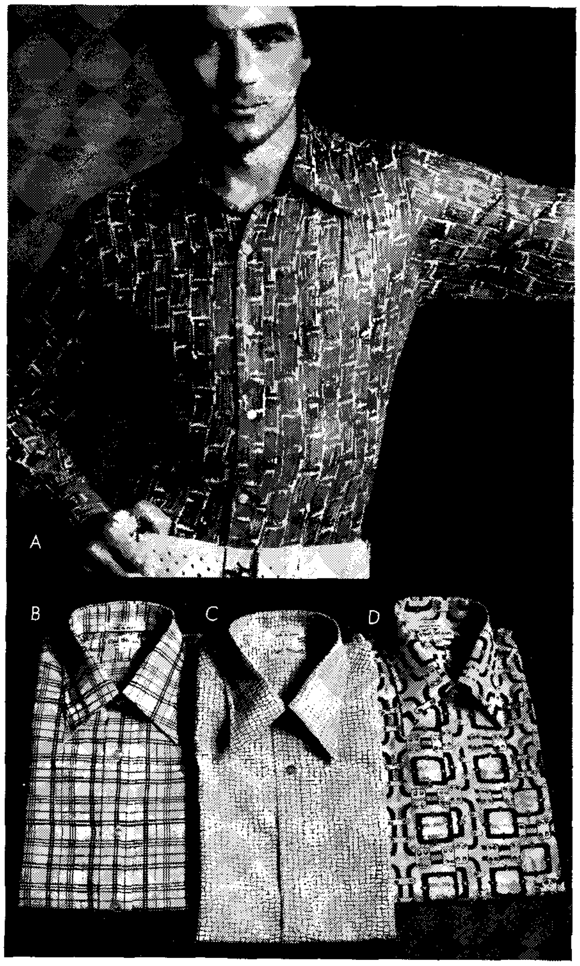
Well, it's a new approach, anyway.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*]

MUNICH—Teaching young children to read is controversial here.



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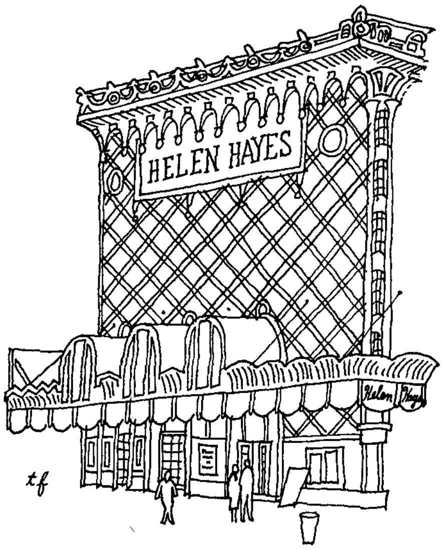
THE THEATRE

THE LIFE, DEATH, AND RESURRECTION OF LENNY BRUCE

GEORGES SIMENON has said of the contemporary novel that it should be like a blow in the face, with all that this implies of an arbitrary and unexpected assault upon our senses (though Simenon was no doubt thinking as well of the limited duration of a blow, his own novels being notable for their brevity, and Simenon being an able advocate of simenons). If the dictum is true for the novel, it is, of course, still more true for the theatre, the prodigious immediacy of whose means greatly heightens its capacity to terrify and exalt. By nature, a novel, or even a movie, is reverberative, and a play detonative; the performance of it is the thing in itself but also more than the thing in itself, thanks in part to the dreaded, not to be mentioned, and therefore thrilling possibility that the performers will fail. Moreover, the blow that a play strikes is, or can be, literal as well as figurative: like Samson, an actor may have it in him to bring down the house. Nobody understands how to manipulate these advantages of performance better than Tom O'Horgan, the director of Julian Barry's "Lenny," at the Brooks Atkinson. Billed as "based on the life and words of Lenny Bruce," the play is a comparatively straightforward account of the troubled private and professional life of the night-club comedian, who died five years ago, at the age of forty, of a self-inflicted overdose of morphine. Mr. O'Horgan has turned this sad document of a man physically and mentally (to say nothing of financially) at the end of his tether into a stunning theatrical occasion, every moment of which is crammed with passionate, repellent, and pitiful life. It is a series of transformations, by which what ought to be painful to us becomes bearable and even pleasurable, and if Mr. O'Horgan strikes me as deserving the largest share of the praise for this triumph of stagecraft, other shares must go to Robin Wagner, for his awesome, primordial scenery, and to Randy Barcelo, for costumes that seem to spring out of the same dim, bloody, and excrementitious ritual squalor as Mr. Wagner's great carved Neanderthal heads, ominously recognizable as our four latest Presidents. "Lenny" amounts to a sort of American "Orlando Furioso," and although much of its content is tragic, there are surprisingly frequent comic interludes, and one leaves the theatre braced as for a long journey well worth the taking, against whatever outrageous odds.

Like Swift, Lenny Bruce was revolted by man's nature and in love with it, and he consumed his revulsion as if it were a food; what was left appeared to him beautiful. He had an intelligence so acute and impatient that he played the role of fool for Christ and scapegoat for all the rest of us without noticing how curious it was that, at the same time, he was heaping scatological abuse on the church of Christ and on the cherished political and social convictions of the rest of us. He had a neurotic compulsion to be foulmouthed, but the compulsion was made to serve the needs of his scarcely less compulsive idealism; the purity of his filth would have earned him a halo in any well-regulated Heaven. Bruce's autobiography is a remarkable book, and it may well have led Philip Roth and other novelists of the sixties into that vernacular freedom of utterance that has been the making of them. He was a desperate man, flayed alive and not least by himself, and it is immensely to Cliff Gorman's credit that, in what is surely one of the best performances in several seasons, he manages to embody Lenny in nearly every aspect of his suffering manhood and babyhood and courage and despair. Mr. Gorman is supported by a host of excellent actors, including Jane House, who is making her Broadway début in "Lenny," mostly in her skin; Joe Silver, in several coarse and funny roles; Robert Weil, also in several roles; Erica Yohn; and James Wigfall. It remains to say only that the incidental music of the show is by Mr. O'Horgan and that the lighting is by Jules Fisher, who doubles as producer, along with Marvin Worth and Michael Butler. There! If praise were money, having given away so much I would feel like the Ford Foundation.

—BRENDAN GILL



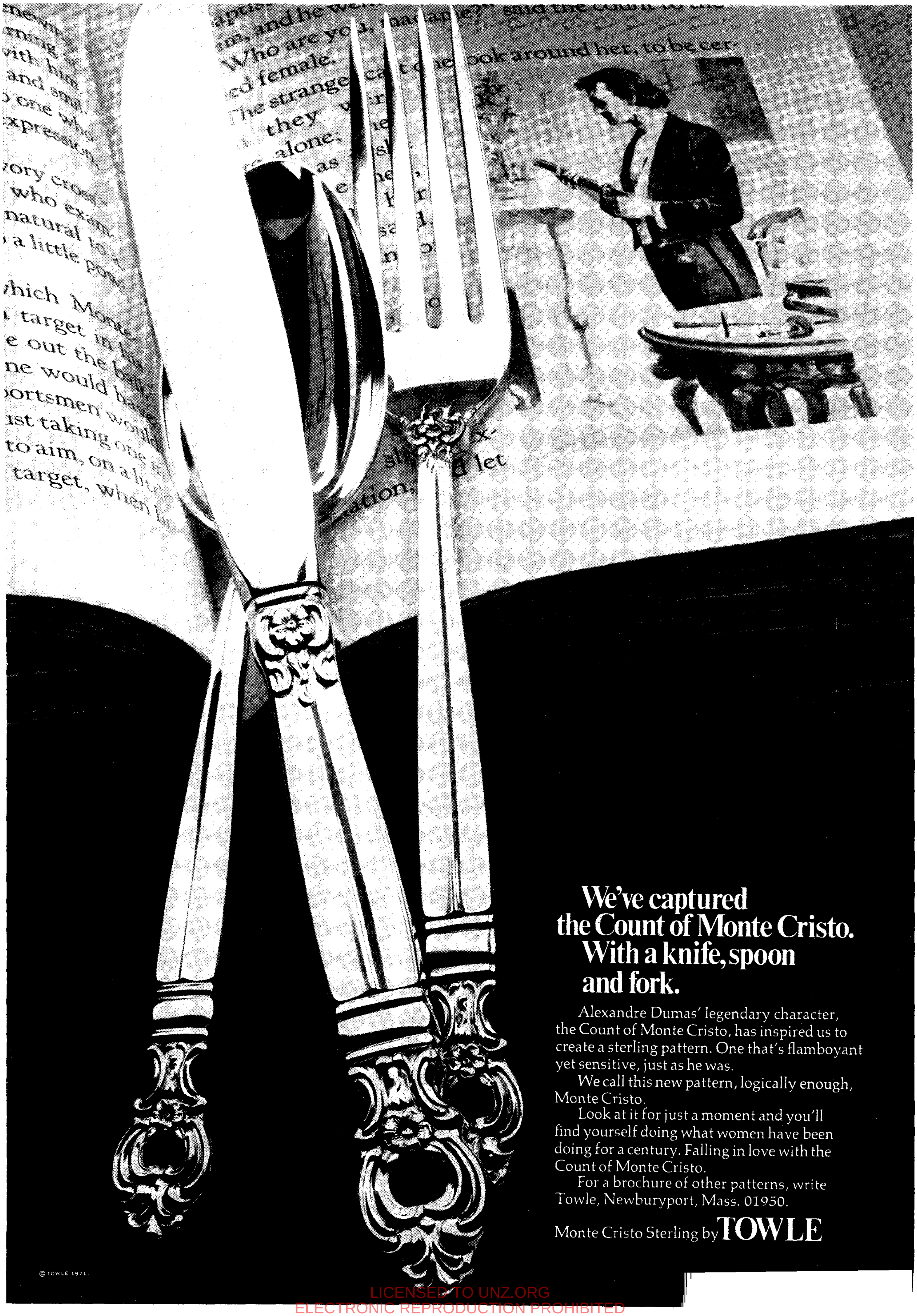
OFF BROADWAY

Also-Ran

JOHN SCOTT'S "Ride a Black Horse" is the only weak entry in the Negro Ensemble Company's otherwise banner season at the St. Marks. It is about the destruction—emotional, psychological, and professional—of a black sociologist who is forced into the role of go-between. He is a member of an official committee to improve race relations in whatever city the action takes place, and he pledges his word to four fiery militants, among them his younger brother, that he will persuade the committee to allow them to take over the administration of the city for one month. He fails, and in the trying he loses everything—his job at a university, his wife, the affection and respect of his parents, and, of course, the in-and-out trust of the militants, who take a particularly nasty vengeance upon him.

"Ride a Black Horse" has an idea but little substance, and very little conviction in the writing or in the playing, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. It has a hollow, second-hand ring, yet it is not a total loss. The militants, especially David Downing, as their leader, are always interesting and at times menacing. Graham Brown, whose poise and control have added so much to other N.E.C. productions, is oddly cast as the distraught, tentative sociologist. His performance doesn't come off, but I think he was right to give it a try, just as I think that Mr. Ward was right to do the play, sink or swim. I wish I didn't feel that the poor professor was more the victim of the dramatist than of the militants, but I do.

—EDITH OLIVER



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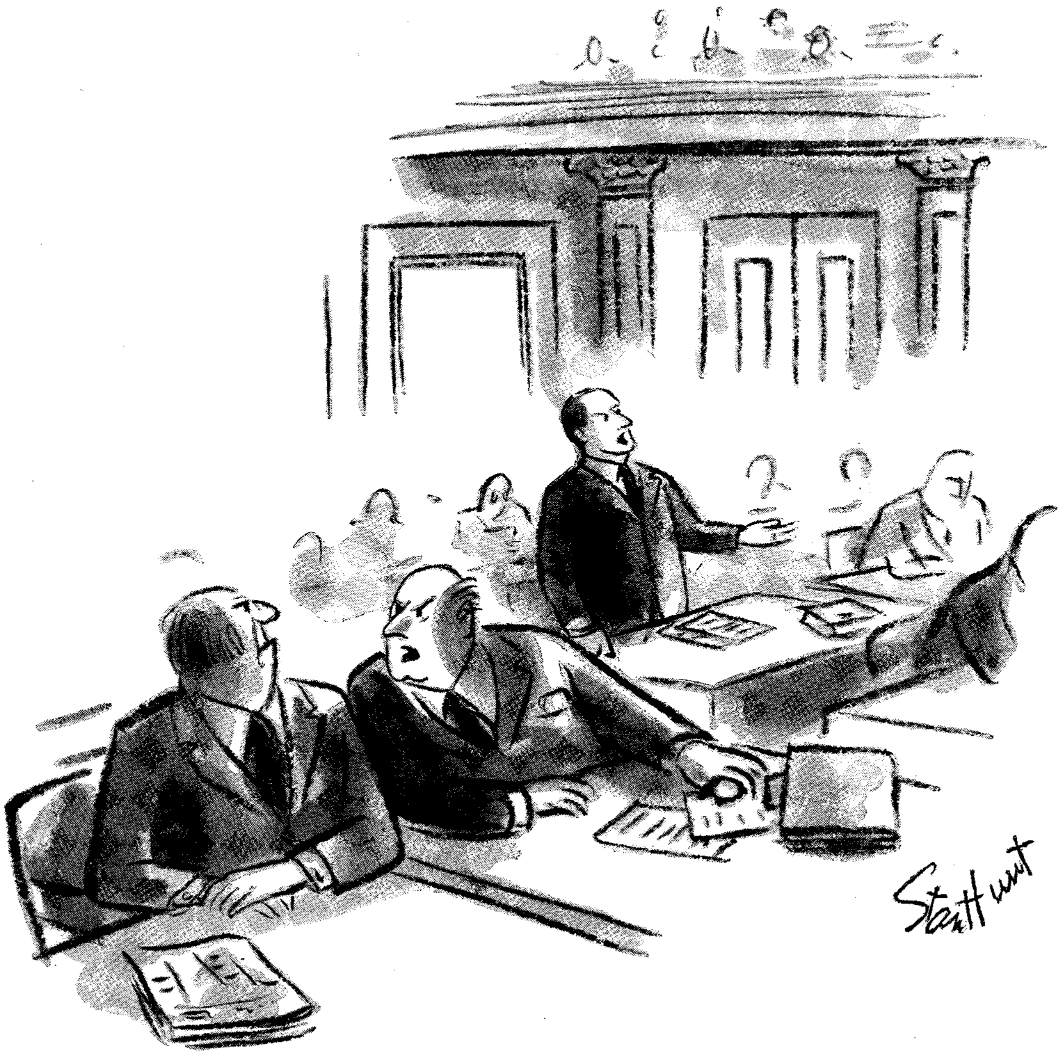
THE CURRENT CINEMA

The Upstanding Chimp

THE utterance of the three gentle chimpanzees in "Escape from the Planet of the Apes" tends to blow you out of the cinema seat, not so much because they can talk as because they all speak the same language. The fact that chimps should speak seems no great amazement; they are obviously full of humanist purpose as a species, and destined to be the next lot of Fabian Socialists. It is the fact of all three characters' speaking English that knocks a New Yorker down—as well expect to find a common language existing between three people on a Manhattan bus. The film is rather splendid, rather encouraging.

"Escape from the Planet of the Apes" is set in the present. It follows "Planet of the Apes" and "Beneath the Planet of the Apes," which happened in 3000-odd A.D., but we have gone through a backward bend in time. The three intelligent chimps, anticipating the nuclear explosions that obliterated the earth and mankind at the end of the second film, have put together and reused the crashed spacecraft that disastrously brought human beings to the apes' underground city. The splashdown at the end of the backward time-bend lands them in the Pacific opposite Malibu Beach. After some high-level gefuffle, a United States Army general stands on the sand and intones an official welcome from the free world as the three heavily helmeted figures lope out of the remnant of their spacecraft, which looks like the tail end of a salmon. The vicious way the chimps are treated when they lift their helmets and turn out to represent no known and politely treated Cold War enemy is shown fairly cuttingly. (Paul Dehn wrote the script, as before. It goes shrewdly and fast, though you may have one or two quibbles about the monkey characterizations; at the end of the film, the heroine chimp does something fatally careless and petulant that seems unnatural, given her brilliance as a research psychiatrist.) The chimps are shoved swiftly into a Los Angeles zoo, and one of them is killed by an ill-bred gorilla in the next cage. You would think that someone high placed—someone like the President of the United States, for instance, whom one later sees reading the *Observer*—would have taken in that these chimps are a very different and politically liberal sort of ape. For instance, they have switched from their space gear into progressive khaki tunics that might have been designed for one of the very best productions of Brecht's Berliner Ensemble, and the wife chimp carries the change of clothes in a beautifully chosen left-wing carpetbag that looks as if it must be full of pamphlets and wheat-germ health foods.

The zoo authorities patronize the captives at first, and give them oranges, which they reprovingly eat with knives and forks. The indignity of being put next door to the savage gorilla makes them hiss. The wife chimp is obviously dying to blurt out a protest, but she is restrained by the wisdom of two thousand years of hindsight and shuts up as long as she can for the sake of the *amour-propre* of people living in the nineteen-seventies: "Apes at this instant cannot yet talk. For the moment, we should follow their example." Animal psychiatrists in Los Angeles (Bradford Dillman and a believable woman colleague played by Natalie Trundy, the wife of Arthur P. Jacobs, who produced the series) give them tests with colored building blocks, which the woman chimp wearily gets right in no time at all. This is no surprise to us; the married couple are obviously quite the most intelligent and radical beings ever depicted on a screen. No film about, say, Mme. Curie or Einstein could hold a candle to this. You can see that the chimps, with their clever length of upper lip and their hesitant, scurrying intellectual gait, are destined to write broadsides, and sit down as pacifists outside embassies, and quietly dominate the thought of mankind. The chimp couple, husband and wife both, look extremely like



"That guy gives me a real pain—always sticking up for everything that's right and good."

Bertrand Russell—especially the wife. The trouble is that they are hampered by some powerfully human emotions. The two apes' sense of loss at the death of their companion is extreme, and it is enough to make the wife chimp exclaim in English, which blows everything. The President is called in. The apes are grilled at a press conference and they agree to talk, cannily withholding their knowledge of the fourth-millennium holocaust to come, and also trying not to let slip their awareness that man of two thousand years hence has no power of speech, and that chimp anatomists then are accustomed to performing research brain operations on live humans to find out about the moribund speech centers.

The loving chimps are removed from the zoo to the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, bewildered by plush. A privileged miniature dog barks nastily at them. A porter says, "Your luggage, Madam?" "Of course it's mine," answers the woman chimp irritably, clasping her carpetbag to her and shuffling off to a suite packed with cellophane-wrapped fruit and flowers. The woman chimp's name is Zira (Kim Hunter); her husband is Cornelius (Roddy McDowall), a chivalrous academic who seems a shade less brainy. They dote on each other. Their lives are entirely lives of the mind, and their taste in clothes is plausibly awful. When they get taken on a shopping binge in Beverly Hills, they splurge on satin and velvet and floppy scarves, emerging with the sort of banqueting-*cum*-folkweave look that might have happened to Beatrice and Sidney Webb or to Virginia and Leonard Woolf if they had run amok in Hollywood.

Cornelius is taken to a prizefight and says, "Beastly." Zira lectures about women's rights to applauding clubs. Eventually, on a tour of a natural-history museum, she faints in front of a prehistoric skeleton and says furiously that it isn't shock, it's pregnancy. Have a bit of sense, she implies. So does the film. The story of the future fall of mankind is told with some sarcasm: Between now and the future from which the chimps have been catapulted, a plague falls upon dogs and cats and wipes them off the face of the earth; finding the lack of pets intolerable, mankind takes monkeys into the house, and in less than two centuries the apes have progressed from performing tricks to performing services. Then they grow alert to the concept of slavery, and then they learn the power of unity;

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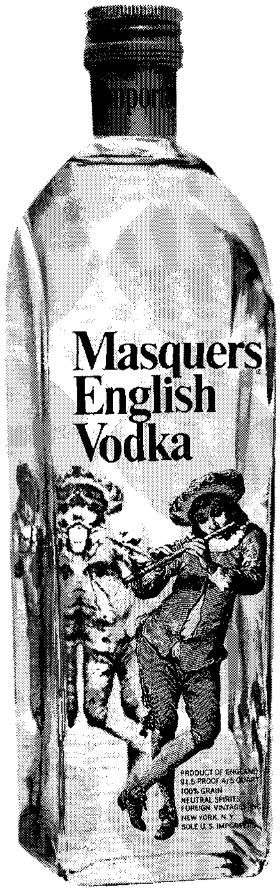

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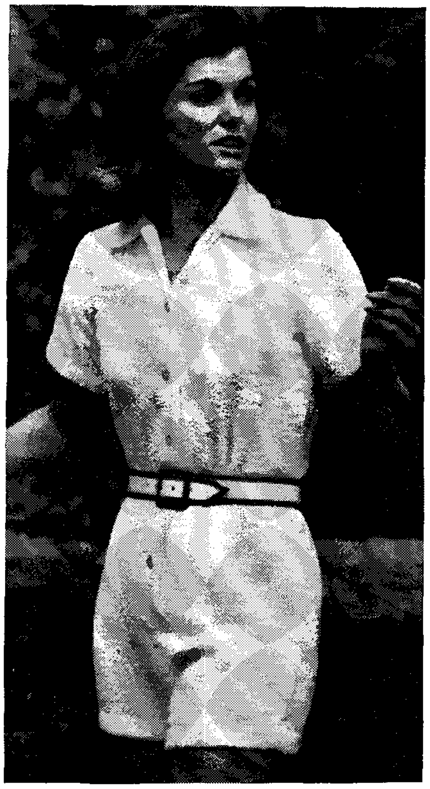

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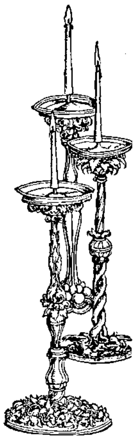

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finally, they learn to refuse. The key word of change is "No." The script of "Escape from the Planet of the Apes," full of charm, is sometimes rather serious.

The chimpanzees find us untrustworthy as a species. Out of the hundreds of human beings they meet, all but three double-cross them. They also find us strange in our willingness to destroy one another: "Apes do not destroy apes." Their worst enemy is the President's scientific adviser, a power behind the throne who behaves as if he were sitting on it. This learned fanatic delivers an engrossing lecture on the possibility of time-bends and the nature of infinite regression, and then rather illogically hopes to arrest the foreseen reign of speaking apes by murdering this couple and their baby. The sight of the baby chimp in its mother's arms is a peculiar piece of doubling back in acting aesthetics. Throughout the series, one has grown used to the sight of people enacting apes who behave amazingly like people, and now, lying in the hairy arms of Kim Hunter's costume, there is an actual baby chimp who is amazingly like a baby human being. It is an odd collision of fancies. The little chimpanzee stares up at the film-studio mask of its acted mother and blinks intelligently. It is obviously about to speak, you think, and to recite the second law of thermonuclear dynamics, and to comfort the superior being who apparently finds such primitive relief in sloughing off human characteristics and putting on an animal shape. But at the same time there are we, comforted and moved to see a real animal so like a human being. The Presidential adviser's lecture on relativity, showing a potentially infinite regression of a painter painting himself painting a landscape, has nothing on the retreating images of one's response to the sight of a touchingly intelligent ape child in the arms of *Homo sapiens* pretending to be an ape.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

VICTORIA—The Queen got top billing, but it was Margaret Trudeau who stole the show, as the Royal centennial tour of British Columbia officially got underway yesterday.—*Toronto Telegram, May 4, Home Edition.*

VICTORIA—The Queen got top billing, but Margaret Trudeau shared the spotlight, as the Royal centennial tour of British Columbia got underway yesterday.—*Toronto Telegram, May 4, Night Edition.*

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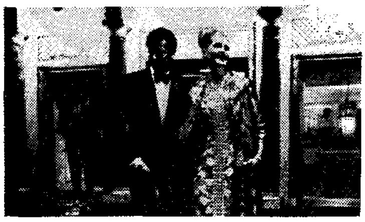

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THE RACE TRACK

A Triple Crown?

LITTLE or nothing occurred last week to alter the almost general opinion that Canonero II will win the Belmont Stakes at Belmont Park on Saturday, and with it the Triple Crown and glory for Venezuela. There's no possible doubt that he was the best horse in the Kentucky Derby, and his almost incredible performance in the Preakness Stakes will be remembered for a long time by everyone who saw it. But the history of the Blue Ribbon for three-year-olds contains plenty of upheavals. Just in the last decade, Carry Back, Northern Dancer, Kauai King, and Majestic Prince won the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, and then were beaten in the Belmont. The stunner was in 1961, when Sherluck paid $132.10 in the mutuels to win, and Carry Back, the odds-on favorite, finished seventh. If Canonero II fails to stay the mile and a half or for some reason doesn't reproduce his hitherto unimpeachable form (and there is stable talk of some sort of indisposition), anything could happen.

Offhand, I'd say that there will be at least *nine starters in the Belmont:* Good Behaving and, of course, Jim French; Salem, who won at Belmont last week; Highbinder, the brother of Dr. Fager; Epic Journey; Sole Mio; Bold Reason and (something ought to be done about these similar names) Bold Reasoning, provided the latter runs well in the Jersey Derby at Garden State Park; and perhaps something out of the Peter Pan at Belmont (both races will be over before you read this). There's also talk that Tom Barry, who brought off surprises with Cavan in the 1958 Belmont and with Celtic Ash in 1960, might pay the five-thousand-dollar supplementary entry fee for an animal named Bold Statement. I daresay it's silly to look for the winner beyond Canonero II, but if he doesn't do the trick, I think Sole Mio will, for he ran a smashing race at Aqueduct his last time out. Besides, his name is also the title of my favorite song.

The other morning, I had a long look at Canonero II, who is stabled in Barry Ryan's barn at Belmont Park. In repose, he's not a handsome horse but rather plain. He's big, strong, and workmanlike. In temperament, he is kind and easygoing, which he figures to be, for Juan Arias, his trainer, and Gustavo Avila, his jockey, fuss over him and gentle him a lot. By the way, Avila rides him bareback in work—the way all racers are ridden in workouts in South America. I'd like to see some of the jockeys around here try to do that.

IT was a pleasure to return to Belmont Park last week, though it isn't the old Belmont we knew. Still, it has more grass than concrete underfoot, trees and flowers galore, and a paddock and a walking ring where you can see the horses. The weather on opening day wasn't the best ever—cloudy and cool, but no rain. Only a medium-sized crowd was in the stand. Horseplayers prefer the Supermarket, as they call Aqueduct. Racing was lively, and four favorites won, the last two at odds-on. One of them was Drumtop, the queen of the turf courses. Only three opposed her (if "opposed" is the word I'm thinking of) in the Edgemere Handicap at a mile and three furlongs, and she galloped along behind them for a mile, then moved up easily and won by nearly a length from Kling Kling. Incidentally, next day the Cragwood Stable trotted out a five-year-old South African-bred turf runner named Shah Abbas, who may be another Hawaii. The latter, you may remember, also came from South Africa, and was named the best grass horse of 1969. Although Shah Abbas was beaten by a length by Our Cadet, it was a smart effort for his first try in this country.

THIS department regrets to report that racing lost two good men last week—James Cox Brady, a chairman of the board of trustees of the New York Racing Association for eight years, and Edward Albert Neloy, who trained the horses of Ogden Phipps and the Wheatley Stable. Neloy's best season with the establishment was in 1966, when it won forty-one stakes races and $2,456,250 in prize money.

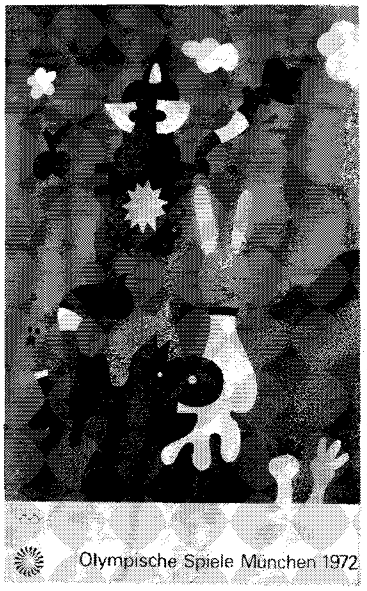
—AUDAX MINOR

•

The 160 participants, including psychiatrists, librarians, teachers and pets, spent the day reciting poems of varying quality to one another and recounting ways in which poetry had reached disturbed people where other attempts had failed.

—*The Times.*

Yeah, but our Airedale recites only Ginsberg, and that's disturbing in itself.



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

AFTERMATH

I WAS walking along East Main Street in Kent, Ohio, almost a year after the tragedy at Kent State University, and it was dark and wet and forbidding. I was out walking in the street after midnight because it made me nervous to stay in the motel. For one thing, the huge, black, cylindrical lampshades seemed larger than the lamps and appeared to swallow up the room in darkness. For another, halfway up the wall and jutting from it was a big television set, which produced images in living and running color. Earlier, I had switched on the set, propped up some pillows, and settled back on the bed, which faced the set, but I was soon on my feet struggling with the dials and with the runaway palette streaming across the screen. The predominant color was blood red, but ailing greens and yellows were also at hand, fouling the image. When the picture finally emerged, it was purple and familiar: a tight knot of uniformed, helmeted, almost mechanical figures was pressed against another group, neither helmeted nor in uniform, and was busily clubbing it over the head. I didn't wait to find out where this was taking place. I left the motel and went along East Main Street, in the general direction of the campus. East Main Street is wide, and lined—at least in this part of Kent—with modest, lonely two-story frame houses, most of which have modest, narrow porches. The houses were set back in the shadows of the dim street lamps, but here and there, painted across their fronts, I could make out the Greek letters of a fraternity house. An especially weather-beaten house had a sign in front, creaking in the wind, that read "Ohio Tux Shop." A gusty, drenching rain was falling. The air was curiously stifling, and the wind brought with it some of the stagnation and desolation of Lake Erie, slowly dying forty miles to the north.

The brightly lighted Burger Chef is mostly glass and open late. I caught sight of it several blocks away, focussed like one of Hopper's great oils, where the threatening darkness outside miraculously merges with the threatening light within. Spotless efficiency is the watchword of the operation. A counterman dressed in antiseptic white handed me a burger, toasty warm, wrapped in white paper. I walked over to a white counter—a ledge, really—that was flush with the big plate-glass window in the front of the place, and removed the paper from the burger. The full flower of the establishment's efficiency revealed itself: the burger had already been condimented, a thin layer of shredded pickle and mustard having been applied prior to wrapping, and, thanks to the warmth, had become a sticky, integral part of the whole. They've gone about as far as they can go, I thought to myself, and I half expected the counterman to leap over his counter, seize the burger, and take a bite, shouting, "No expense has been spared in this setup to make you as comfortable as humanly possible! You are to be spared any effort whatsoever! We want you to be happy and enjoy the highest standard of living on earth!" I am still capable of eating a burger for myself, and as I ate it and stared straight ahead through the plate-glass window, I realized, quite unexpectedly, that I was facing the campus of Kent State University. I couldn't see much of anything. By peering hard, I could make out a rising landscape, a curving roadway, clumps of trees, solid-looking academic buildings at the top of the hill—a peaceful scene. But suddenly, with the clean white counters behind me, I had the unmistakable sense of *déjà vu*. There, in front of me, and in my mind's eye, were the faceless crowds of students swirling across the campus, ragged, ungrouped, some smiling and joking foolishly, others with faces contorted with hate; there was the National Guard, stiff foreign bodies, frightening in their gas masks; there were the pointed rifles, the puffs of smoke, the scattering figures, the bodies sprawled on the walks, the pools of blood. Four dead. Pictures etched on the mind. Pictures that will not go away. I stared through the window. The scene was placid. No one was around. It was time to go to bed. "Thank You," said a sign on the inside of the door. "Come Back Real Soon."

I AM in "downtown" Kent, on North Water Street, where the trouble started on the Friday night before the Monday noon when the young people were killed by the National Guard. The "trouble" was motorcycles, drinking, trash fires, students outraged at the invasion of Cambodia, the spring night—and one thing led to another. This particular morning, North Water Street is dismal, miserable, barren, dead. I am talking to a gas-station attendant, a lean, tall, rangy man. He is filling a gray jalopy with gas. He has lovingly taken the hose from the pump's hook and lovingly inserted it into the opening of the car's tank. The gas flows easily, the pump tinkles off the gallons, and the garage man smiles as his hand closes around the hose. Then I ask a question, and he stops smiling. He lets the

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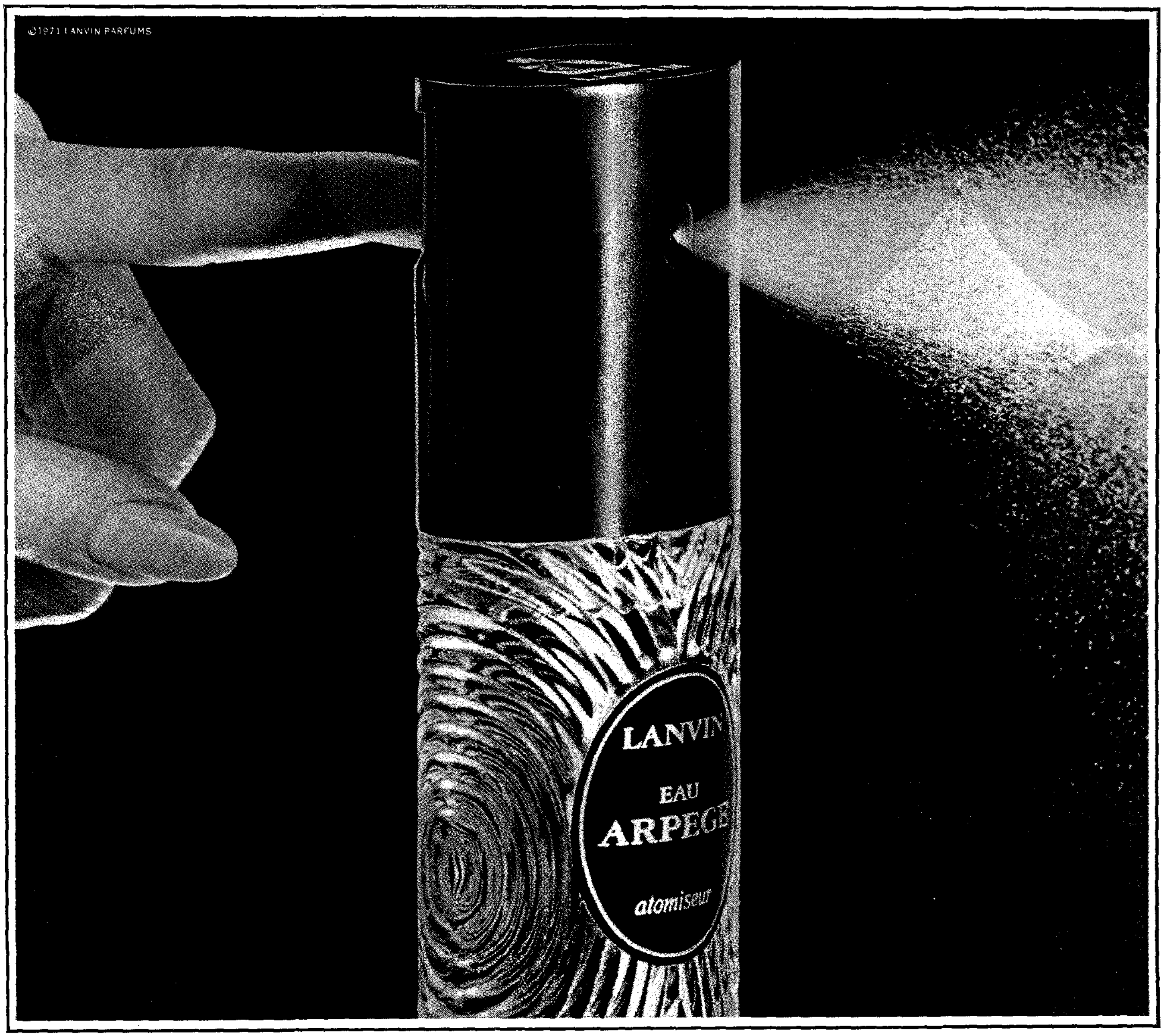

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hose lie limp. He is demonized by certainties. "John Doe has had it," he says. "He's going to rebel. He's fed up. We saw what happened with Hitler when a minority took over. They just want to come downtown and run wild and burn and destroy. Nothing but destruction! They have no program—only destruction. You think this country was built by cream puffs? I say that no cream puffs built this country! Everybody worked, and everybody *should* work. Now nobody does anything. They all want to start at twelve thousand. *Twelve thousand!* And the old political parties are finished. Look at them climbing out of that car and heading in there. [He nods toward what appears to be a junk shop across the street.] *They're going in there to buy pot!* The country is fed up. John Doe is fed up. Everybody wants to be the general manager, but let me tell you something, Mister: somebody has got to clean the johns. As for the destruction and the disruption, the fighting around town has got to stop. A man just can't go on fighting with his wife. The fighting's got to stop."

The buildings downtown are two-story and three-story, sometimes tan brick, sometimes red brick. They have a temporary appearance, although it is obvious from their look of age and various states of decay that they have been around for a while: real estate, a bank, cleaning and pressing, a beat-up, boarded-up old hotel, drugstores (opposite corners), a window filled with fuzzy, strangulated-looking toy chickens, some night spots (the Ron-De-Vou Lounge, the Pirate's Alley, Big Daddy's), McCrory's dime store, one-hour cleaners, a window with a guitar, a window with a beaded jacket, a window with a sign saying "Transcendental Meditation" (closed). I stop in to say hello to a jeweller. A small bell tinkles in the front of the store. There are hundreds of clocks in the place—big clocks, little clocks, wall clocks, desk clocks, Swiss clocks—all ticking. The jeweller, a man in his late fifties, is at the rear of the store, bending over a counter, squinting through an eyepiece at the insides of a pocket watch. A large, pleasant-looking young woman is busily arranging a counter display. The jeweller thinks that the media overplayed the shootings. "There was trouble, for example, down in Columbus some months ago after a big football game, and lots of reports by the media about rioting and so on," he says, "and a friend of mine down there told me he could look right out his window where the most rioting and carrying-on was supposed to be, and that the whole thing was overplayed. The media again. Anyway, there was more to the whole thing in Kent than meets the eye. I'll go to my grave believing there was a plot somewhere, and outside agitators. Ohio National Guardsmen don't shoot kids. Those were Communist agents dressed up in Guardsmen's uniforms." I see no point in interrupting. Times have changed, he says, since he was a boy in this part of the country. Times have certainly changed, and not all for the worse. "The lines used to be pretty rigid," he says. "Racially or ethnically, or however you want to put it." He removes a gold pen that had been clipped to the breast pocket of his short-sleeved shirt, and makes jottings on a pad lying on the counter before him. He draws two circles, side by side. "Here we are in Kent," he says. "And this circle is the Jews. And this circle is the Italians. When I was growing up, the Italians went out with the Italians, and the Jews went out with the Jews. No crossing of the lines. None." He draws two more circles. "These are Italians and Jews in nearby towns," he says, "and when an Italian from Kent visited a nearby town he visited Italians, and when a Jew from Kent visited a nearby town he visited Jews. No crossing of the lines." He suddenly begins to make a number of circles. "These days, things are different, they certainly are," he says. "When an Italian youngster from this town visits another town, he'll visit in a Jewish home and think nothing of it. Think nothing of it. And vice versa—the Jewish fellow or Jewish girl from someplace else visiting with Italians here. It's a big change, and don't you forget it. Lots of things different these days. Just take one thing. I've given up hunting. I just can't shoot anything anymore. I can't bring myself to do it. I don't know—something funny happened to me. I don't have any trouble with the young people. It's only the hippies that cause the trouble. Why, my own daughter [he nods in the direction of the woman arranging the counter display] knows long-haired kids who come into this store regularly and don't cause any trouble at all, and who we know lived together before they were married. It's the outside agitators that caused the trouble. If it wasn't the war, it would have been something else. We also have to watch counterfeiters; I hear they've blanketed Kent with forged

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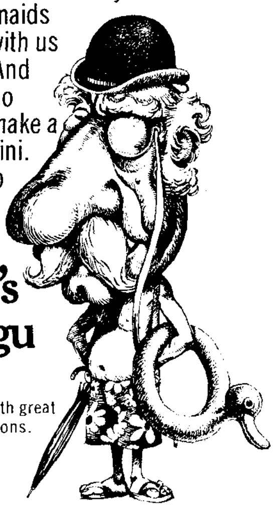

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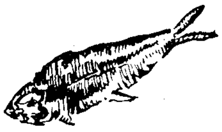

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twenty-dollar bills. I get along with the kids. Hundreds of them walk back and forth past here every day, and they don't cause any trouble." The clocks in the store begin to strike the hour. Eleven o'clock in the morning comes and goes with tinkles, chimes, and bongs. The store seems to roll gently with the sounds of the hour. "Manners are a big thing, too," says the jeweller. "Manners play a big part, and obnoxious people cause trouble. There goes Carl on his way to the bank. Eleven o'clock every morning, on his way to the bank. Carl has been a wallpaper man all of his life. You hear those clocks calling eleven, and you know Carl will be coming by on his way to the bank."

THERE'S an air of friendliness and openness at Kent State. The campus is in continuous motion: walks and crosswalks are crowded with long-haired, short-haired, medium-haired, book-bearing, bluejeaned, T-shirted, fatigue-jacketed moving bodies, some in clumps, some alone. Almost all of them wave hello to strangers, or say "Hi!" All over the world, people give perfunctory greetings to one another; they raise their hands to strangers and pass by, hardly waiting to see if a hand is lifted in reply. At Kent, the students watch to see if the stranger returns the greeting. "We've come a long way since the tragedy," a middle-aged professor tells me. "Right after the shootings, you could have shoved these kids into cattle cars without so much as a push. They were in shock. White kids, you know, aren't accustomed to looking into the barrels of guns on campus. They tend to think the guns are not loaded. Or are loaded with blanks. Guns on campus are an old story with black students. They *know* that the guns are loaded, and, moreover, that there won't be much hesitation about firing them. When the trouble started here on that terrible weekend, the black students disappeared from the campus. They weren't to be seen anywhere. In all of the photos of those dreadful days with the Guard on the campus, you won't see any black faces. But if you take a look at the white faces before the firing of the guns—when the National Guard was moving out across our Commons and up our Blanket Hill and down across a practice football field and back toward the terrible moment at Blanket Hill—why, you'll be astonished at the expression on many of the faces. Most of the kids seem to be milling around—observing, as though they were attending a carnival. Others are obviously just going

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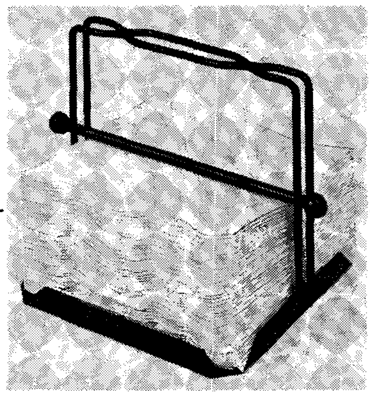

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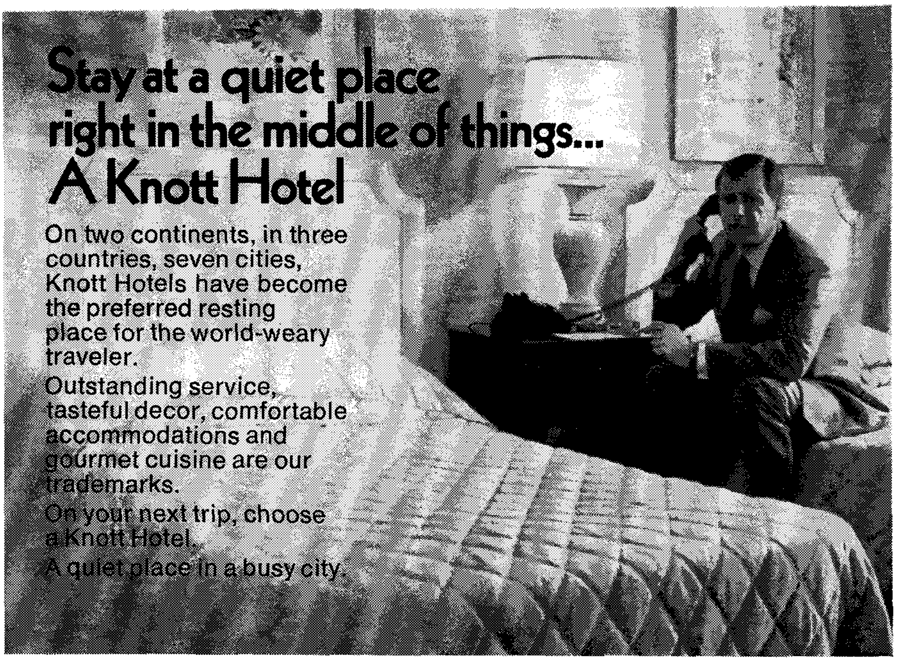
back and forth between classes. Others are obviously making rude gestures and shouting presumed obscenities. But the idea of loaded weapons on a spring afternoon on an American campus that is protesting the invasion of a faraway Asian country, the idea of these weapons being in the hands of the peers of these students—in short, the idea of capital punishment for protest—I daresay that any such ugly thought crossed few minds. Things are better now. Time does heal some wounds, I guess. And there's a tendency to rap rather than rally. But it was the hatred that swelled up afterward that stunned the students. So many of them went back home, shattered and mourning, to find their parents and neighbors sympathetic to the shootings—even sorry that more students hadn't been shot."

DOORS open. One wanders. In spite of—or, rather, because of—the universal feeling on the campus that undercover agents are everywhere, people tend to be open and ingenuous. This is not as paradoxical as it might seem. When everyone in a community has the sensation that everything he does and says is being reported to someone else, he reaches a point where he couldn't care less. Moreover, when everybody is convinced that whatever is being sent back to the mysterious and ubiquitous "they" will be garbled and inaccurate, there are few holds on what one was going to say in the first place. For all practical purposes, the situation ends up as though there were no undercover agents, and there never were any. "You know," a student leader says to me one afternoon, "after you've seen four of your brothers and sisters murdered right in front of your eyes, you're not as frightened as you might expect. The authorities in Washington and elsewhere who want all of us to think and act alike have much further to go than they imagine. You turn in on yourself to the extent that you reorganize your thoughts. Your resolution tightens. You know the game is for keeps. The campus may be pretty quiet now, but anybody who confuses this with apathy, he's wrong. The mood of quiet doesn't mean that anybody has forgotten anything. We just need new methods of solving our problems. Lots of things were learned on this campus the hard way. Direct confrontation is out. The established political structure is not something to be content with. We are wary of anything that might result in destruction or death. Some of the shock has naturally worn off, and with it have come thinking and



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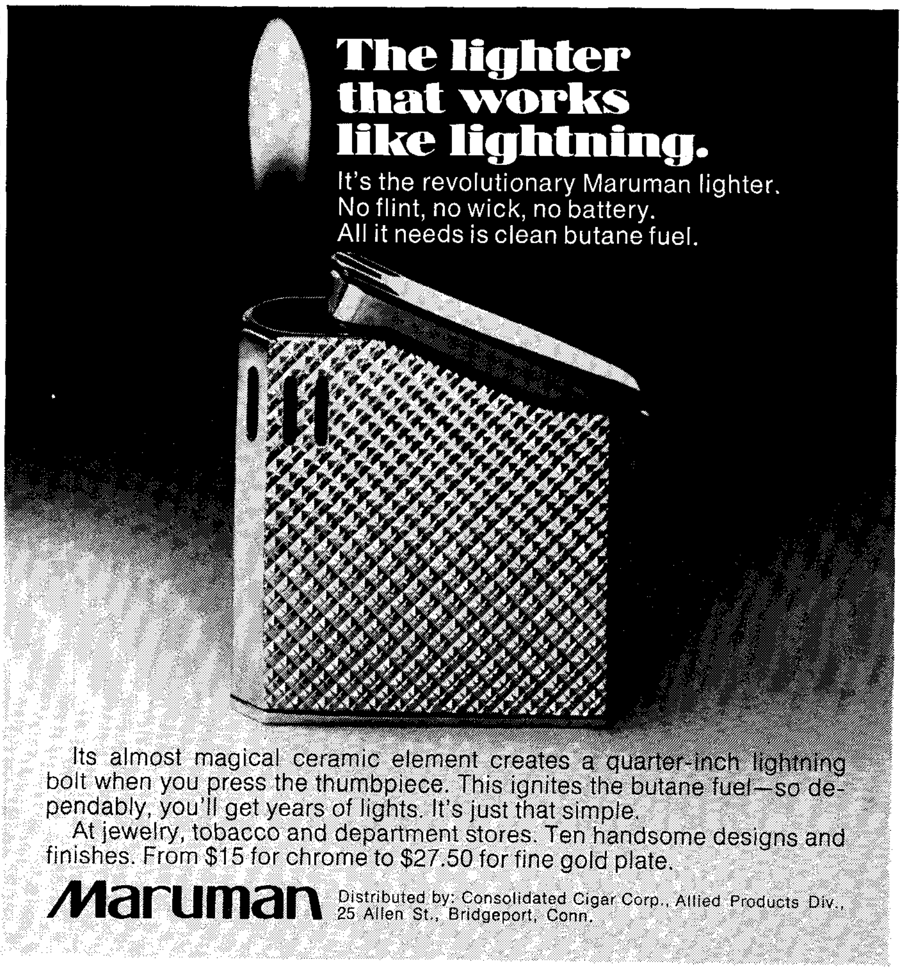

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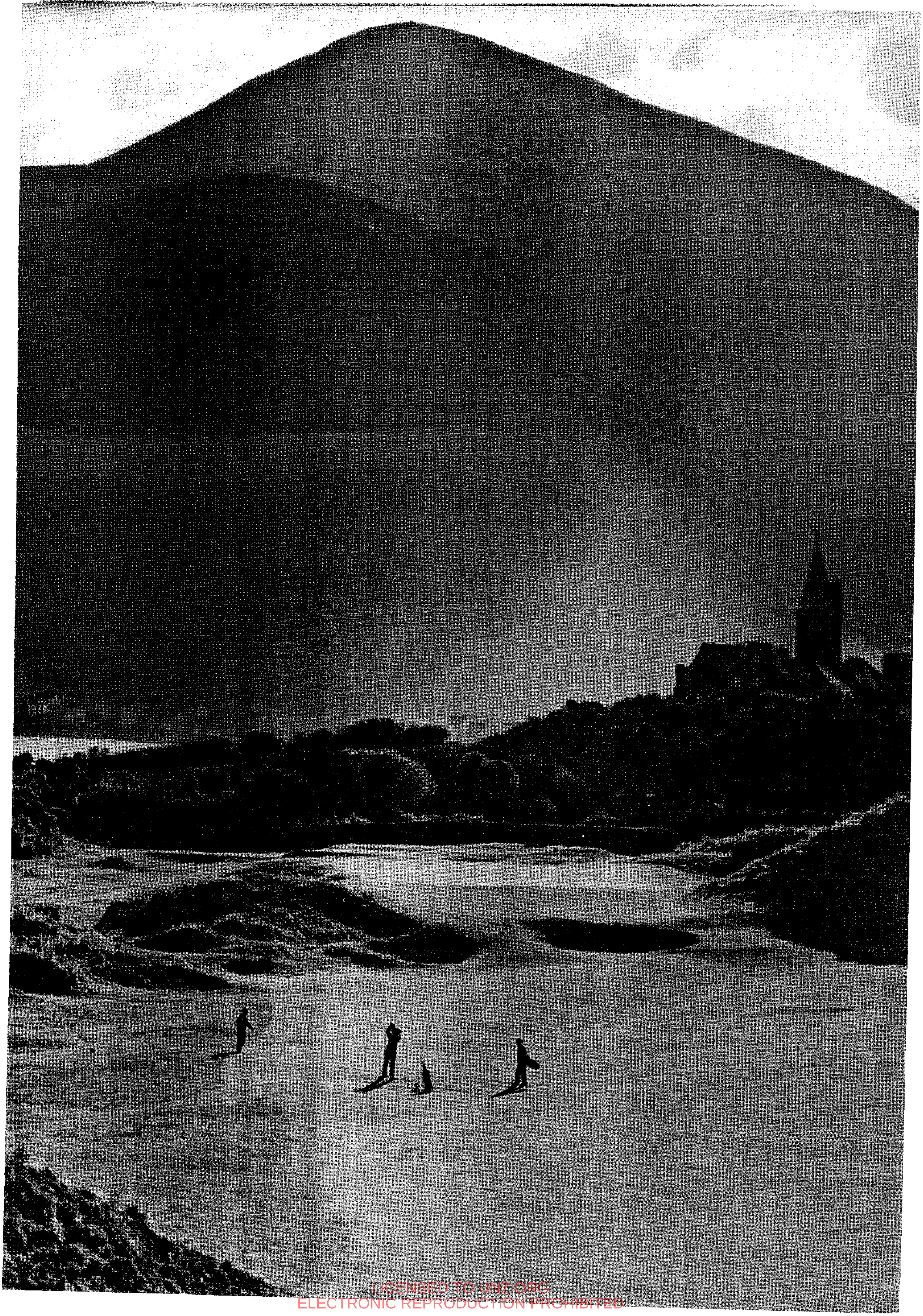

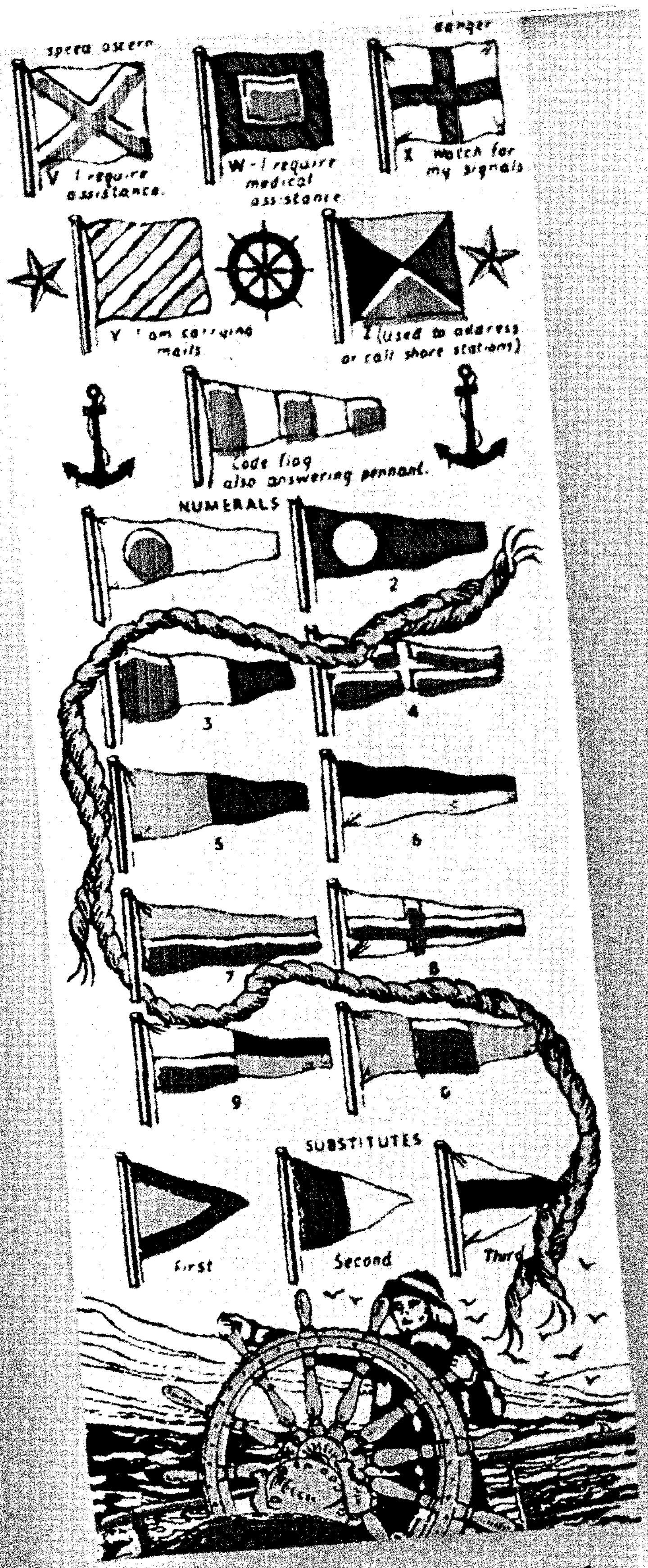
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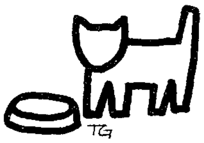
talking and kindness that were unimaginable a year ago."

As I wander about Kent State—in and out of the open doors—I have the feeling that I am wandering through a dream. "Things went very badly for me at home after the murders," a distraught-looking young woman tells me. She is standing in a downpour near the site of the burned-out R.O.T.C. building. She has a thin, youthful, almost shapeless figure and the face of a tired old woman. "My father told me he was finished helping me with my education," she says. "My parents are separated, and I'm back here now with my mother's help and some savings. I don't suppose I'll ever go back into my father's house. I don't see how he'll ever understand. He blames the kids. He says they were unruly, and he seems to think it's O.K. to shoot kids if they're unruly. I saw one of my close friends shot to death just a few feet from me, behind that building." She points at a Lincoln Center-type platitude of a building at the top of a rise. "She was a dedicated speech therapist who worked with students with speech impediments. When I heard the shots and saw what had happened, I ran off. Later, I thought to myself, You should have stayed, you should have died with them. But I don't feel that way these days. You won't believe it, but I used to be a Birchite—swallowed it hook, line, and sinker—but I know better today, and I'm back on the side of life."



Now I find myself in a large chemistry-department lecture hall, with steep tiers of seats rising to the ceiling. I take a vertiginous seat, and far below I can see empty beakers, zinc sinks, and a man in a neatly pressed gray business suit standing by one of the sinks. He is a legislator up from Columbus to explain a bill he has sponsored to punish people for campus disruptions. The meeting is sparsely attended—perhaps no more than forty persons in a lecture hall that could easily hold three to four hundred. The legislator seems irritated at the smallness of the turnout. He obviously considers himself a controversial figure, and possibly has assumed that when he put in an appearance on the campus large crowds—perhaps even unruly and defiant ones—would storm the auditorium and make headlines. He vents his irritation and frustration on professors. "Legislators are in touch with the people," he says. "Professors are detached from reality. They are a privileged group. I hear a lot of noise about academic freedom, but I'll tell you one thing: I know of no profession with as much freedom as professors." He comes down hard on the word "professors." He makes it sound ugly. "Now, let me ask you this," he says. "Who judges the professors, who monitors them, who *supervises* them? I must say, I had expected more people. I came all the way up from Columbus for this meeting. I am a very busy man." I think for a moment that he is going to lose his temper, but he seems to get control of himself. "The purpose of my bill was to scare the hell out of you," he says. "Do you know that I have seen polls where campus disorders rank above Southeast Asia and pollution as matters of public concern? Do you know that the public is up in arms? Do you realize that violence brings death? Everywhere, I hear cries of injustice, injustice, because a grand jury returned some indictments. What about hundreds of broken windows, what about molested firemen? Just the other day, a girl student here phoned my office and reported that one of her professors had wasted two whole class weeks in a tirade against Vice-President Agnew." From somewhere on his wrist, a buzzer buzzes. His complicated watch has sent forth a signal. "Well, I've had my say," he says. "Now you have yours."

"I was interested in your remarks about the polls," says a sandy-haired young man whose long legs are folded up to his chin and brushed by the lower locks of his hair. "This is less a question than an observation. Just suppose that a poll showed that the public was up in arms over the Bill of Rights. I am wondering if under such circumstances legislators should consider abrogating the Bill of Rights."

The legislator ponders the proposal. He rubs his chin.

A middle-aged man raises his hand. He is seated halfway up the auditorium. "I am one of those professors you were mentioning," he says, "and I wonder if you seriously, really, truly believe that two whole class weeks were devoted to a tirade against Vice-President Agnew."

The legislator presses his hands on the zinc sink and looks up at the professor. He looks at him for quite a while. "It is just possible," he says slowly, "that my informant was exaggerating."

Another student raises his hand. "There are people on this campus engaged this minute in a sit-in against your law," he says. "This sit-in is itself a violation of your law. Now, they are in a very strange situation. They want to test this law, but no one will

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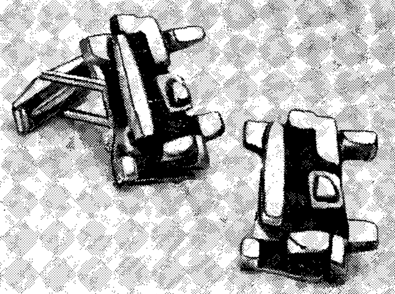

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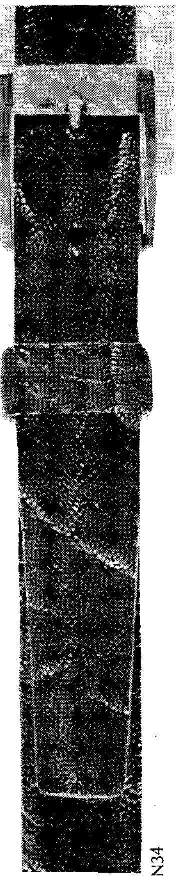

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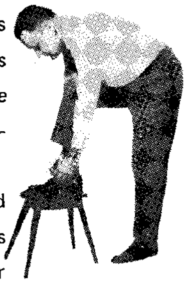

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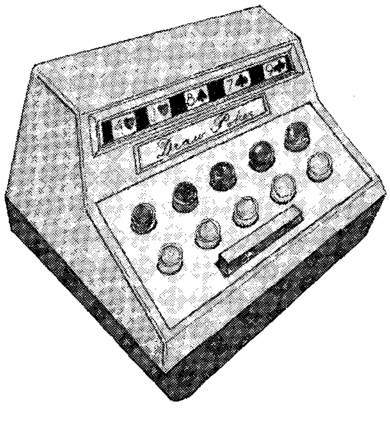
arrest them. I gather the police are negligent in this instance. They won't arrest anybody."

"What's your question?" the legislator asks.

"My question," the student says, "is whether you will represent us in this matter."

"For a fee, or should I donate my services?" the legislator asks. He gets his laugh. The meeting ends.

I AM in the office of a senior faculty member. He is in his shirtsleeves. Framed Norman Rockwell prints on his walls show a Lincolnesque fellow who has risen to speak at a town meeting (Freedom of Speech) and two children being tucked into bed (Freedom from Fear). He is a soft-spoken, gentle man, with a boyish, outdoors look. The tragedy is still a nightmare to him. He is not certain how he lived through it. He was on the campus right after the four deaths, when what seemed like thousands of students refused to budge. They just stood around, numbed. The Guard was still there, too, with loaded weapons. The commanding officer said he would give the whole crowd five minutes to get moving. "Someone has to teach these people what law and order is all about," he was heard to remark. The crowd remained motionless. The professor began to cry. He pleaded with the students. "For God's sake, move away from this area," he said to them. "Otherwise, there will be a massacre." Nobody moved. "We might as well die here as in Vietnam," a voice called from the rear of the crowd. There were other faculty people, too, pleading, begging, imploring the students to move. "The bloodbath seemed inevitable," says the professor, "when suddenly some mysterious urge to survive took hold, and the students began to move off." The professor says that he is a political conservative. He believes in the system, but the system has to be fair. He believes in change—change is the law of life—but he also believes in the continuity of education. "I am in a university because I believe in the dissemination of ideas. What would be the point of universities if everybody knew everything ahead of time? I was born and brought up in Ohio, and I've had a milk route, and I have a son who is a sophomore here, and who is deeply concerned with problems of war and pollution. I see the problems people face. The generations fascinate me. Each generation tries to give the next what it didn't have itself. The kids rebel against their parents' view of the system—the unquestioning acceptance of things as they are, the concentration



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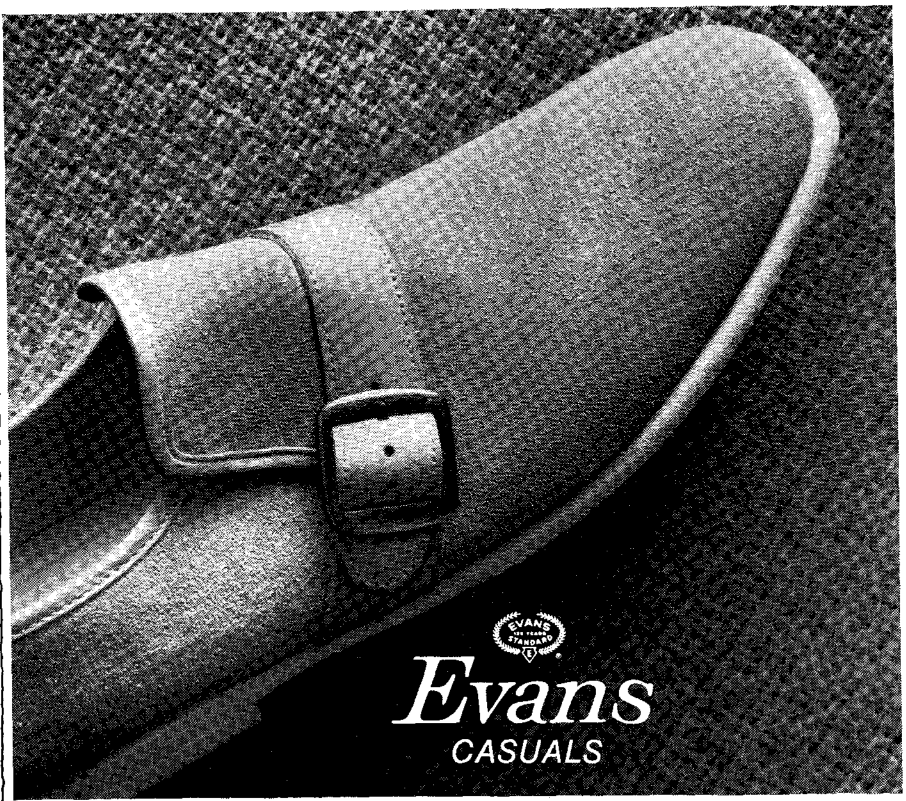
on material things. I understand how angry and frightened an older person becomes when he sees the younger generation turning on his values. Many parents see the university as a threat to their way of life. But it's ridiculous to condemn a university for permissiveness, for being an open forum. The universities have failed to explain what the life of the mind is all about, and the towns take a stand against practically everything that universities stand for, and consider them merely technical training schools to help people make more money. I don't think there are any answers, but I want the questions to keep on coming."

I am talking to another professor. He points to an enlarged snapshot on his desk. "Taken a second after the killings," he says. "I stare at it all the time. That's Blanket Hill, where the Guards suddenly turned and shot the kids. You can see they are still at the top, and there's absolutely nobody behind them. There's no threat there, no stab in the back. Some people still say the Guards were about to be ambushed from the rear."

I am calling on an instructor who lives in a bungalow at the edge of town. His children are on the floor in front of the television set. They are covered with jam. He says that he and his wife know only one family in town not connected with the university. Good people are forever trying to bridge the gap between town and gown, but it's an uphill fight, and he teaches long hours, and prices are rising, and he's tired, and he has been at a potentially explosive rally on the campus. A tiny band of activists, shouting cliché obscenities in shrill unison, concentrated their hatred on the president of the university and demanded that he put in an appearance immediately and end the war and clear up pollution and solve the housing problem. *And* end poverty. The president sent out word that he would not appear before such a mob. This heightened the stream of obscenities, and for a moment it appeared that the mob—actually, only about thirty activists among a calm and observing crowd of several hundred students—would move on the Administration Building and batter down the door. The instructor was proud of a small band of peace marshals who stood their ground in front of the main door and refused to budge. They refused to shout. They were nonresisters, and to batter down the door the angry few would have had to destroy them first. The instructor had held his breath. "When the peace marshals did not give way at the door, the small band roamed



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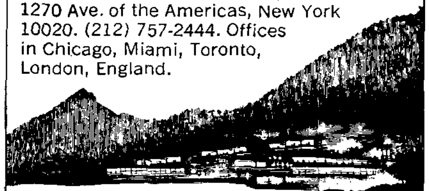

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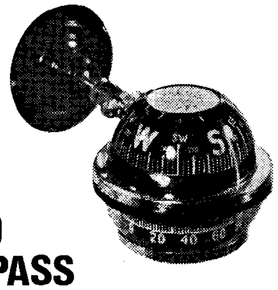

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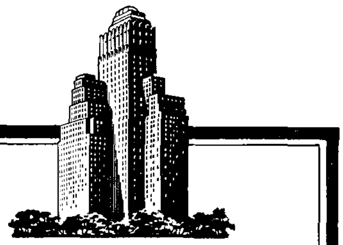
off, still screaming," he says. "But they didn't break down the door. I'm tired, but I can't afford to be tired." He is seated in a chintzy chair next to a window that looks out upon what seem to be tens of bungalows like his own, on a newly paved street, without trees. "Now we will hold meetings with students," he says, "and grievances will be aired, and aired again, but at least we have avoided violence."

THE Life Center is in an old white barracks-type building across from the site of the burned-out R.O.T.C. building. Both faculty and students drift in and out of the Life Center all day and most of the night. There's a lovely feeling in the place. Soft cushions in soft colors are strewn over the floor. Some people are reading, others are stretched out on the cushions or seated, hands around their knees, against the walls. Someone strums a guitar. Hot coffee is on a table at a far end of the room. The girls wear blue-jeans, the boys have long hair. A girl with a Botticelli face and hair wrapped in a neat bun tells me that one of America's most popular female singers spoke recently in the university gymnasium and totally missed connection with her audience. "Her heart is in the right place and all," says the girl, "but when she told us that the university is castrating, and that she doesn't see how we live through it day after day, and that we should just kick over *all* the traces and head into the world to feed the hungry and aid the needy—well, she really missed the point. She only makes like a million a year, with tax gimmicks. We are here to learn precisely how to serve. We're here to get an education. The parents of most of the kids on this campus struggled pretty hard to send their kids here. It's a dream of theirs—to see their children educated. Lots of them never went near a college themselves. Lots of them are first-generation Americans from the big Ohio plants. So their children just don't swallow that business about wandering the earth and feeding the hungry. You have to work these things out for yourself. I've been through a great deal on this campus. I know now that I have to try to understand people better, see their point of view. This is going to take time and hard work—an educational program and an action program. We learned so much after the tragedy, when we turned in on ourselves. All sorts of people who believe in nonviolence showed up here—to help us. We work hard. We engage in difficult role-playing, in which we act out all sorts of situations, putting ourselves in



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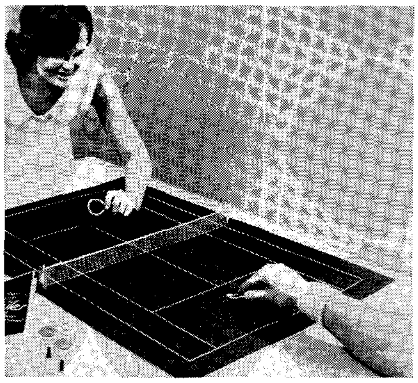

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the role of the police officer, for example, suddenly seeing his difficulty, or running into the blank wall of a group that will not move on or that will not negotiate. Role-playing helps us see the violence within each of us, and see how we have to try to control it. We have learned, for example, that the incessant shouting of 'Pig!' is dehumanizing, as bad for the shrieker as for the shrieked at. We're working at this all the time. And that's why we tend to be wary of people who make it all sound so simple—just walk across the water to some far continent and shout 'Love!' Almost all my friends have memories—memories of the parents of one of the dead girls coming silently by to pick up her things, or memories of National Guardsmen who were here the day of the shootings and who threw their helmets down on the ground and sobbed. If only we had been able to reach them, to have them imagine themselves in our place. We have memories of the Governor of Ohio kicking the rubble of the R.O.T.C. building and shouting, 'Those goddam kids!' and we know that we have to reach him, too, and make him see."

The girl drifts off, and a young man suddenly asks me if I am acquainted with E. E. Cummings, and before I can answer he begins reciting a poem:

> "next to of course god america i
> love you land of the pilgrims' and
> so forth oh
> say can you see by the dawn's early
> my
> country . . ."

He pauses for breath. "I never knew about this man until I came here from a small town in the middle of the state," the boy says. "I'm just discovering poets, and sometimes I get so excited I can hardly stand it. Have you read much Yeats?"

As I nod, I look around the room at the quietly talking figures, the seated figures, the standing figures, the low lights, and I hear the soft notes of the guitar. I think of the words from Ecclesiastes: "Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." —PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

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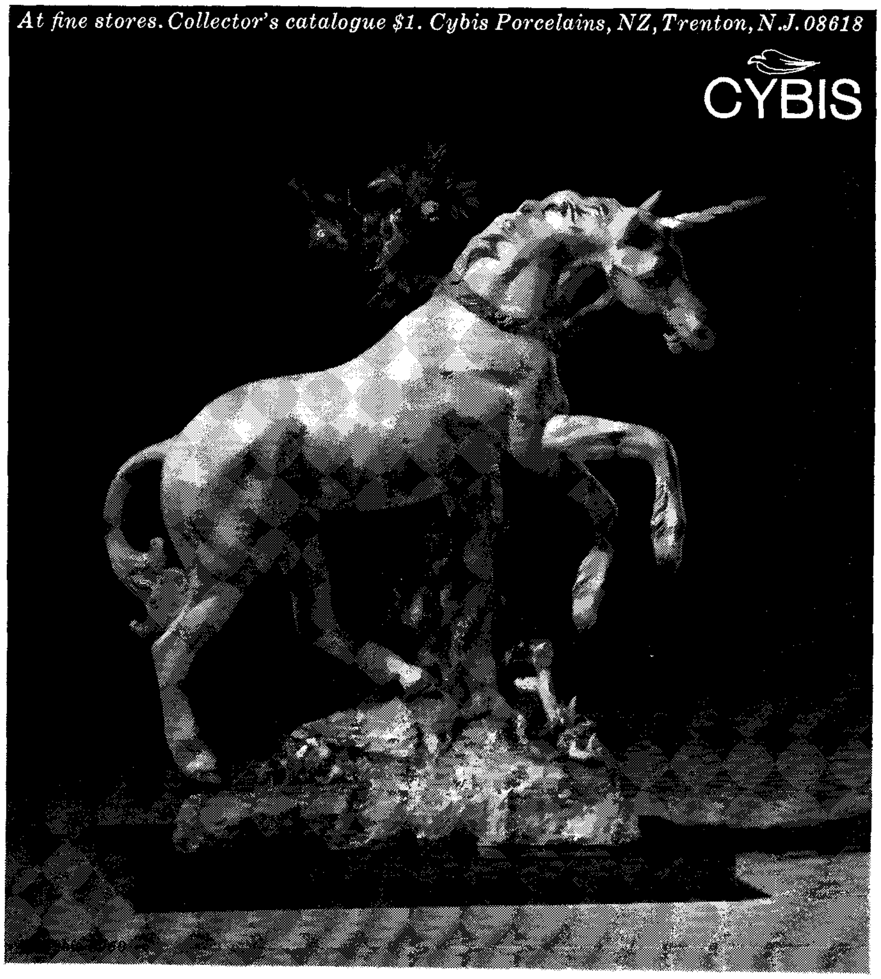
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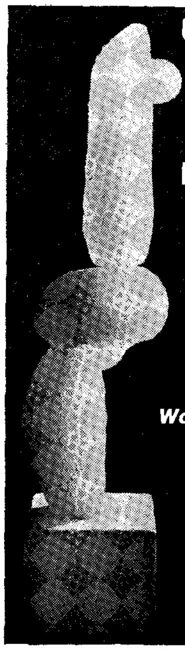

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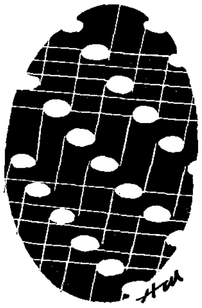
MUSICAL EVENTS

Locking Horns

I AM constantly aware of the loose use of "horn" nowadays, especially in writings about jazz. A trumpet is not a horn; neither is a trombone. Both are tubular instruments, and "horn" does not apply. It might apply to such relatively short conical-bore instruments as the cornet, the bass tuba, and the various types of alto, tenor, and baritone instruments in between. But in symphonic and operatic circles a horn is a horn; that is, a conical-bore instrument of great length—around fifteen feet—coiled into practicable size and fitted with valves to produce the notes of the chromatic scale. Sometimes it is called, for no ascertainable reason, the "French" horn. It is a descendant, with technological improvements, of the old hunting horn, *Waldhorn*, or *cor de chasse*, and it is the most beautiful-sounding and most difficult of all brass instruments. In pianissimo, its tone has the purity of a bell; in forte, it has a noble, full, round character; in fortissimo, it tends toward a majestic blare. It is an instrument capable of much greater versatility than a trumpet or a trombone. It is so hard to play with any skill that the first horn player of a symphony orchestra is an aristocrat among his colleagues.



Last Wednesday night, in Alice Tully Hall, a recital was given by the horn player Brooks Tillotson, a number of assisting artists, and a small orchestra. The stage was festive with potted palms, and a youthful audience, containing many fellow horn players, was in attendance. Among the assisting artists was that admirable tenor Kenneth Riegel, along with Gerald Beal, violinist, and Elizabeth Wright, pianist. The program contained a great deal of fine music that we seldom hear—Mozart's Concerto No. 3 in E Flat Major for Horn and Orchestra, K. 447; Benjamin Britten's Serenade for Tenor, Horn, and Strings, Opus 31; Brahms' Trio in E Flat Major for Violin, Horn, and Piano, Opus 40; and a new work, Hornpiece for Solo Horn and Tape, by Warner Hutchison. It was a taxing program for a horn player—less so for the other artists—and it was done with a delightful theatricality: different clothing was worn by the soloists for each work, and for the Britten item both tenor and horn player appeared as monks, capped and robed.

Mr. Tillotson is an imposing man, with a Brahmsian beard and a flaring mustache. I would not call him a top-rank horn player. He is too inclined to be a victim of the main hazards of his profession—the missed bull's-eye and the smashed attack, which amounts to pretty much the same thing. He does not have the tone of the great Bruno Jaenicke, Toscanini's favorite virtuoso, or the brilliance of the late Dennis Brain, who once played with the London Philharmonia. But he is a fair-to-middling performer, with fast articulation, a pleasant tone, and considerable musicianship, and his enterprise in putting on this program is to be commended. The Mozart and Britten works are beauties (incidentally, for the prologue and epilogue of the Britten work he played a valveless *Waldhorn*—which made some of his notes off pitch, though I suppose his audience was interested in this use of the ancestral instrument). The Hornpiece was about what you would expect—tape twittering in the wings while Mr. Tillotson performed. The most successful work of the evening was the Brahms Trio, in which Mr. Beal disclosed a small but sweet violin tone and Miss Wright a competent grasp of the piano. No composer in history has understood the horn better than Brahms. In this Trio, he avoids dangerous high notes and concentrates on the beauty of the instrument's middle and lower registers. It was played to perfection, and the audience responded with an ovation.

A YEAR or so ago, in "Dances at a Gathering," Jerome Robbins confronted the world of ballet with an entirely new type of choreography. Last Thursday night, with the New York City Ballet at the State Theatre, Mr. Robbins presented the world première of a ballet entitled "The Goldberg Variations," set to Bach's music of that title, and it was evident that he had enlarged and amplified this type of choreography even further. The new work is a magnificent spectacle, involving a large number of dancers. It does not throw virtuosity at you as the classical ballet does. The virtuosity is there, nevertheless—concealed (or,

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rather, understated) behind a fluency of sequence that is a total delight. One of the most interesting and innovative things about this new kind of choreography is Mr. Robbins' use of stage space. His arrangements of dancers are seldom symmetrical. A slight dynamic imbalance in the stage picture flows into another slight imbalance, with the result that there is never a break in the line of movement. The initial statement of Bach's theme is done by two dancers dressed formally in eighteenth-century ballet costume. The first series of variations involves women in short skirts and men in leotards, with straps over their shoulders, suggesting that they are peasants. Then we move up to the bourgeoisie, and finally to the aristocracy, for which formal coats and tutus are the costume. The ballet is "abstract" in the sense that music is abstract, but, like music, it contains moods ranging from the sombre to the playful. Mr. Robbins' feeling for the music is extraordinarily sensitive, and his treatment of rhythmic movement is—like his treatment of stage space—fluid, sometimes eccentric, but always deeply conscious of musical values. The première of "The Goldberg Variations" was to me the high point of a busy ballet season, and it places Mr. Robbins among the great, original masters of the art. Among the large number of dancers who took part in it, Renée Estópinal, Michael Steele, Sara Leland, Gelsey Kirkland, Robert Maiorano, John Clifford, Bruce Wells, Robert Weiss, Patricia McBride, Susan Hendl, Karin von Arolingen, Helgi Tomasson, Anthony Blum, and Peter Martins were outstanding for their grace and virtuosity. The very competent pianist who performed the music was Gordon Boelzner. Costumes were by Joe Eula and lighting by Thomas Skelton.

"The Goldberg Variations" was preceded on the program by Antony Tudor's familiar "Dim Lustre," in which Kay Mazzo, Frank Ohman, Elise Flagg, Colleen Neary, and Richard Rapp appeared in major roles. "Dim Lustre" is a fairly pleasant affair, full of symbolic references, but to my mind it is the weakest of the Tudor ballets—certainly in no way comparable to "Pillar of Fire." The orchestra, led by Hugo Fiorato, with Jerry Zimmerman as piano soloist, played the difficult Strauss score decently.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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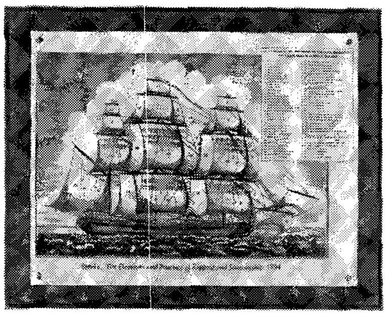

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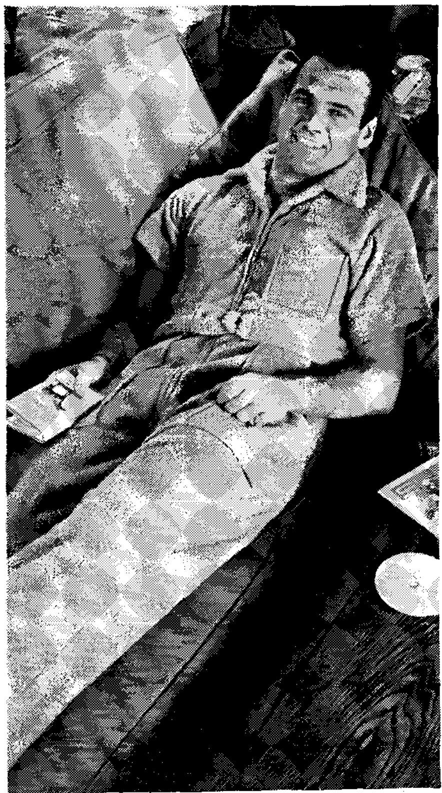

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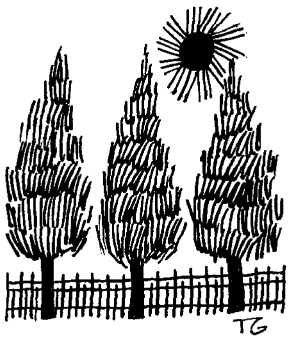
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

MAY 29

THE focus of attention is once again on Europe, and all the most pressing interests can be subsumed under the general rubric of "European security." The components are, in no particular order of urgency, NATO, the SALT talks, the Common Market, and the travails of the dollar, sometimes referred to here as the passing of the buck, which in Harry Truman's day used to stop at the President's desk but which now is as often as not in the hands of the gnomes of Zurich, Stuttgart, and Milan. The flap over NATO is closely related to the money crisis, which has eased for the time being but which will surely be upon us again before very long. The balance of payments tips against us not because we are inefficient producers or traders, or dependent on imports, but because our military commitments are so extensive. We now contribute more than three hundred thousand men to the NATO forces, and Senator Mansfield, speaking for most of the Senate Democrats, whom he leads, would like to bring half of them home, which would mean the return to these fair shores not merely of a hundred and fifty thousand guardians of our freedom but of at least a hundred thousand of their dependents. Perhaps obtusely, Senator Mansfield feels that our admirable program of Vietnamization might be accompanied by a similar program of Germanization, Frenchization, Spanishization. The Mansfield Doctrine, like its counterpart, the Nixon Doctrine, calls for a "low profile"—one not so low that we can't see it ourselves but low enough to at least keep more of our money at home. He feels that our allies in the free world should fend for themselves in Asia, Europe, and everywhere else—except, just possibly, in the Middle East. Like Senator Pastore, of Rhode Island, he finds it odious that American boys should be picking up cigarette butts dropped by British brigadiers and German desert foxes, or painting flagpoles up which are run the standards of nations from Iceland to Turkey. Besides, Senator Mansfield very much doubts whether any large number of American troops is needed in Europe today. No one in his right mind, he points out, thinks that the Russians are likely to attack the Western democracies in the foreseeable future, and should the Kremlin be idiotic enough to order an attack, our "mobility" could get us to the "front" in hours.



To be sure, Senator Mansfield has his critics, among them the President, the Secretary of State, Dr. Kissinger, and a majority of his fellow-senators. Some of the points they make are these: Whence springs the confidence that the Russians would not invade Western Europe? Czechoslovakia was subdued by Russian arms less than three years ago; why, then, is it absurd to suppose that the same might not happen to Austria or Yugoslavia? To leave Europe entirely to the Europeans would be to revert to a system—the European system—which has hardly ever worked in the past and which has cost the United States dearly in men and money, or, to use the term that the fastidious generally employ, "treasure." Our presence in Europe informs the Soviet Union that there will be no debates over our involvement if there is another attempt to reorder the Continent by force. Furthermore, our troops are there as counters in diplomatic negotiations: we would gladly, we say, withdraw from Western Europe if the Red Armies would withdraw from Eastern Europe. The latter move currently seems a possibility; Leonid Brezhnev, who is now clearly the single heir to the czars and the proletarian dictators, has spoken favorably of a mutual reduction of forces. But if we reduce unilaterally, what will there be to negotiate? What incentive will the Russians then have to pull back their troops? Then, too, it is maintained that a large-scale American withdrawal would undermine the confidence of our friends in Western Europe; they would feel abandoned and would lower their sights in making agreements with the Communist bloc. Finally, there is the Secretary of State's contention that a substantial withdrawal would "signal the end of NATO" and be a "mistake of historic proportions."

For the moment, the Administration has prevailed. But the debate will go on, since to many people the case for a withdrawal of fifty per cent of our forces, or even the dismantling of NATO, is a compelling one. The Russians felt safe in moving against Czech-

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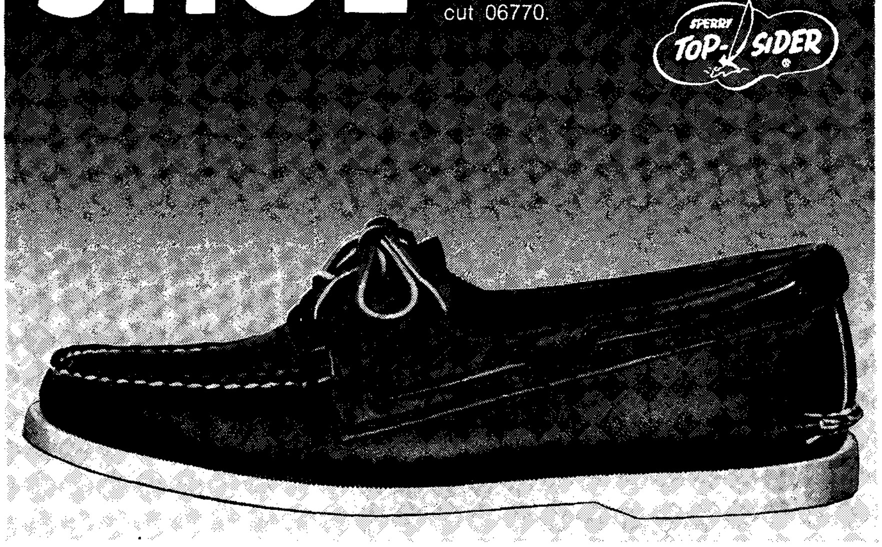
oslovakia because they knew perfectly well that we would do nothing about it. This knowledge has been theirs since at least 1956, when the Hungarian revolution was put down and the American response was to take in a few refugees. It is probably nowhere in writing that we regard Eastern Europe as a Soviet sphere of influence, but we have made it entirely clear that we do, and we probably would not move even if Marshal Tito implored us to come to the defense of Yugoslavia. At the same time, the Russians know that we would probably have no choice but to fight in Western Europe; a fifty-percent pullout would mean a fifty-percent presence, and a hundred and fifty thousand hostages sounds like quite a few to many people here. To the proposition that our troops in Europe are counters in negotiations, the standard argument is that negotiation for its own sake is an absurd end. Either we need a number of troops for military purposes or we don't. If we cut back in advance of negotiations, the chances are good that the Russians, who also find military costs a burden, would feel that they could do the same. And why should our friends feel abandoned just because we are taking a new reading on the military dangers? They can make up any deficit in manpower, and our industrial-military complex will cheerfully go on arming them. As for Mr. Rogers' worries about NATO, his critics feel that NATO has long since served its purpose and for years has been an alliance in search of a mission.

THE Central Intelligence Agency seems at times to be the only really intelligent agency we have. Consider the record: The C.I.A. has done more for culture than the National Foundation on the Arts and the Humanities or the Ford Foundation, publishing highbrow journals in London, Berlin, Paris, and Bombay. It has subsidized student organizations that have formed the nucleus of the antiwar movement and have contributed greatly to the movement's leadership. While the Departments of State and Defense were giving moral and military support to the Portuguese imperialists in Africa, the C.I.A. was said to be covertly and quite effectively aiding the rebels in Angola and Mozambique. To be sure, in Cuba and Vietnam, the C.I.A. hasn't done too well, but you can't win them all. Anyway, it now seems to have surpassed itself—at least in independence and courage—by blowing the whistle on Melvin Laird and his braided alarmists in the Penta-



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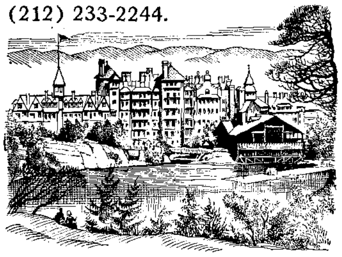

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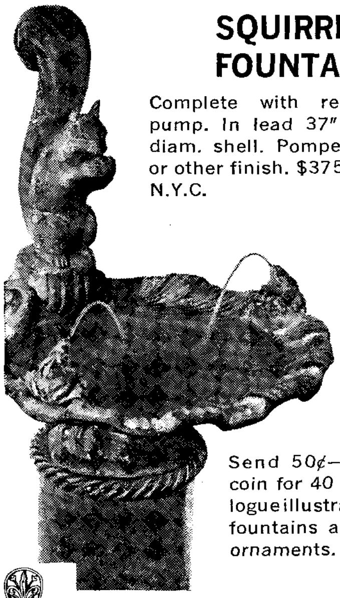

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gon. It has disputed publicly the official view of the "missile crisis," and while it would be premature to say that it has destroyed the government's case, the presumption must always be that the government's case is overstated to begin with.

The issues here are not particularly complex or technical, though they are, one might say, rather abstract. Much depends on how one evaluates the significance of empty space—in this case, holes in the ground around Moscow. These holes have been seen and counted and measured by our spies on the ground and by our satellites in orbit. The big question is: Why are they there and what are they for? According to Secretary Laird, in a television appearance last March, the intelligence that had reached him confirmed "the fact that the Soviet Union is going forward with construction of a large missile system." By April 22nd, the confirmed fact was, he said, a "sobering" one: the Soviet Union was "involved in a new—and apparently extensive—ICBM construction program." In other words, the Russians were once again playing dirty pool. While sweet-talking at the SALT negotiations, they were digging holes for great big missiles that could sneak right past and around our ABMs, which safeguard us while we sleep—or, at any rate, those of us who live in Montana, North Dakota, Wyoming, and Missouri. In late April, prospects looked bad for the SALT talks, despite the encouraging words of Brezhnev, who made everything sound very simple when, in Tiflis, he said, "All you have to do is to muster resolve to try the proposals that interest you by their taste. Translated into diplomatic language, this means 'Start negotiations.' " All very well, but how can a gentleman negotiate with a cad who is digging bigger and bigger holes on Soviet soil?

Now comes the C.I.A. to strike a blow for sanity and peace. Essentially, its argument is that you can't judge a hole by its size. It does not dispute the military's finding that there are large new cavities in the earth in the environs of Moscow. Nor does it question the possibility that the larger holes could be used to house larger missiles. But it does point out that they could also be used to pour concrete in to protect the smaller missiles they already have. Should this be the case, then it would seem unlikely that the Soviet Union is aiming at what down here in the capital we call a "first-strike capability"—i.e., a surefire knockout punch delivered before the gong has sounded. The C.I.A.

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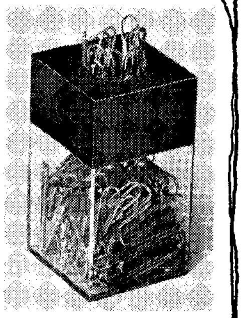

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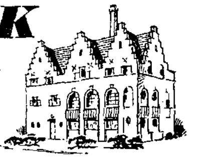

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analysts (who, incidentally, leaked their misgivings and suspicions to Republicans in the Senate) do not prejudge the case, though they do suggest that if the Russians were building great big new missiles, they would be unlikely to plant them in fields of smaller ones. In any case, the C.I.A. has once again challenged Conventional Wisdom. One is particularly taken with the statement of Dr. Herbert Scoville, Jr., described as a "former" C.I.A. official, who said before the Senate Appropriations Committee, "We must ask ourselves how many times we are going to allow the 'weaponeers' to come before the Congress and the people shouting 'missile gap' when in reality they are only creating another 'credibility gap.' "

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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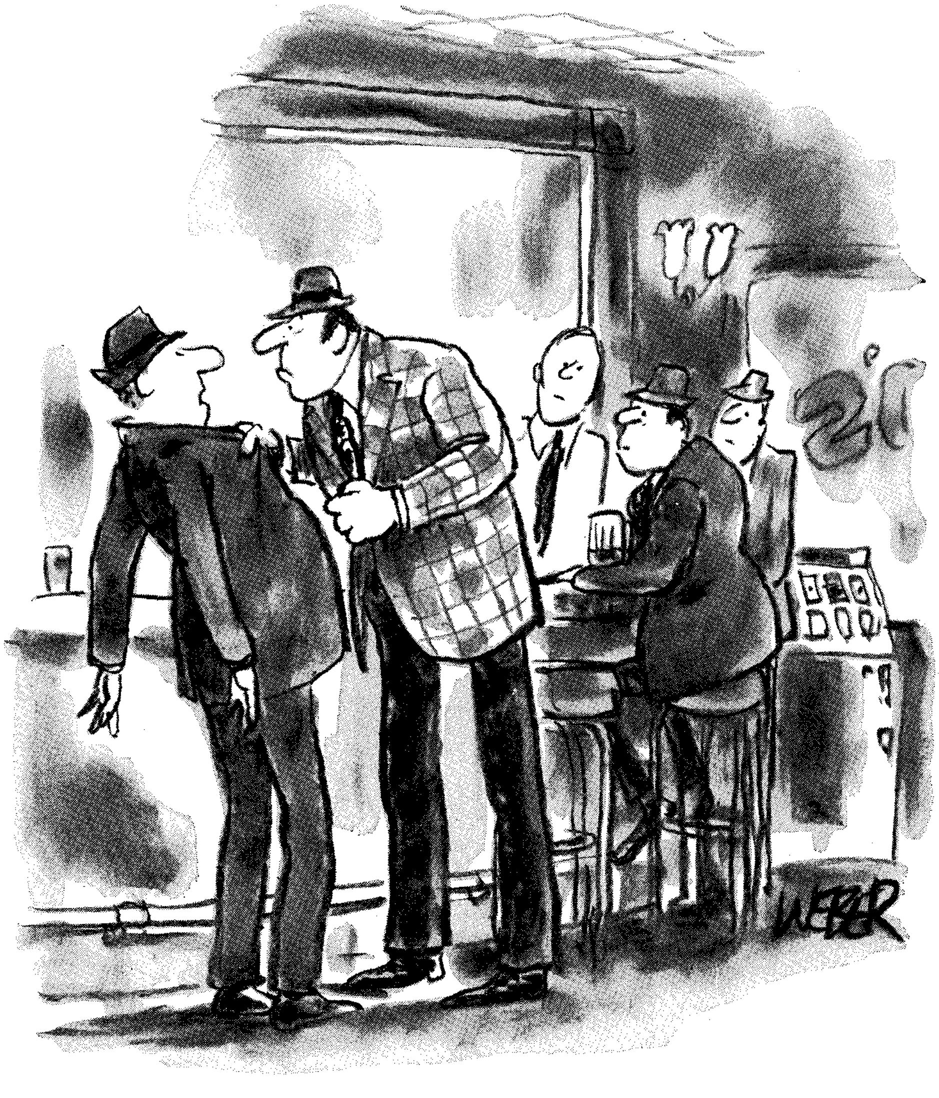
BOOKS

Categorical Imperative

THE questions implicit in the title of one of Reinhold Niebuhr's early books have long haunted me: "Moral Man and Immoral Society." How can a society composed of individually moral men become immoral, and what should an individual do in a society that he regards as immoral? The dilemma is part of the theme of an extraordinary new book by the German physicist Werner Heisenberg—"Physics and Beyond: Encounters and Conversations" (Harper & Row; translated from the German by Arnold J. Pomerans). Next to the contributions to twentieth-century physics by Einstein and Bohr, Heisenberg's are probably the most important. He devised a significant part of the modern quantum mechanics of the atom, and his "uncertainty principle" is at the heart of our understanding of what measurement and observation mean when applied to quantities on the atomic scale. Heisenberg, born in Würzburg in 1901, is, to judge by his book, a man of sensitivity, culture, and compassion. As early as 1922, when he attended a lecture by Einstein, he became aware of the undercurrent of anti-Semitism in Germany and its relevance to the scientific community. (A campaign to discredit both Einstein as a Jew and the theory of relativity was under way even in the early nineteen-twenties. Among its adherents were a few scientists—such as Philipp Lenard—who had international reputations. Lenard, who won the Nobel Prize in 1905, the year Einstein published his first paper on relativity, attempted, in his "Great Men of Science," to assign the discovery of certain aspects of relativity to the Austrian physicist Friedrich Hasenöhrl, who was killed in the First World War and whose racial characteristics were acceptable to the Nazis. Einstein is not mentioned.) Heisenberg writes, "The lecture theatre was a large hall with doors on all sides. As I was about to enter, a young man—I learned later that he was an assistant or pupil of a well-known professor of physics in a South German university—passed a red handbill into my hand, warning me against Einstein and relativity. The whole theory was said to be nothing but wild speculation, blown up by the Jewish press and entirely alien to the German spirit. At first I thought the whole thing was the work of some lunatic, for madmen are wont to turn up at all big meetings. However, when I was told that the author was a man renowned for his experimental work, to whom Sommerfeld [Heisenberg's teacher] had often referred in his lectures [no doubt Lenard], I felt as if part of my world were collapsing."

Like so many other Germans, Heisenberg and a number of his fellow-scientists underestimated and tried to ignore what was happening until it was too late. For Heisenberg, the twenties was the period of his most intense creative activity in physics, a time in which he was changing—along with a handful of fellow-physicists from all over Europe—man's scientific outlook. Moreover, during much of this period Heisenberg was living and working at Bohr's Institute, in Copenhagen. It was one of the most remarkable epochs in the history of science, and in the tranquil and intense atmosphere of Bohr's Institute and the other European university centers who would have been able to predict the holocaust of the thirties?

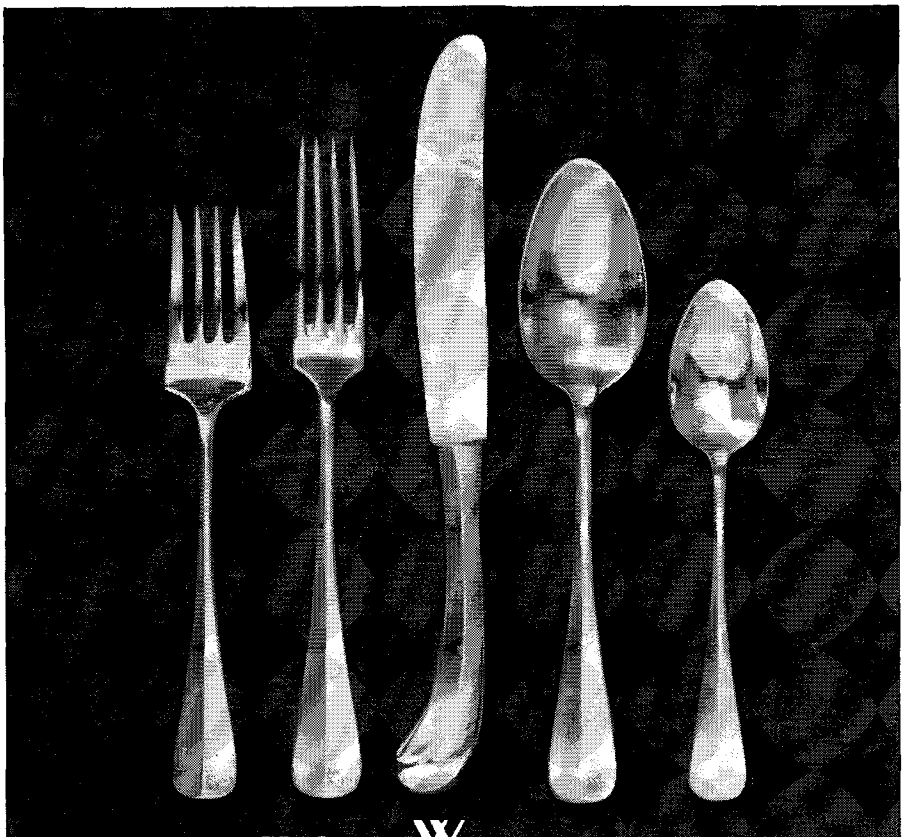
In 1927, Heisenberg was offered his choice of posts in Zurich and Leipzig. Although he does not comment, one wonders how different his life would have been if he had chosen to teach in Switzerland. He went to Leipzig. In 1929, he made a lecture tour of the United States, and in 1932 he was awarded a Nobel Prize. But "when I returned to my Leipzig Institute at the beginning of the summer term of 1933, the rot had begun to spread. Several of my most capable colleagues had left Germany, others were preparing to flee. Even my brilliant assistant, Felix Bloch [Bloch won the Nobel Prize in 1952], had decided to emi-



"Sir, when I called you a damn fool, I said it knowing full well that I, too, am a damn fool."

grate, and I myself began to wonder whether there was any sense in staying on." Yet stay he did. In his book, he reconstructs a conversation with the great German physicist Max Planck. Planck died in 1947, so we have only Heisenberg's memory of what was said. (The "conversations" in Heisenberg's book are all, as he candidly states, attempts to reconstruct episodes many of which took place decades ago.) Planck had long been associated with the Kaiser Wilhelm Society, in Berlin, from which both Einstein and Erwin Schrödinger, its two greatest active physicists, had just emigrated—Einstein to Princeton, Schrödinger to Oxford and then Ireland. Planck, Heisenberg said, had tried to persuade Hitler that his racial policies were ruining German science and intellectual life but was convinced that nothing could stop him. The only thing to do was to stay, in the hope that the regime would end. "Your resignation," Planck said, according to Heisenberg, "would have no effect at the present time other than to ruin your own career—I know you are prepared to pay that price. [Leaving Germany certainly did *not* "ruin" the careers of such men as Hans Bethe, Einstein, and Schrödinger, to name only a few.] But as far as Germany is concerned your action will only begin to matter again after the end of the present catastrophic phase. It is to the future that all of us must now look. If you resign, then, at best, you may be able to get a job abroad. [In view of his stature, it is certain that Heisenberg could have found a job, if he had wanted one. In fact, he was in the United States as late as 1939, but he refused offers of work here and returned to Germany.] What might happen at worst, I would rather not say. But abroad you will be one of countless emigrants in need of a job, and who knows but that you would deprive another, in much greater need than yourself? No doubt, you would be able to work in peace, you would be out of danger, and after the catastrophe you could always return to Germany—with a clear conscience and the happy knowledge that you never compromised with Germany's gravedigger."

Heisenberg went back to Leipzig, almost envying "those of my friends whose life in Germany had been made so impossible that they simply had to leave. . . . At least, they had been spared the agonizing choice of whether or not they ought to stay on. . . . If a member of one's family catches a fatal infection, is it better to leave the house before one catches the infection and perhaps spreads it, or is it better to look after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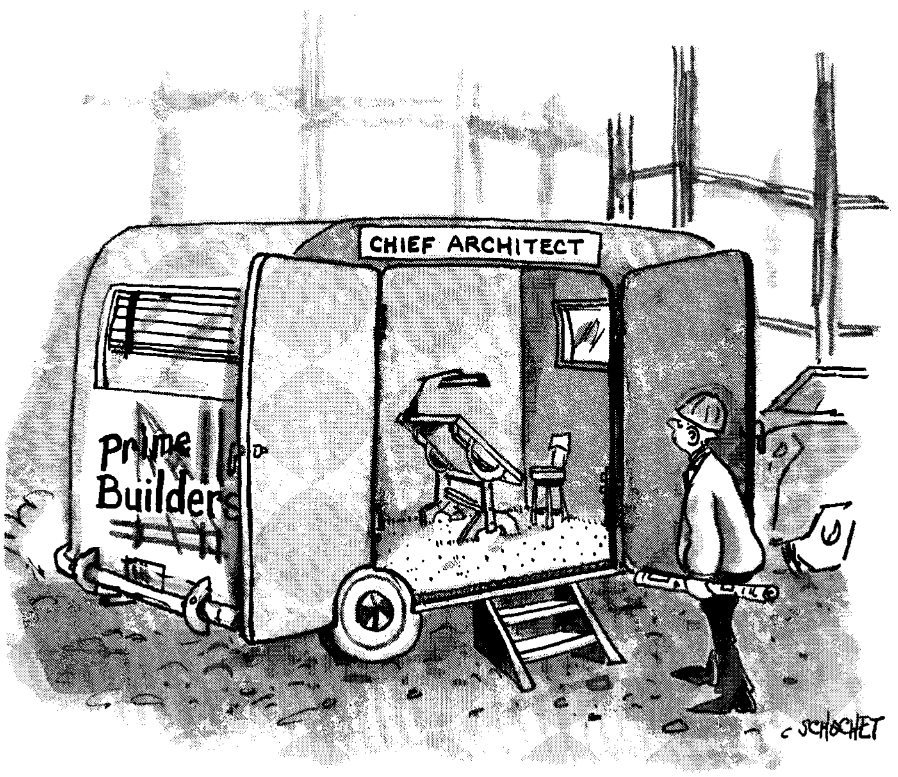

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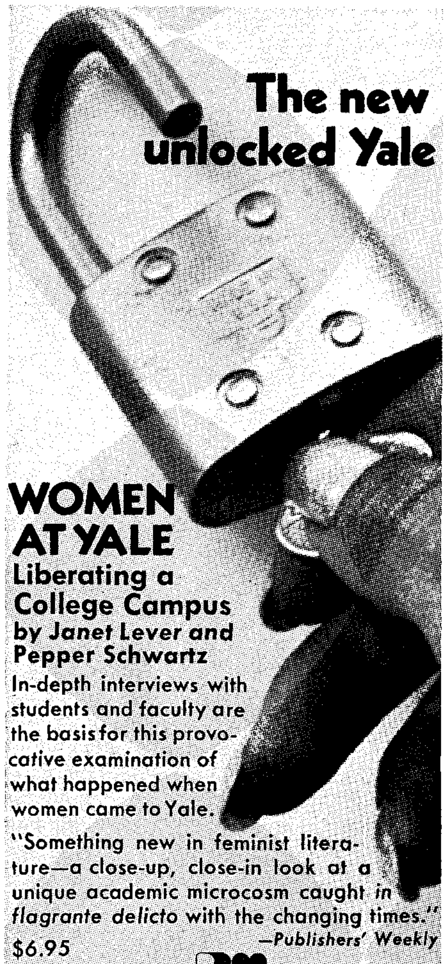

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the patient even if he is bound to die?" Planck, he says, had hinted at certain compromises. "At the beginning of each lecture," Heisenberg points out, "you had to raise your hand and give the Nazi salute. But hadn't I raised my hand to wave at acquaintances even before the advent of Hitler? Was that really a dishonorable compromise? And then you had to sign all official letters with 'Heil Hitler.' That was much less pleasant, but luckily I, for one, didn't have to write all that many official letters. . . . We were expected to attend celebrations and marches, but I felt it ought to be possible to get out of quite a few. . . . Had William Tell been right to refuse homage to Gessler's hat, thus endangering the life of his own child? Ought he to have compromised?"

Throughout the war, Heisenberg worked on research. After the discovery that nuclear fission was possible, he headed a project to produce a chain-reacting nuclear pile. His claim is that this was never meant as a serious attempt to make an atomic bomb. He acknowledges that he overestimated the difficulties of producing an atomic bomb and underestimated the willingness of our scientists to commit themselves to this project. Ironically, he may have contributed to the intensity of our effort. In October of 1941, he visited Bohr in Copenhagen. Heisenberg's motives for making his visit have never been completely clear. In the book, he says he wanted to let Bohr know that he had studied the question of nuclear bombs and had concluded that scientists should ponder carefully whether to work on such a weapon, for it was technically too difficult a project to have any effect on the outcome of the war. Because the process of fission had already been discovered in Germany, and because Heisenberg, the leading German physicist, had actually been considering the possibility of a nuclear bomb, Bohr concluded that work on it by the Allies was imperative. Soon after, Bohr escaped to England, then went to Los Alamos, and the German nuclear project never got to the stage at which a decision to use the bomb had to be taken. It must be said that Heisenberg has vigorously opposed any sentiment in postwar Germany for the development of nuclear weapons there.

And it must also be said that Heisenberg's book has just as much to do with science and philosophy as it does with what happened to him as a German. It affords a fascinating view of the creative process in science, and it offers the

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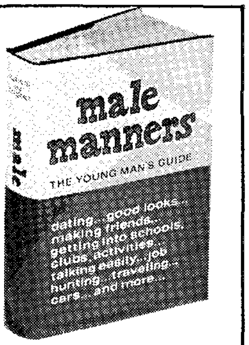

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best description I have ever read of the panic and ecstasy that the discovery of a really fundamental law of nature produces in the discoverer. For a short while he alone is in possession of a secret insight into the workings of nature which he imagines will forever transform the way men look at the natural universe. But, as Heisenberg makes plain, science does not exist in a vacuum, and scientists cannot ignore what is happening around them. Some of the scientists—and not only the Jewish ones—working in Germany left, simply because their moral sense made life intolerable for them there. A very few, such as Max von Laue, both stayed and openly opposed the regime. Von Laue, also a Nobel laureate, resigned his post at the University of Berlin in 1943, and did not conceal his political views throughout the war, but somehow he was allowed to survive. Clearly, Heisenberg was never a Nazi or a Nazi sympathizer. He was certainly a German nationalist, and he made the compromises with the regime he felt he had to in order to exist and to help to further German science. His reputation among physicists has suffered a great deal because of this, and some of them will never forgive him. Yet who can say with certainty what he himself would do were he confronted with such a choice? One may hope one would remember the poet's "And then there are the Saints." But who can be sure? —JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

ANGLE OF REPOSE, by Wallace Stegner (Doubleday). In this long, even-voiced, altogether delightful novel, Mr. Stegner tells the story of Susan Burling, who was born to Quaker parents near Poughkeepsie in 1847 and died in Grass Valley, California, in 1938. She was to become the best-known woman illustrator of her time (the only woman who ever did anything significant about drawing the early West), and she might have spent her life in the New York and Boston literary and artistic circles she loved, and where she was loved and admired, but at twenty-eight she married Oliver Ward, a mining engineer from the West, and began what was exile to her—following him from camp to camp (Colorado, the Dakotas, Mexico, Idaho, California) in a nomad life that her entrancing personality and her husband's resolute love for her turned into a triumphantly

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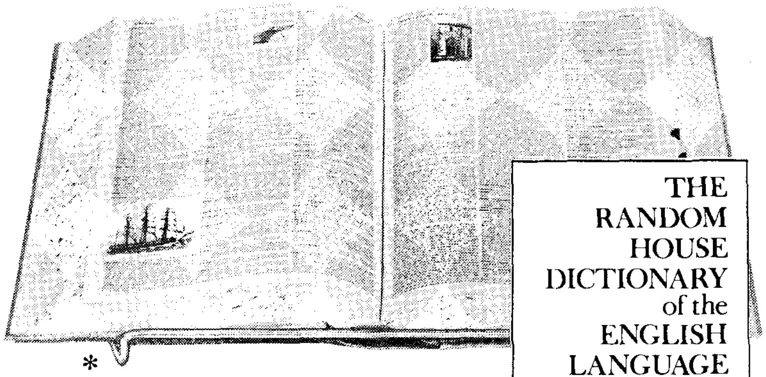

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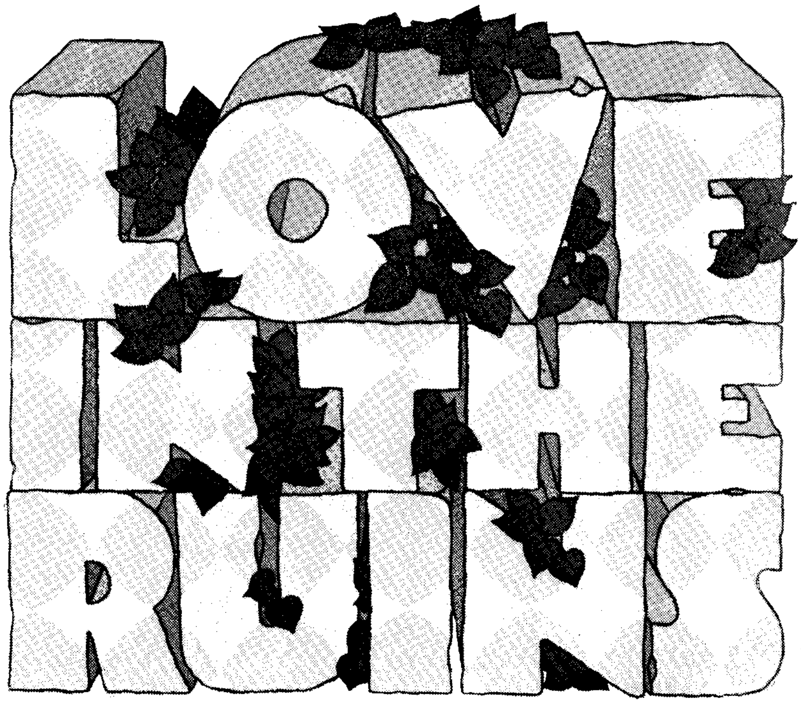

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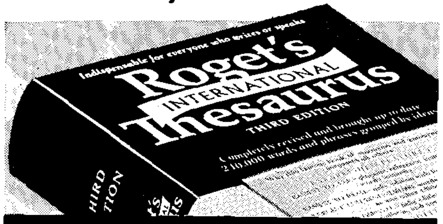

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American odyssey. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

DUBCEK, by William Shawcross (Simon & Schuster). The author of this knowledgeable biography of the deposed Czech leader is an English foreign correspondent who takes the trouble to explain to Western readers the institutional arrangements of a Communist government in order to help us understand a remarkable, if finally unfortunate, political career. Alexander Dubcek's parents were Communists, and in 1925 his father packed up the whole family and went to the Soviet Union to help build Communism, first in Kirgiz, later in Gorky. The future Czech leader got his education in Russia (he did not return to Czechoslovakia until 1938), where he learned an uncritical admiration for and trust in the Soviet Union that he was not able to abandon until it was too late. (Mr. Shawcross, by the way, appears to disagree with observers who maintain that the Czechs submitted to the Russian invasion because they are not a fighting people; he says that Czech generals were preparing plans for armed resistance but that Dubcek stopped them.) Dubcek's naïveté was combined with practical shrewdness that accounted for his fairly speedy rise (he started in politics as a Slovak Party functionary after the Second World War), but Mr. Shawcross finds that idealistic conviction, rather than personal ambition, was the strongest of Dubcek's motivations.

EVERS, by Charles Evers, edited and with an introduction by Grace Halsell (World). Miss Halsell persuaded the black mayor of Fayette, Mississippi—a successful entrepreneur, an energetic civil-rights leader, and the older brother of Medgar Evers, the civil-rights leader who was murdered in 1963—to talk his autobiography into a tape recorder. The result is this spirited narrative, at once frank and shrewd. Recalling his boyhood, Mr. Evers describes a lot of unhappy details of Negro life in the rural South that are probably unfamiliar to many Northern readers. He also remembers that he and his younger brother, who was quiet and studious—the less rambunctious son—agreed, as far back as the author can remember, that they would not submit to the infamous treatment that was the common lot of the South's blacks. Medgar paid with his life, and Charles returned from Chicago, where he had been living, to carry on his dead brother's work. The author tells us that he (like his brother, like many other blacks they knew) had desperate struggles to control his rage at and hatred of whites, yet he is self-confident, cheerful, and—in print, anyhow—frequently funny.

THE ISRAELIS: FOUNDERS AND SONS, by Amos Elon (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). This is the biography of the idea of Zionism, an idea that hardened into resolve about a hundred years ago, when the first emigrants left the *shtetls* of Russia and Poland to go to Palestine and work on the land. Half of this book is devoted to these founders and describes, dramatically and poetically, their astonishing perseverance in laying the foundation for the modern state of Israel. The second half deals with the sons, who have fought three wars in just over twenty years, and who have had to become very different from their idealistic fathers. Mr. Elon, an Israeli journalist and foreign correspondent, is forced to deal with a mass of contradictions and ideational conflicts—toughness vs. compassion, fierce nationalism vs. the tolerant precepts of religious faith, individualism vs. welfare statism, and on and on. Everything is fluid, he says; nothing is resolved, or can be, but the founders' dream of a land where the Jews could at last find tranquillity and peace seems as distant as it ever was. Ten dollars.

NOTE: Doubleday has published "Must They Die?—The Strange Case of the Prairie Dog and the Black-Footed Ferret," Faith McNulty's report on two endangered species. All the contents appeared first in *The New Yorker*. . . . To move from rodents to anthropoids, Crowell has published "On the Side of the Apes," Emily Hahn's chronicle of primates and their use in research. Much of this book, too, first appeared in this magazine.

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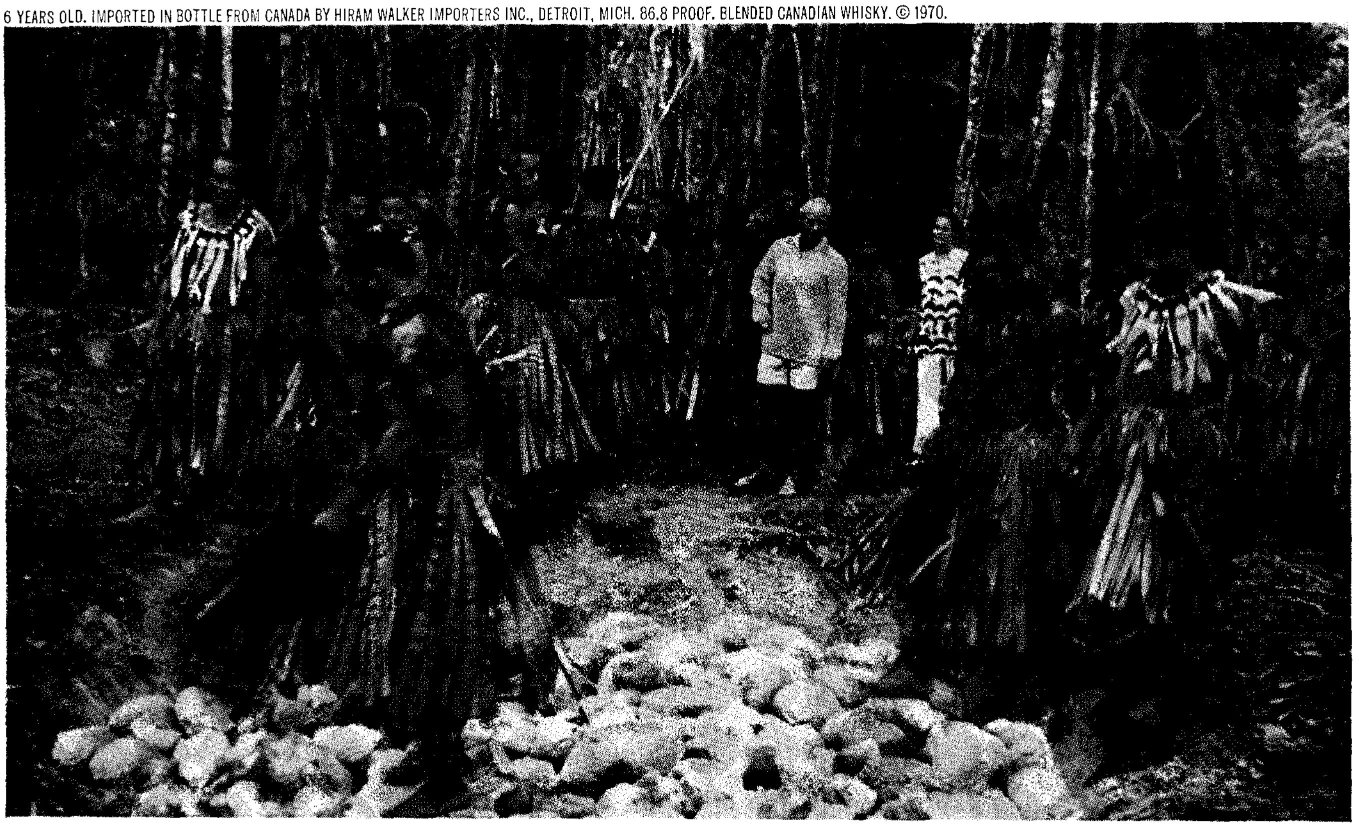
The Society, which is made up of West Coast broadcasting, advertising and production executives, last season honored Carol Burnett, star of "The Carol Burnett Show" on CBS Television, as "Woman of the Year." It was the first time a woman had been selected for the honor.—*SPIKE, journal of the Hollywood Radio and Television Society.*

Seems odd.

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1970.



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House."®

"How could we refuse an invitation to walk with our Fiji hosts? Especially when the walk was over white hot rocks!"

1 Bill and Jean Schmidt of San Francisco had heard of the fascinating fire walking ceremony of Fiji and made a four hour crossing to get to the island of Beqa. "We were met by the chief of the fire walkers," Jean tells us. "The chief was so impressed that we came all the way from the mainland to see his ceremony, that he asked Bill if he'd like to partake, a most unusual privilege!

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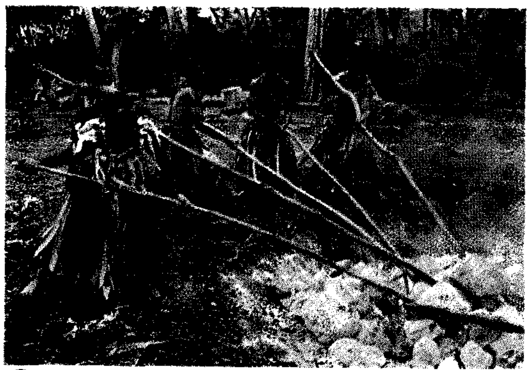
2 "Six hours before the ceremony began, rocks and huge logs were placed into the pit and covered with dry palm fronds. Then turned into a roaring inferno, with flames leaping 25 feet high. By dusk the rocks were white hot, with a temperature of close to 1,000 degrees centigrade.



3 "Full-dress warriors charged the fire with 15-foot poles, settling the stones. Then the fire walkers, without any fear of the unbearable heat, trod confidently over the rocks, the chief motioning for Bill to join them. But of course nobody else could possibly do that.

4 "Back at the Korolevu Beach Hotel, we told our friends about it over a bottle of Canadian Club." Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. Canadian Club is the whisky that's light enough for women, yet bold enough for men. The whisky that's "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

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*DuPont certification mark

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